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ROBERT HERRICK

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# CONTENTS.

NO.		PAGE
619	A Nuptiall Verse to Mistresse Elizabeth Lee, now Lady Tracie . . . . .	3
620	The Night-piece, to Julia . . . . .	4
621	To Sir Clipseby Crew . . . . .	4
622	Good Luck not lasting . . . . .	5
623	A Kisse . . . . .	5
624	Glorie . . . . .	5
625	Poets . . . . .	5
626	No despight to the dead . . . . .	5
627	To his Verses . . . . .	6
628	His Charge to Julia at his Death . . . . .	6
629	Upon Love . . . . .	6
630	The Coblers Catch . . . . .	7
631	Upon Bran. Epig. . . . .	7
632	Upon Snare, an Usurer . . . . .	8
633	Upon Grudgings . . . . .	8
634	Coniubii Flores, or the well-wishes at Weddings . . . . .	8
635	To his lovely Mistresses . . . . .	11
636	Upon Love . . . . .	11
637	Upon Gander. Epig. . . . .	12
638	Upon Jangs. Epig. . . . .	12
639	The Beggar to Mab, the Fairie Queen . . . . .	12
640	An end decreed . . . . .	13
641	Upon a child . . . . .	13
642	Painting sometimes permitted . . . . .	13
643	Farewell Frost, or welcome the Spring . . . . .	14
644	The Hag . . . . .	15
645	Upon an old man a Residenciariæ . . . . .	15
646	Upon Teares . . . . .	16
647	Physitians . . . . .	16
648	The Primitiæ to Parents . . . . .	16
649	Upon Cob. Epig. . . . .	16
650	Upon Lucie. Epig. . . . .	17

NO.		PAGE
651	Upon Skoles. Epig. . . . .	17
652	To Silvia . . . . .	17
653	To his Closet-Gods . . . . .	17
654	A Bacchanalian Verse . . . . .	18
655	Long lookt for comes at last . . . . .	18
656	To Youth . . . . .	18
657	Never too late to dye. . . . .	19
658	A Hymne to the Muses . . . . .	19
659	On himselfe . . . . .	19
660	Upon Jone and Jane . . . . .	20
661	To Momus . . . . .	20
662	Ambition . . . . .	20
663	The Country life, to the honoured M. End. Porter, Groome of the Bed-Chamber to his Maj. . . . .	20
664	To Electra . . . . .	23
665	To his worthy friend, M. Arthur Bartly . . . . .	23
666	What kind of Mistresse he would have . . . . .	23
667	Upon Zelot . . . . .	24
668	The Rosemarie branch . . . . .	24
669	Upon Madam Ursly. Epig. . . . .	24
670	Upon Crab. Epig. . . . .	25
671	A Paranæticall, or Advisive Verse, to his friend, M. John Wicks . . . . .	25
672	Once seen, and no more . . . . .	26
673	Love . . . . .	28
674	To M. Denham, on his Prospective Poem . . . . .	26
675	A Hymne, to the Lares . . . . .	27
676	Deniall in women no disheartning to men. . . . .	28
677	Adversity . . . . .	28
678	To Fortune . . . . .	28
679	To Anthea . . . . .	28
680	Cruelties . . . . .	29
681	Perseverance . . . . .	29
682	Upon his Verses . . . . .	29
683	Distance betters Dignities . . . . .	29
684	Health . . . . .	29
685	To Dianeme. A Ceremonie in Gloucester . . . . .	30
686	To the King . . . . .	30
687	The Funerall Rites of the Rose . . . . .	30
688	The Rainbow : or, curious Covenant . . . . .	31
689	The last stroke strike sure . . . . .	31
690	Fortune . . . . .	32
691	Stool-ball . . . . .	32
692	To Sappho . . . . .	32

# CONTENTS.

vii

NO.		PAGE
693	On Poet Prat. Epig. . . . .	33
694	Upon Tuck. Epig. . . . .	33
695	Biting of Beggars . . . . .	33
696	The May-pole . . . . .	33
697	Men mind no state in sicknesse . . . . .	34
698	Adversity . . . . .	34
699	Want . . . . .	34
700	Griefe . . . . .	34
701	Love palpable . . . . .	34
702	No Action hard to affection . . . . .	35
703	Meane things overcome mighty . . . . .	35
704	Upon Trigg. Epig. . . . .	35
705	Upon Smeaton . . . . .	35
706	The Bracelet of Pearle : to Silvia . . . . .	35
707	How Roses came red . . . . .	36
708	Kings . . . . .	36
709	First work, and then wages . . . . .	36
710	Teares, and Laughter . . . . .	36
711	Glory . . . . .	36
712	Possessions . . . . .	37
713	Laxare fibulam . . . . .	37
714	His returne to London . . . . .	37
715	Not every day fit for Verse . . . . .	38
716	Poverty the greatest pack . . . . .	38
717	A Beucolick, or discourse of Neatherds . . . . .	38
718	True safety . . . . .	40
719	A Prognostick . . . . .	40
720	Upon Julia's sweat . . . . .	40
721	Proof to no purpose . . . . .	41
722	Fame . . . . .	41
723	By use comes easinesse . . . . .	41
724	To the Genius of his house . . . . .	42
725	His Grange, or private wealth . . . . .	42
726	Good precepts, or counsell . . . . .	43
727	Money makes the mirth . . . . .	44
728	Up tailes all . . . . .	44
729	Upon Franck . . . . .	44
730	Upon Lucia dabled in the deaw . . . . .	44
731	Charon and Phylomel, a Dialogue sung . . . . .	45
732	Upon Paul. Epigr. . . . .	46
733	Upon Sibb. Epigr. . . . .	46
734	A Ternarie of littles, upon a pipkin of Jellie sent to a Lady . . . . .	47
735	Upon the Roses in Julia's bosome . . . . .	47
736	Maids nay's are nothing . . . . .	48

NO.		PAGE
737	The smell of the Sacrifice . . . . .	48
738	Lovers how they come and part . . . . .	48
739	To Women, to hide their Teeth, if they be rotten or rusty . . . . .	48
740	In praise of women . . . . .	49
741	The Apron of Flowers . . . . .	49
742	The Candor of Julias teeth . . . . .	49
743	Upon her weeping . . . . .	49
744	Another upon her weeping . . . . .	50
745	Delay . . . . .	50
746	To Sir John Berkley, Governour of Exeter . . . . .	50
747	To Electra. Love looks for Love . . . . .	51
748	Regression spoiles Resolution . . . . .	51
749	Contention . . . . .	51
750	Consultation . . . . .	51
751	Love dislikes nothing . . . . .	52
752	Our own sinnes unseen . . . . .	52
753	No Paines, no Gaines . . . . .	52
754	Upon Slouch . . . . .	52
755	Vertue best united . . . . .	53
756	The eye . . . . .	53
757	To Prince Charles upon his coming to Exeter . . . . .	53
758	A Song . . . . .	54
759	Princes and Favourites . . . . .	54
760	Examples, or like Prince, like People . . . . .	54
761	Potentates . . . . .	55
762	The Wake . . . . .	55
763	The Peter-penny . . . . .	55
764	To Doctor Alablaster . . . . .	56
765	Upon his Kinswoman Mrs. M. S. . . . .	57
766	Felicitie knowes no Fence . . . . .	57
767	Death ends all woe . . . . .	58
768	A Conjuraton, to Electra . . . . .	58
769	Courage cool'd . . . . .	58
770	The Spell . . . . .	59
771	His wish to privacie . . . . .	59
772	A good Husband . . . . .	59
773	A Hymne to Bacchus . . . . .	60
774	Upon Pusse and her Prentice. Epig. . . . .	60
775	Blame the reward of Princes . . . . .	61
776	Clemency in Kings . . . . .	61
777	Anger . . . . .	61
778	A Psalm or Hymne to the Graces . . . . .	61
779	An Hymne to the Muses . . . . .	62

# CONTENTS.

ix

NO.		PAGE
780	Upon Julia's Clothes . . . . .	62
781	Moderation . . . . .	62
782	To Anthea . . . . .	62
783	Upon Prew his Maid . . . . .	63
784	The Invitation . . . . .	63
785	Ceremonies for Christmasse . . . . .	64
786	Christmasse-Eve, another Ceremonie . . . . .	65
787	Another to the Maids . . . . .	65
788	Another . . . . .	65
789	Power and Peace . . . . .	65
790	To his deare Valentine, Mistrresse Margaret Falconbrige . . . . .	66
791	To Oenone . . . . .	66
792	Verses . . . . .	66
793	Happinesse . . . . .	66
794	Things of choice, long a comming . . . . .	66
795	Poetry perpetuates the Poet . . . . .	67
796	Upon Bice . . . . .	67
797	Upon Trenchernian . . . . .	67
798	Kisses . . . . .	67
799	Orpheus . . . . .	67
800	Upon Comely a good speaker but an ill Singer. Epig. . . . .	68
801	Any Way for wealth . . . . .	68
802	Upon an old Woman . . . . .	68
803	Upon Pearce. Epig. . . . .	69
804	To Sapho . . . . .	69
805	To his faithfull friend, Master John Crofts, Cup-bearer to the King . . . . .	69
806	The Bride-Cake . . . . .	70
807	To be merry . . . . .	70
808	Buriall . . . . .	70
809	Lenitie . . . . .	70
810	Penitence . . . . .	70
811	Griefe . . . . .	71
812	The Maiden-blush . . . . .	71
813	The Meane . . . . .	71
814	Haste hurtfull . . . . .	71
815	Purgatory . . . . .	72
816	The Cloud . . . . .	72
817	Upon Loach . . . . .	72
818	The Amber Bead . . . . .	72
819	To my dearest Sister M. Mercie Herrick . . . . .	73
820	The Transfiguration . . . . .	73
821	Suffer that thou canst not shift . . . . .	73



NO.		PAGE
822	To the Passenger . . . . .	74
823	Upon Nodes . . . . .	74
824	To the King, Upon his taking of Leicester	74
825	To Julia, in her Dawn, or Day-broke	75
826	Counsell . . . . .	75
827	Bad Princes pill their People . . . . .	75
828	Most Words, lesse Workes . . . . .	76
829	To Dianeme . . . . .	76
830	Upon Tap . . . . .	77
831	His Losse . . . . .	77
832	Draw, and Drinke . . . . .	77
833	Upon Punchin. Epig. . . . .	77
834	To Oenone . . . . .	77
835	Upon Blinks. Epig. . . . .	78
836	Upon Adam Peapes. Epig. . . . .	78
837	To Electra . . . . .	78
838	To Mistresse Amie Potter . . . . .	79
839	Upon a Maide . . . . .	79
840	Upon Love . . . . .	79
841	Beauty . . . . .	80
842	Upon Love . . . . .	80
843	Upon Hanch a Schoolmaster . . . . .	80
844	Upon Peason. Epig. . . . .	80
845	To his Booke . . . . .	80
846	Readinesse . . . . .	81
847	Writing . . . . .	81
848	Society . . . . .	81
849	Upon a Maid . . . . .	81
850	Satisfaction for sufferings . . . . .	81
851	The delaying Bride . . . . .	82
852	To M. Henry Lawes, the excellent Com- poser of Lyricks . . . . .	82
853	Age unfit for Love . . . . .	82
854	The Bedman, or Grave-maker . . . . .	83
855	To Anthea . . . . .	83
856	Need . . . . .	83
857	To Julia . . . . .	83
858	On Julias lips . . . . .	84
859	Twilight . . . . .	84
860	To his Friend, Master J. Jincks . . . . .	84
861	On himselfe . . . . .	84
862	Kings and Tyrants . . . . .	85
863	Crossen . . . . .	85
864	Upon Love . . . . .	85
865	No difference i' th' dark . . . . .	86

NO.		PAGE
866	The Body . . . . .	86
867	To Sapho . . . . .	86
868	Out of Time, out of Tune . . . . .	86
869	To his Booke . . . . .	86
870	To his Honour'd Friend, Sir Thomas Heale	87
871	The Sacrifice, by way of Discourse betwixt himselfe and Julia . . . . .	87
872	To Apollo . . . . .	88
873	On Love, . . . . .	88
874	Another . . . . .	88
875	An Hymne to Cupid . . . . .	88
876	To Electra . . . . .	89
877	How his soule came ensnared . . . . .	89
878	Factions . . . . .	89
879	Kisses Loathsome . . . . .	90
880	Upon Reape . . . . .	90
881	Upon Teage . . . . .	90
882	Upon Julia's Haire, bundled up in a golden net . . . . .	90
883	Upon Truggin . . . . .	91
884	The showre of Blossomes . . . . .	91
885	Upon Spenke . . . . .	92
886	A Defence for Women . . . . .	92
887	Upon Lulls . . . . .	92
888	Slavery . . . . .	92
889	Charmes . . . . .	92
890	Another . . . . .	93
891	Another to bring in the Witch . . . . .	93
892	Another Charme for Stables . . . . .	93
893	Ceremonies for Candlemasse Eve . . . . .	93
894	The Ceremonies for Candlemasse day . . . . .	94
895	Upon Candlemasse day . . . . .	95
896	Surfeits . . . . .	95
897	Upon Nis . . . . .	95
898	To Biancha, to blesse him . . . . .	95
899	Julia's Churching, or Purification . . . . .	95
900	To his Book . . . . .	96
901	Teares . . . . .	96
902	To his friend to avoid contention of words	97
903	Truth . . . . .	97
904	Upon Prickles. Epig. . . . .	97
905	The Eyes before the Eares . . . . .	97
906	Want . . . . .	97
907	To a Friend . . . . .	98
908	Upon M. William Lawes, the rare Musitian	98

NO.		PAGE
909	A Song upon Silvia . . . . .	98
910	The Hony-combe . . . . .	99
911	Vpon Ben. Johnson . . . . .	99
912	An Ode for him . . . . .	99
913	Upon a Virgin . . . . .	100
914	Blame . . . . .	100
915	A request to the Graces . . . . .	100
916	Upon himselfe . . . . .	101
917	Multitude . . . . .	101
918	Feare . . . . .	101
919	To M. Kellam . . . . .	101
920	Happinesse to hospitalitie, or a hearty to good house-keeping . . . . .	102
921	Cunctation in correction . . . . .	102
922	Present Government grievous . . . . .	103
923	Rest Refreshes . . . . .	103
924	Revenge . . . . .	103
925	The first marrs or makes . . . . .	103
926	Beginning, difficult . . . . .	103
927	Faith four-square . . . . .	103
928	The present time best pleaseth . . . . .	104
929	Cloathes, are conspirators . . . . .	104
930	Cruelty . . . . .	104
931	Faire after foule . . . . .	104
932	Hunger . . . . .	104
933	Bad wages for good service . . . . .	104
934	The End . . . . .	105
935	The Bondman . . . . .	105
936	Choose for the best . . . . .	105
937	To Silvia . . . . .	105
938	Faire shewes deceive . . . . .	105
939	His wish . . . . .	106
940	Upon Julia's washing her self in the river . . . . .	106
941	A Meane in our Meanes . . . . .	106
942	Upon Clunn . . . . .	107
943	Upon Cupid . . . . .	107
944	Vpon Blisse . . . . .	108
945	Vpon Burr . . . . .	108
946	Vpon Megg . . . . .	108
947	An Hymne to Love . . . . .	108
948	To his honoured and most ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Cotton . . . . .	109
949	Women uselesse . . . . .	110
950	Love is a sirrup . . . . .	110
951	Leven . . . . .	110

# CONTENTS.

xiii

NO.		PAGE
952	Repletion . . . . .	110
953	On Himselfe . . . . .	111
954	No Man without Money . . . . .	111
955	On Himselfe . . . . .	111
956	To M. Leonard Willan his peculiar friend	111
957	To his worthy Friend M. John Hall, Stu- dent of Grayes-Inne . . . . .	112
958	To Julia . . . . .	112
959	To the most comely and proper M. Eliza- beth Finch . . . . .	113
960	Upon Ralph . . . . .	113
961	To his Booke . . . . .	113
962	To the King, upon his welcome to Hampton- Court . . . . .	113
963	Ultimous Heroum: or, To the most Learned, and to the right Honourable, Henry, Marquesse of Dorchester . . . . .	114
964	To his Muse, another to the same . . . . .	115
965	Upon Vineger . . . . .	115
966	Upon Mudge . . . . .	115
967	To his learned Friend M. Jo. Harmar, Phisitian to the Colledge of Westminster	115
968	Upon his Spaniell Tracie . . . . .	116
969	The Deluge . . . . .	116
970	Upon Lupes . . . . .	117
971	Raggs . . . . .	117
972	Strength to support Sovereignty . . . . .	117
973	Upon Tubbs . . . . .	117
974	Crutches . . . . .	117
975	To Julia . . . . .	118
976	Upon Case . . . . .	118
977	To Perenna . . . . .	119
978	To his Sister in Law, M. Susanna Herrick	119
979	Upon the Lady Crew . . . . .	119
980	On Tomasin Parsons . . . . .	119
981	Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve . . . . .	120
982	Suspicion makes secure . . . . .	120
983	Upon Spokes . . . . .	120
984	To his Kinsman, M. Tho: Herrick, who desired to be in his Book . . . . .	120
985	A Bucolick betwixt Two: Lacon and Thyrsia . . . . .	121
986	Upon Sapho . . . . .	122
987	Upon Faunus . . . . .	122
988	The Quintell . . . . .	122

NO.		PAGE
989	A Bachanalian Verse . . . . .	123
990	Care a good keeper . . . . .	123
991	Rules for our reach . . . . .	123
992	To Biancha . . . . .	123
993	To the handsome Mistresse Grace Potter	124
994	Anacreontike . . . . .	124
995	More modest, more manly . . . . .	125
996	Not to covet much where little is the charge . . . . .	125
997	Anacreontick Verse . . . . .	125
998	Upon Pennie . . . . .	126
999	Patience in Princes . . . . .	126
1000	Feare gets force . . . . .	126
1001	Parcell-gil't-Poetry . . . . .	126
1002	Upon Love, by way of question and answer . . . . .	126
1003	To the Lord Hopton, on his fight in Corn- wall . . . . .	127
1004	His Grange . . . . .	127
1005	Leprosie in houses . . . . .	128
1006	Good Manners at meat . . . . .	128
1007	Anthea's Retractation . . . . .	128
1008	Comforts in Crosses . . . . .	128
1009	Seeke and finde . . . . .	129
1010	Rest . . . . .	129
1011	Leprosie in Cloathes . . . . .	129
1012	Upon Buggins . . . . .	129
1013	Great Maladies, long Medicines . . . . .	130
1014	His Answer to a friend . . . . .	130
1015	The Begger . . . . .	130
1016	Bastards . . . . .	130
1017	His change . . . . .	131
1018	The Vision . . . . .	131
1019	A Vow to Venus . . . . .	132
1020	On his Booke . . . . .	132
1021	A Sonnet of Perilla . . . . .	132
1022	Bad may be better . . . . .	132
1023	Posting to Printing . . . . .	132
1024	Rapine brings Ruine . . . . .	133
1025	Comfort to a youth that had lost his Love	133
1026	Upon Boreman. Epig. . . . .	134
1027	Saint Distaffs day, or the morrow after Twelfth day . . . . .	134
1028	Sufferance . . . . .	134
1029	His teares to Thamasis . . . . .	135

# CONTENTS.

xv

NO.		PAGE
1030	Pardons . . . . .	136
1031	Peace not Permanent . . . . .	136
1032	Truth and Errour . . . . .	136
1033	Things mortall, still mutable . . . . .	136
1034	Studies to be supported . . . . .	136
1035	Wit punished, prospers most . . . . .	136
1036	Twelve night, or King and Queene . . . . .	137
1037	His desire . . . . .	38
1038	Caution in Councell . . . . .	38
1039	Moderation . . . . .	38
1040	Advice the best actor . . . . .	38
1041	Conformity is comely . . . . .	38
1042	Lawes . . . . .	139
1043	The meane . . . . .	139
1044	Like loves his like . . . . .	139
1045	His Hope or sheat-Anchor . . . . .	139
1046	Comfort in Calamity . . . . .	139
1047	Twilight . . . . .	140
1048	False Mourning . . . . .	140
1049	The will makes the work, or consent makes the Cure . . . . .	140
1050	Diet . . . . .	140
1051	Smart . . . . .	140
1052	The Tinkers Song . . . . .	141
1053	His Comfort . . . . .	141
1054	Sincerity . . . . .	141
1055	To Anthea . . . . .	142
1056	Nor buying or selling . . . . .	142
1057	To his peculiar friend M. Jo: Wicks . . . . .	142
1058	The more mighty, the more mercifull . . . . .	143
1059	After Autumne, Winter . . . . .	143
1060	A good death . . . . .	143
1061	Recompence . . . . .	143
1062	On Fortune . . . . .	143
1063	To Sir George Parrie, Doctor of the Civill Law . . . . .	143
1064	Charmes . . . . .	144
1065	Another . . . . .	144
1066	Another . . . . .	144
1067	Upon Gorgonius . . . . .	145
1068	Gentlenesse . . . . .	145
1069	A Dialogue betwixt himselfe and Mistresse Eliza: Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis . . . . .	145
1070	To Julia . . . . .	146

NO.		PAGE
1071	To Roses in Julia's Bosome . . . . .	146
1072	To the honoured Master Endimion Porter . . . . .	147
1073	Speake in season . . . . .	147
1074	Obedience . . . . .	147
1075	Another on the same . . . . .	147
1076	Of Love . . . . .	147
1077	Upon Trap . . . . .	148
1078	Upon Grubs . . . . .	148
1079	Upon Dol . . . . .	148
1080	Upon Hog . . . . .	148
1081	The School or Perl of Putney, the Mistress of all singular manners, Mistresse Port- man . . . . .	149
1082	To Perenna . . . . .	150
1083	On himselfe . . . . .	150
1084	On Love . . . . .	150
1085	Another on Love . . . . .	150
1086	Upon Gut . . . . .	150
1087	Upon Chub . . . . .	151
1088	Pleasures Pernicious. . . . .	151
1089	On himself . . . . .	151
1090	To M. Laurence Swetnaham . . . . .	151
1091	His Covenant or Protestation to Julia . . . . .	152
1092	On himselfe . . . . .	152
1093	To the most accomlisht Gentleman Master Michael Oulsworth . . . . .	153
1094	To his Girles who would have him sport- full . . . . .	153
1095	Truth and falsehood . . . . .	153
1096	His last request to Julia . . . . .	153
1097	On himselfe . . . . .	154
1098	Upon Kings . . . . .	154
1099	To his Girles . . . . .	154
1100	Upon Spur . . . . .	154
1101	To his Brother Nicolas Herrick . . . . .	155
1102	The Voice and Violl. . . . .	155
1103	Warre . . . . .	156
1104	A King and no King . . . . .	156
1105	Plots not still prosperous . . . . .	156
1106	Flatterie . . . . .	156
1107	Upon Rumpe . . . . .	156
1108	Upon Shopes . . . . .	157
1109	Upon Deb . . . . .	157
1110	Excesse . . . . .	157
1111	Upon Croot . . . . .	157

# CONTENTS.

xvii

NO.		PAGE
1112	The Soul is the salt . . . . .	157
1113	Upon Flood, or a thankfull man . . . . .	157
1114	Upon Pimpe . . . . .	158
1115	Upon Luske . . . . .	158
1116	Foolishnesse . . . . .	158
1117	Upon Rush . . . . .	158
1118	Abstinence . . . . .	159
1119	No danger to men desperate . . . . .	159
1120	Sauce for Sorrowes . . . . .	159
1121	To Cupid . . . . .	159
1122	Distrust . . . . .	159
1123	The Hagg . . . . .	160
1124	The mount of the Muses . . . . .	160
1125	On Himselfe . . . . .	161
1126	To his Booke . . . . .	161
1127	The end of his worke . . . . .	161
1128	To Crowne it . . . . .	161
1129	On Himselfe . . . . .	161
1130	The pillar of Fame . . . . .	162

## NOBLE NUMBERS.

I	[1131]	His Confession . . . . .	165
II	[1132]	His Prayer for Absolution . . . . .	165
III	[1133]	To Finde God . . . . .	166
IV	[1134]	What God is . . . . .	166
V	[1135]	Upon God . . . . .	166
VI	[1136]	Mercy and Love . . . . .	167
VII	[1137]	Gods Anger without Affection . . . . .	167
VIII	[1138]	God not to be comprehended . . . . .	167
IX	[1139]	God's part . . . . .	167
X	[1140]	Affliction . . . . .	167
XI	[1141]	Three fatall Sisters . . . . .	168
XII	[1142]	Silence . . . . .	168
XIII	[1143]	Mirth . . . . .	168
XIV	[1144]	Loading and unloading . . . . .	168
XV	[1145]	Gods Mercy . . . . .	168
XVI	[1146]	Prayers must have Poise . . . . .	169
XVII	[1147]	To God: an Anthem, sung in the Chappell at White-Hall, before the King . . . . .	169
XVIII	[1148]	Upon God . . . . .	170
XIX	[1149]	Calling, and correcting . . . . .	170
XX	[1150]	No Escaping the scourging . . . . .	170
XXI	[1151]	The Rod . . . . .	170



NO.		PAGE
XXII	[1152] God has a twofold part . . .	170
XXIII	[1153] God is One . . .	171
XXIV	[1154] Persecutions profitable . . .	171
XXV	[1155] To God . . .	171
XXVI	[1156] Whips . . .	171
XXVII	[1157] Gods Providence . . .	172
XXVIII	[1158] Temptation . . .	172
XXIX	[1159] His Ejaculation to God . . .	172
XXX	[1160] Gods gifts not soone granted . . .	172
XXXI	[1161] Persecutions purifie . . .	173
XXXII	[1162] Pardon . . .	173
XXXIII	[1163] An Ode of the Birth of our Saviour . . .	173
XXXIV	[1164] Lip-labour . . .	174
XXXV	[1165] The Heart . . .	174
XXXVI	[1166] Eare-rings . . .	175
XXXVII	[1167] Sin seen . . .	175
XXXVIII	[1168] Upon Time . . .	175
XXXIX	[1169] His Petition . . .	176
XL	[1170] To God . . .	176
XLI	[1171] His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit . . .	176
XLII	[1172] Thanksgiving . . .	178
XLIII	[1173] Cock-crow . . .	178
XLIV	[1174] All Things run well for the Righteous . . .	178
XLV	[1175] Paine ends in Pleasure . . .	178
XLVI	[1176] To God . . .	179
XLVII	[1177] A Thanksgiving to God for His House . . .	179
XLVIII	[1178] To God . . .	181
XLIX	[1179] Another, to God . . .	181
L	[1180] None truly happy here . . .	181
LI	[1181] To his ever-loving God . . .	182
LII	[1182] Another . . .	182
LIII	[1183] To Death . . .	182
LIV	[1184] Neutrality loathsome . . .	183
LV	[1185] Welcome what comes . . .	183
LVI	[1186] To his angrie God . . .	183
LVII	[1187] Patience, or Comforts in Crosses . . .	184
LVIII	[1188] Eternitie . . .	184
LIX	[1189] To his Saviour, a Child ; a Present, by a child . . .	185
LX	[1190] The New-yeeres Gift . . .	185
LXI	[1191] To God . . .	186

NO.		PAGE
LXII	[1192] God, and the King . . .	186
LXIII	[1193] Gods mirth, Mans mourning . . .	186
LXIV	[1194] Honours are hindrances . . .	186
LXV	[1195] The Parasceve, or Preparation . . .	187
LXVI	[1196] To God . . . . .	187
LXVII	[1197] A will to be working . . . . .	187
LXVIII	[1198] Christs part . . . . .	188
LXIX	[1199] Riches and Poverty . . . . .	188
LXX	[1200] Sobriety in Search . . . . .	188
LXXI	[1201] Almes . . . . .	188
LXXII	[1202] To his Conscience . . . . .	188
LXXIII	[1203] To his Saviour . . . . .	189
LXXIV	[1204] To God . . . . .	189
LXXV	[1205] His Dreame . . . . .	189
LXXVI	[1206] Gods Bounty . . . . .	190
LXXVII	[1207] To his sweet Saviour . . . . .	190
LXXVIII	[1208] His Creed . . . . .	191
LXXIX	[1209] Temptations . . . . .	191
LXXX	[1210] The Lamp . . . . .	191
LXXXI	[1211] Sorrowes . . . . .	191
LXXXII	[1212] Penitencie . . . . .	192
LXXXIII	[1213] The Dirge of Jephthahs Daughter : sung by the Vir- gins . . . . .	192
LXXXIV	[1214] To God, on his sicknesse . . . . .	194
LXXXV	[1215] Sins loath'd, and yet lov'd . . . . .	195
LXXXVI	[1216] Sin . . . . .	195
LXXXVII	[1217] Upon God . . . . .	195
LXXXVIII	[1218] Faith . . . . .	195
LXXXIX	[1219] Humility . . . . .	195
XC	[1220] Teares . . . . .	196
XCI	[1221] Sin and Strife . . . . .	196
XCII	[1222] An Ode, or Psalme, to God . . . . .	196
XCIII	[1223] Graces for Children . . . . .	197
XCIV	[1224] God to be first served . . . . .	197
XCV	[1225] Another Grace for a Child . . . . .	197
XCVI	[1226] A Christmas Caroll, sung to the King in the Presence at White-Hall . . . . .	197
XCVII	[1227] The New-yeeres Gift, or Cir- cumcisions Song, sung to the King in the Presence at White-Hall . . . . .	199
XCVIII	[1228] Another New-yeeres Gift, or Song for the Circumcision . . . . .	200

NO.		PAGE
XCIX	[1229] Gods Pardon. . . . .	201
C	[1230] Sin . . . . .	202
CI	[1231] Evill . . . . .	202
CII	[1232] The Star-Song: a Caroll to the King; sung at White- Hall . . . . .	202
CIII	[1233] To God . . . . .	203
CIV	[1234] To his deere God . . . . .	203
CV	[1235] To God, his good will . . . . .	204
CVI	[1236] On Heaven . . . . .	204
CVII	[1237] The Summe, and the Satis- faction . . . . .	205
CVIII	[1238] Good men afflicted most . . . . .	206
CIX	[1239] Good Christians . . . . .	206
CX	[1240] The Will the cause of Woe . . . . .	206
CXI	[1241] To Heaven . . . . .	206
CXII	[1242] The Recompence . . . . .	207
CXIII	[1243] To God . . . . .	207
CXIV	[1244] To God . . . . .	207
CXV	[1245] His wish to God . . . . .	208
CXVI	[1246] Satan . . . . .	208
CXVII	[1247] Hell . . . . .	209
CXVIII	[1248] The way . . . . .	209
CXIX	[1249] Great grief, great glory . . . . .	209
CXX	[1250] Hell . . . . .	209
CXXI	[1251] The Bell-man . . . . .	209
CXXII	[1252] The goodnesse of his God . . . . .	210
CXXIII	[1253] The Widdowes teares: or, Dirge of Dorcas . . . . .	210
CXXIV	[1254] To God, in time of plundering . . . . .	213
CXXV	[1255] To his Saviour. The New- years gift . . . . .	214
CXXVI	[1256] Doomes-Day . . . . .	214
CXXVII	[1257] The Poores Portion . . . . .	214
CXXVIII	[1258] The White Island: or place of the Blest . . . . .	215
CXXIX	[1259] To Christ . . . . .	215
CXXX	[1260] To God . . . . .	216
CXXXI	[1261] Free Welcome . . . . .	216
CXXXII	[1262] Gods Grace . . . . .	216
CXXXIII	[1263] Coming to Christ . . . . .	216
CXXXIV	[1264] Correction . . . . .	217
CXXXV	[1265] Gods Bounty . . . . .	217
CXXXVI	[1266] Knowledge . . . . .	217
CXXXVII	[1267] Salutation . . . . .	217

# CONTENTS.

xxi

NO.		PAGE
CXXXVIII	[1268] Lasciviousnesse . . . . .	217
CXXXIX	[1269] Teares . . . . .	218
CXL	[1270] Gods Blessing . . . . .	218
CXLI	[1271] God, and Lord . . . . .	218
CXLII	[1272] The Judgment-Day . . . . .	218
CXLIII	[1273] Angells . . . . .	218
CXLIV	[1274] Long life . . . . .	219
CXLV	[1275] Teares . . . . .	219
CXLVI	[1276] Manna . . . . .	219
CXLVII	[1277] Reverence . . . . .	219
CXLVIII	[1278] Mercy . . . . .	219
CXLIX	[1279] Wages . . . . .	219
CL	[1280] Temptation . . . . .	220
CLI	[1281] Gods hands . . . . .	220
CLII	[1282] Labour . . . . .	220
CLIII	[1283] Mora Sponsi, the stay of the Bridegroom . . . . .	220
CLIV	[1284] Roaring . . . . .	220
CLV	[1285] The Eucharist . . . . .	221
CLVI	[1286] Sin severely punisht . . . . .	221
CLVII	[1287] Montes Scripturarum, the Mounts of the Scriptures . . . . .	221
CLVIII	[1288] Prayer . . . . .	221
CLIX	[1289] Christs sadnesse . . . . .	222
CLX	[1290] God heares us . . . . .	222
CLXI	[1291] God . . . . .	222
CLXII	[1292] Clouds . . . . .	222
CLXIII	[1293] Comforts in contentions . . . . .	222
CLXIV	[1294] Heaven . . . . .	222
CLXV	[1295] God . . . . .	223
CLXVI	[1296] His Power . . . . .	223
CLXVII	[1297] Christ's words on the Crosse, My God, My God . . . . .	223
CLXVIII	[1298] Jehovah . . . . .	223
CLXIX	[1299] Confusion of face . . . . .	223
CLXX	[1300] Another . . . . .	224
CLXXI	[1301] Beggars . . . . .	224
CLXXII	[1302] Good, and bad . . . . .	224
CLXXIII	[1303] Sin . . . . .	224
CLXXIV	[1304] Martha, Martha . . . . .	224
CLXXV	[1305] Youth, and Age . . . . .	224
CLXXVI	[1306] Gods Power . . . . .	225
CLXXVII	[1307] Paradise . . . . .	225
CLXXVIII	[1308] Observation . . . . .	225
CLXXIX	[1309] The Asse . . . . .	225

NO.		PAGE
CLXXX	[1310] Observation . . . . .	225
CLXXXI	[1311] Tapers . . . . .	226
CLXXXII	[1312] Christs Birth . . . . .	226
CLXXXIII	[1313] The Virgin Mary . . . . .	226
CLXXXIV	[1314] Another . . . . .	227
CLXXXV	[1315] God . . . . .	227
CLXXXVI	[1316] Another of God . . . . .	227
CLXXXVII	[1317] Another . . . . .	227
CLXXXVIII	[1318] Gods presence . . . . .	227
CLXXXIX	[1319] Gods Dwelling . . . . .	228
CXC	[1320] The Virgin Mary . . . . .	228
CXCI	[1321] To God . . . . .	228
CXCII	[1322] Upon Woman and Mary . . . . .	228
CXCIII	[1323] North and South . . . . .	229
CXCIV	[1324] Sabbaths . . . . .	229
CXCV	[1325] The Fast, or Lent . . . . .	229
CXCVI	[1326] Sin . . . . .	229
CXCVII	[1327] God . . . . .	229
CXCVIII	[1328] This, and the next World . . . . .	230
CXCIX	[1329] Ease . . . . .	230
CC	[1330] Beginnings and Endings . . . . .	230
CCI	[1331] Temporall Goods . . . . .	230
CCII	[1332] Hell fire . . . . .	230
CCIII	[1333] Abels Bloud . . . . .	231
CCIV	[1334] Another . . . . .	231
CCV	[1335] A Position in the Hebrew Divinity . . . . .	231
CCVI	[1336] Penitence . . . . .	231
CCVII	[1337] Gods presence . . . . .	231
CCVIII	[1338] The Resurrection possible, and probable . . . . .	232
CCIX	[1339] Christs Suffering . . . . .	232
CCX	[1340] Sinners . . . . .	232
CCXI	[1341] Temptations . . . . .	232
CCXII	[1342] Pittie, and punishment . . . . .	233
CCXIII	[1343] Gods price and mans price . . . . .	233
CCXIV	[1344] Christs Action . . . . .	233
CCXV	[1345] Predestination . . . . .	233
CCXVI	[1346] Another . . . . .	233
CCXVII	[1347] Sin . . . . .	234
CCXVIII	[1348] Another . . . . .	234
CCXIX	[1349] Another . . . . .	234
CCXX	[1350] Prescience . . . . .	234
CCXXI	[1351] Christ. . . . .	234
CCXXII	[1352] Christs Incarnation . . . . .	235

NO.		PAGE
CCXXIII	[1353] Heaven . . . . .	235
CCXXIV	[1354] Gods keyes . . . . .	235
CCXXV	[1355] Sin . . . . .	235
CCXXVI	[1356] Almes . . . . .	235
CCXXVII	[1357] Hell fire . . . . .	236
CCXXVIII	[1358] To keep a true Lent . . . . .	236
CCXXIX	[1359] No time in Eternitie . . . . .	237
CCXXX	[1360] His Meditation upon Death . . . . .	237
CCXXXI	[1361] Cloaths for Continuance . . . . .	238
CCXXXII	[1362] To God . . . . .	238
CCXXXIII	[1363] The Soule . . . . .	239
CCXXXIV	[1364] The Judgement-day . . . . .	239
CCXXXV	[1365] Sufferings . . . . .	239
CCXXXVI	[1366] Paine and Pleasure . . . . .	239
CCXXXVII	[1367] Gods presence . . . . .	240
CCXXXVIII	[1368] Another . . . . .	240
CCXXXIX	[1369] The poore mans part . . . . .	240
CCXL	[1370] The right hand . . . . .	240
CCXLI	[1371] The Staffe and Rod . . . . .	240
CCXLII	[1372] God sparing in scourging . . . . .	241
CCXLIII	[1373] Confession . . . . .	241
CCXLIV	[1374] Gods descent . . . . .	241
CCXLV	[1375] No coming to God without Christ . . . . .	241
CCXLVI	[1376] Another, to God . . . . .	242
CCXLVII	[1377] The Resurrection . . . . .	242
CCXLVIII	[1378] Coheires . . . . .	242
CCXLIX	[1379] The number of two . . . . .	242
CCL	[1380] Hardning of hearts . . . . .	243
CCLI	[1381] The Rose . . . . .	243
CCLII	[1382] Gods time must end our trouble . . . . .	243
CCLIII	[1383] Baptisme . . . . .	243
CCLIV	[1384] Gold and Frankincense . . . . .	243
CCLV	[1385] To God . . . . .	244
CCLVI	[1386] The chewing the cud . . . . .	244
CCLVII	[1387] Christs twofold coming . . . . .	244
CCLVIII	[1388] To God, his gift . . . . .	244
CCLIX	[1389] Gods Anger . . . . .	245
CCLX	[1390] Gods Commands . . . . .	245
CCLXI	[1391] To God . . . . .	245
CCLXII	[1392] To God . . . . .	245
CCLXIII	[1393] Good Friday: Rex Tragicus, or Christ going to His Crosse . . . . .	246

NO.		PAGE
CCLXIV	[1394] His words to Christ, going to the Crosse . . . . .	247
CCLXV	[1395] Another, to his Saviour . . . . .	247
CCLXVI	[1396] His Saviours words, going to the Crosse . . . . .	248
CCLXVII	[1397] His Anthem, to Christ on the Crosse . . . . .	249
CCLXVIII	[1398] To his Saviours Sepulcher : his Devotion . . . . .	251
CCLXIX	[1399] His Offering, with the rest, at the Sepulcher . . . . .	251
CCLXX	[1400] His coming to the Sepulcher . . . . .	252
CCLXXI	[1401] Of all the good things whatsoe're we do . . . . .	252

APPENDIX :—POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO HERICK, BUT  
NOT PUBLISHED IN "HESPERIDES."

	Prefatory Note to Appendix Poems . . . . .	254
i	[1402] The Discription of a Woman . . . . .	255
ii	[1403] Mr. Hericke his Daughters Dowrye . . . . .	258
iii	[1404] Mr. Robert Hericke his Farwell vnto Poetrie . . . . .	260
iv	[1405] A Charroll presented to Dr. Wil- liams, Bp. of Lincolne, as a New- years Gift . . . . .	263
v	[1406] Song. His Mistris to him at his Farwell . . . . .	264
vi	[1407] Vpon Parting . . . . .	265
vii	[1408] Vpon Master Fletchers Incompar- able Playes . . . . .	265
viii	[1409] The New Charon, vpon the Death of Henry Lord Hastings . . . . .	266
ix	[1410] Epitaph on the Tomb of Sir Edward Giles & his wife in the South Aisle of Dean Prior Church, Devon . . . . .	267
	INDEX OF FIRST LINES . . . . .	269

## HESPERIDES.





## HESPERIDES.

### 619. A NUPTIAL VERSE TO MISTRESSE ELIZABETH LEE,<sup>1</sup> NOW LADY TRACIE.

SPRING with the Larke, most comely Bride, and  
meet

Your eager Bridegroom with *auspicious* feet.  
The Morn's farre spent; and the immortall  
Sunne

Corrols<sup>2</sup> his cheeke, to see those Rites not  
done.

*Fie, Lovely maid!* Indeed you are too slow,  
When to the Temple Love sho'd runne, not  
go.

Dispatch your dressing then; and quickly  
wed:

Then feast, and coy't a little; then to bed.  
This day is Love's day; and this busie night  
Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight  
With such an arm'd, but such an easie Foe,  
As will if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.  
The Field is pitch't; but such must be your  
warres,

As that your kisses must out-vie the Starres.  
Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye  
Drown'd in the bloud of Rubies there, not  
die.

<sup>1</sup> Rather Leigh, of the Leighs of Stoneleigh, still  
extant.

<sup>2</sup> "Corals," i.e. "blushes."

## 620. THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA.

1. HER Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee,  
The Shooting Starres attend thee;  
And the Elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.
2. No *Will-o'-th'-Wisp*e mis-light thee;  
Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee:  
But on, on thy way  
Not making a stay,  
Since Ghost ther's none to affright thee.
3. Let not the darke thee cumber;  
What though the Moon do's slumber?  
The Starres of the night  
Will lend thee their light,  
Like Tapers cleare without number.
4. Then *Julia* let me wooe'thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me:  
And when I shall meet  
Thy silv'ry feet,  
My soule I'le poure into thee.

## 621. TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

1. GIVE me wine, and give me meate,  
To create in me a heate,  
That my pulses high may beate.
2. Cold and hunger never yet  
Co'd a noble Verse beget;  
But your Boules with Sack repeat.

3. Give me these (my Knight) and try  
In a Minutes space how I  
Can runne mad, and Prophesie.

4. Then if any Peece proves new,  
And rare, Ile say (my dearest Crew)  
It was full enspir'd by you:

622. GOOD LUCK NOT LASTING.

If well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast:  
*The happy fortune will not alwayes last.*

623. A KISSE.

WHAT is a Kisse? Why this, as some approve;  
The sure sweet Sement, Glue, and Lime of Love.

624. GLORIE.

I MAKE no haste, to have my Numbers read:  
*Seldome comes Glorie till a man be dead.*

625. POETS.

WANTONS we are; and though our words be  
such,  
Our Lives do differ from our Lines by much.

626. NO DESPIGHT TO THE DEAD.

REPROACH we may the living; not the dead:  
*'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.*

## 627. TO HIS VERSES.

WHAT will ye (my poor Orphans) do  
 When I must leave the World (and you)  
 Who'l give ye then a sheltring shed,  
 Or credit ye, when I am dead?  
 Who'l let ye by their fire sit?  
 Although ye have a stock of wit,  
 Already coin'd to pay for it.  
 I cannot tell; unlesse there be  
 Some Race of old humanitie  
 Left (of the large heart, and long hand)  
 Alive, as Noble *Westmorland*;<sup>1</sup>  
 Or gallant *Newark*, which brave two  
 May fost'ring fathers be to you.  
 If not; expect to be no less  
 Ill us'd, then Babes left fatherless.

## 628. HIS CHARGE TO JULIA AT HIS DEATH.

DEAREST of thousands, now the time draws  
           neere,  
 That with my Lines, my Life must full-stop  
           here.  
 Cut off thy haire; and let thy Teares be shed  
 Over my Turfe, when I am buried.  
 Then for *effusions*, let none wanting be,  
 Or other Rites that doe belong to me;  
 As Love shall helpe thee, when thou do'st go  
           hence  
 Unto thy everlasting residence.

<sup>1</sup> Westmoreland has been often referred to. "Gallant Newark" may have been either Robert Pierrepont the first, or Henry Pierrepont the second holder of this title, to which were successively added

## HESPERIDES.

### 629. UPON LOVE.

IN a Dreame, Love had me go  
To the Gallies there to Rowe;  
In the Vision, I askt why?  
Love, as briefly did reply;  
'Twas better there to toyle, then prove  
The turmoiles they endure that love.  
I awoke, and then I knew  
What Love said was too too true:  
Henceforth therefore I will be  
As from Love, from trouble free.  
*Noſe pities him that's in the ſnare,  
And warn'd before, wo'd not beware.*

### 630. THE COBLERS CATCH.

COME ſit we by the fires ſide;  
And roundly drinke we here;  
Till that we ſee our cheekes Ale-dy'd  
And noſes tann'd with Beere.

### 631. UPON BRAN. EPIG.

WHAT made that mirth laſt night? the neighbours ſay,  
That *Bran* the Baker did his Breech bewray:  
I rather thinke (though they may ſpeake the  
worſt)  
'Twas to his Batch, but Leaven laid there firſt.

the Earldom of Kingſton, the Marquiſate of Dorcheſter, the Dukedom of Kingſton, and the producing  
of Lady Mary Montagu.

## 632. UPON SNARE, AN USURER.

SNARE, ten i' th' hundred calls his wife; and  
why?

Shee brings in much, by carnall usury.

He by extortion brings in three times more:

Say, who's the worst, th' exactor, or the whore?

## 633. UPON GRUDGINGS.

GRUDGINGS turnes bread to stones, when to the  
Poore

He gives an almes, and chides them from his  
doore.

634. CONNUBII FLORES, OR THE WELL-WISHES  
AT WEDDINGS.*Chorus Sacerdotum.*

1. FROM the Temple to your home  
May a thousand blessings come!  
And a sweet concurring stream  
Of all joyes, to joyn with them.

*Chorus Juvenum.*

2. Happy day  
Make no long stay  
Here  
In thy Sphere;  
But give thy place to night,  
That she,  
As Thee,  
May be  
Partaker of this sight.  
And since it was thy care

To see the Younglings wed;  
 'Tis fit that Night, the Paire,  
 Sho'd see safe brought to Bed.

*Chorus Senum.*

3. Go to your banquet then, but use delight,  
 So as to rise still with an appetite.  
 Love is a thing most nice; and must be  
     fed  
 To such a height; but never surfeited.  
 What is beyond the mean is ever ill:  
 'Tis best to feed Love; but not over-fill:  
 Go then discreetly to the Bed of pleasure;  
 And this remember, *Vertue keepes the measure.*

*Chorus Virginum.*

4. Luckie signes we have descri'd  
 To encourage on the Bride;  
 And to these we have espi'd,  
 Not a kissing *Cupid* flies  
 Here about, but has his eyes,  
 To imply your Love is wise.

*Chorus Pastorum.*

5. Here we present a fleece  
     To make a peece  
         Of cloth;  
 Nor, Faire, must you be loth  
     Your Finger to apply  
         To huswiferie.  
     Then, then begin  
         To spin:  
 And (Sweetling) marke you, what a Web will  
     come  
 Into your Chests, drawn by your painfull  
     Thumb.



*Chorus Matronarum.*

6. Set you to your Wheels, and wax  
 Rich, by the Ductile Wool and Flax.  
 Yarne is an Income; and the Huswiye's thread  
 The Larder fills with meat; the Bin with bread.

*Chorus Senum.*

7. Let wealth come in by comely thrift,  
 And not by any sordid shift:  
     'Tis haste  
     Makes waste:  
     Extreames have still their fault;  
*The softest Fire makes the sweetest Maült.*  
*Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,*  
*Holds none at all, or little in his hand.*

*Chorus Virginum.*

8. Goddesses of Pleasure, Youth, and Peace,  
 Give them the blessing of encrease:  
 And thou *Lucina*, that do'st heare  
 The vov'es of those, that children beare:  
 Whenas her Aprill houre drawes neare,  
 Be thou then propitious there.

*Chorus Juvenum.*

9. Farre hence be all speeche, that may anger  
     move:  
*Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle Love.*

*Chorus omnium.*

10. Live in the Love of Doves, and having told  
 The Raven's yeares, go hence more Ripe  
     then old.

635. TO HIS LOYAL MISTRESSSES.

ONE night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come  
 And bring those *dew-drink-offerings* to my Tomb.  
 When thence ye see my reverend Ghost to rise,  
 And there to lick th' effusèd sacrifice:  
 Though paleness be the Livery that I weare,  
 Looke ye not wan, or colourlesse for feare.  
 Trust me, I will not hurt ye; or once shew  
 The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you:  
 Nor shall the Tapers when I'm there, burn blew.  
 This I may do (perhaps) as I glide by,  
 Cast on my Girles a glance, and loving eye:  
 Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost  
 The world so soon, and in it, you the most.  
 Then these, no feares more on your Fancies  
 fall,  
 Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

636. UPON LOVE.

A CHRISTALL Violl *Cupid* brought,  
 Which had a juice in it:  
 Of which who drank, he said no thought  
 Of Love he sho'd admit.

2. I greedy of the prize, did drinke,  
 And emptied soon the glasse;  
 Which burnt me so, that I do thinke  
 The fire of hell it was.
3. Give me my earthen Cups again,  
 The Christall I contemne;  
 Which, though enchas'd with Pearls, contain  
 A deadly draught in them.

4. And thou, O *Cupid*! come not to  
     My Threshold, since I see,  
 For all I have, or else can do,  
     Thou still wilt cozen me.

637. UPON GANDER. EPIG.

SINCE *Gander* did his prettie Youngling wed;  
*Gander* (they say) doth each night pisse a-Bed:  
 What is the cause? Why *Gander* will reply,  
*No Goose lays good eggs that is trodden drye.*

638. UPON LUNGS. EPIG.

*Lungs* (as some say) ne'r sets him down to eate,  
 But that his breath do's Fly-blow all the meate.

639. THE BEGGAR TO MAB, 'THE FAIRIE  
 QUEEN.

PLEASE your Grace, from out your Store,  
 Give an Almes to one that's poore,  
 That your mickle, may have more.  
 Black I'm grown for want of meat;  
 Give me then an Ant to eate;  
 Or the cleft eare of a Mouse  
 Over-sowr'd in drinke of Souce:  
 Or, *sweet Lady*, reach to me  
 The *Abdomen* of a Bee;  
 Or commend a *Cricket's-hip*,  
 Or his *Huckson*,<sup>1</sup> to my Scrip.  
 Give me for bread, a little bit

<sup>1</sup> "Knuckle," but some say "hip."

Of a Pease, that 'gins to chit,<sup>1</sup>  
 And my full thanks take for it.  
 Floure of Fuz-balls, that's too good  
 For a man in needy-hood :  
 But the Meal of Mill-dust can  
 Well content a craving man.  
 Any Orts the Elves refuse  
 Well will serve the Beggars use.  
 But if this may seem too much  
 For an Almes; then give me such  
 Little bits, that nestle there  
 In the Pris'ners *Panier*.  
 So a blessing light upon  
 You, and mighty *Oberon* :  
 That your plenty last till when,  
 I return your Almes agen.

640. AN END DECREED.

LET's be jocund while we may ;  
 All things have an ending day :  
 And when once the Work is done ;  
*Fates revolve no Flax th'ave spun.*

641. UPON A CHILD.

HERE a pretty Baby lies  
 Sung asleep with Lullabies :  
 Pray be silent, and not stirre  
 Th' easie earth that covers her.

642. PAINTING SOMETIMES PERMITTED.

IF Nature do deny  
 Colours, let Art supply.

<sup>1</sup> Chit, or "chip," a gardener's word for sprouting.





643. FAREWELL FROST, OR WELCOME THE  
SPRING.

FLED are the Frosts, and now the Fields  
     appeare  
 Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper.  
 Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty  
     Spring  
 Gives to each Mead a neat enameling.  
 The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every  
     Tree  
 Now swaggers in her Leavy gallantry.  
 The while the *Daulian Minstrell* sweetly sings  
 With warbling Notes, her *Tyrrean* sufferings.  
 What gentle Winds perspire? As if here  
 Never had been the *Northern Plunderer*  
 To strip the Trees, and Fields, to their  
     distresse,  
 Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.  
 And look how when a frantick Storme doth  
     tear  
 A stubborn Oake, or Holme (long growing  
     there)  
 But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze  
 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of  
     Trees:  
 So when this War (which tempest-like doth  
     spoil  
 Our salt, our Corn, our Honie, Wine, and  
     Oile)  
 Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast  
 His inconsiderate Frenzie off (at last)  
 The gentle Dove may, when these turmoils  
     cease,  
 Bring in her Bill, once more, the *Branch of*  
     *Peace.*

644. THE HAG.

- 1      THE Hag is astride,  
This night for to ride;  
The Dévill and shee together :  
Through thick, and through thin,  
Now out, and then in,  
Though ne'r so foule be the weather.
2.      A Thorn or a Burr  
She takes for a Spurre :  
With a lash of a Bramble she rides now,  
Through Brakes and through Bryars,  
O're Ditches and Mires,  
She follows the Spirit that guides now.
3.      No Beast, for his food,  
Dares now range the wood ;  
But husht in his laire he lies lurking :  
While mischiefs, by these,  
On Land and on Seas,  
At noone of Night are a-working.
4.      The storme will arise,  
And trouble the skies ;  
This night, and more for the wonder,  
The ghost from the Tomb  
Affrighted shall come,  
Cal'd out by the clap of the Thunder.

645. UPON AN OLD MAN A RESIDENCIARIE.

TREAD Sirs, as lightly as ye can  
Upon the grave of this old man.  
Twice fortie (bating but one year,



And thrice three weeks) he lived here.  
 Whom gentle fate translated hence  
 To a more happy Residence.  
 Yet, Reader, let me tell thee this  
 (Which from his ghost a promise is)  
 If here ye will some few teares shed,  
 He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

## 646. UPON TEARES.

TEARES, though th'are here below the sinners  
                   brine,  
 Above they are the Angels spiced wine.

## 647. PHYSITIANS.

PHYSITIANS fight not against men ; but these  
 Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

## 648. THE PRIMITIÆ TO PARENTS.

OUR *Household-gods* our Parents be ;  
 And manners good requires, that we  
 The first-Fruits give to them, who gave  
 Us hands to get what here we have.

## 649. UPON COB. EPIG.

COB clouts his shooes, and as the story tells,  
 His thumb-nailcs-par'd, afford him sperrables.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Said to be "sparrowbill," a small shoemaker's nail.

650. UPON LUCIE. EPIG.

SOUND Teeth has *Lucie*, pure as Pearl, and  
small,  
 With mellow Lips, and luscious there withall.

651. UPON SKOLES. EPIG.

*SKOLES* stinks so deadly, that his Breeches loath  
 His dampish Buttocks furthermore to cloath:  
 Cloy'd they are up with Arse; but hope, one  
blast  
 Will whirle about, and blow them thence at  
 last.

652. TO SILVIA.

I AM holy, while I stand  
 Circum-crost by thy pure hand:  
 But when that is gone; Again,  
 I, as others, am *Prophane*.

653. TO HIS CLOSET-GODS.

WHEN I goe Hence, ye *Closet-Gods*, I feare  
 Never againe to have ingression here:  
 Where I have had, what ever things co'd be  
 Pleasant, and precious to my Muse and me.  
 Besides rare sweets, I had a Book which none  
 Co'd read the Intext but my selfe alone.  
 About the Cover of this Book there went  
 A curious-comely clean *Compartment*:<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> *Compartment* is perhaps the most ingenious instance of Herrick's fancy for diminutives.

And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set  
 A blushing-pretty-peeping Rubelet :  
 But now 'tis clos'd ; and being shut, & seal'd,  
 Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd !  
 Keep here still, *Closet-Gods*, 'fore whom I've set  
 Oblations oft. of sweetest *Marmelade*.<sup>1</sup>

#### 654. A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.

FILL me a mighty Bowle  
 Up to the brim :  
 That I may drink  
 Unto my *Johnson's soule*.

2. Crowne it agen agen ;  
 And thrice repeat  
*That happy heat ;*  
 To drink to Thee my *Ben*.

3. Well I can quaffe, I see,  
 To th' number five,  
 Or nine ; but thrive  
 In frenzie ne'r like thee.

#### 655. LONG LOOKT FOR COMES AT LAST.

THOUGH long it be, yeeres may repay the debt ;  
*None loseth that, which he in time may get.*

#### 656. TO YOUTH.

DRINK Wine, and live here blithesfull, while ye  
 may :  
*The morrowe's life too late is, Live to-day.*

<sup>1</sup> "Marmalade."

657. NEVER TOO LATE TO DYE.

No man comes late unto that place from  
whence  
Never man yet had a regredience.

658. A HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

O! you the Virgins nine!  
That doe our soules encline  
To noble Discipline!  
Nbd to this vow of mine:  
Come then, and now enspire  
My violl and my lyre  
With your eternall fire:  
And make me one entire  
Composer in your Quire.  
Then I'le your Altars strew  
With Roses sweet and new;  
And ever live a true  
Acknowledger of you.

659. ON HIMSELFE.

Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write  
Of that sweet Lady, or that gallant Knight:  
Ile sing no more of Frosts, Snowes, Dews and  
Showers;  
No more of Groves, Meades, Springs, and  
wreaths of Flowers:  
Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing  
Of *Cupid*, and his wittie coozning:  
Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave  
No more my Dirges, and my Trentalls have.

## 660. UPON JONE AND JANE.

*JONE* is a wench that's painted;  
*Jone* is a Girle that's tainted;  
 Yet *Jone* she goes  
 Like one of those  
 Whom purity had Sainted.

*Jane* is a Girle that's prittie;  
*Jane* is a wench that's wittie;  
 Yet, who wo'd think,  
 Her breath do's stinke,  
 As so it doth? that's pittie.

## 661. TO MOMUS.

Who read'st this Book that I have writ,  
 And can'st not mend, but carpe at it:  
 By all the muses! thou shalt be  
*Anathema* to it, and me.

## 662. AMBITION.

In waves to greatnesse, think on this,  
*That slippery all Ambition is.*

663. THE COUNTRY LIFE, TO THE HONOURED  
M. END. PORTER, GROOME OF THE BED-  
CHAMBER TO HIS MAJ.

SWEET Country life, to such unknown,  
 Whose lives are others', not their own!  
 But serving Courts, and Cities, be  
 Less happy, less enjoying thee.  
 Thou never Plow'st the Ocean's foame

To seek, and bring rough Pepper home :  
 Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove  
 To bring from thence the scorched Clove.  
 Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,  
 Bring'st home the Ingot from the West.  
 No, thy Ambition's Master-piece  
 Flies no thought higher then a fleece :  
 Or how to pay thy Hinds, and cleere  
 All scores ; and so to end the yere :  
 But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,  
 Not envying others larger grounds :  
 For well thou know'st, *'tis not th' extent*  
*Of Land makes life, but sweet content.*  
 When now the Cock (the Plow-man's Horne)  
 Calls forth the lilly-wristed Morne ;  
 Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,  
 Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know,  
 That the best compost for the Lands  
 Is the wise Masters Feet, and Hands.  
 There at the Plough thou find'st thy Teame,  
 With a Hind whistling there to them :  
 And cheer'st them up, by singing how  
 The Kingdoms portion is *the Plow.*  
 This done, then to th' enameld Meads  
 Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,  
 Thou seest a present God-like Power  
 Imprinted in each Herbe and Flower :  
 And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd Kine,  
 Sweet as the blossomes of the Vine.  
 Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat  
 Unto the Dew-laps up in meat :  
 And, as thou look'st, the wanton Steere,  
 The Heifer, Cow, and Oxe draw neere  
 To make a pleasing pastime there.  
 Whese seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks  
 Of sheep, (safe from the Wolfe and Fox)  
 And find'st their bellies there as full

Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool.  
 And leav'st them (as they feed and fill)  
 A Shepherd piping on a hill.  
 For Sports, for Pagentrie, and Playes,  
 Thou hast thy Eves, and Holydayes:  
 On which the young men and maids meet,  
 To exercise their dancing feet:  
 Tripping the comely country Round,  
 With Daffadils and Daisies crown'd.  
 Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou hast,  
 Thy May-poles too with Garlands grac't:  
 Thy Morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale;  
 Thy Sheering-feast, which never faile.  
 Thy Harvest home; thy Wassaile bowle,  
 That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole.  
 Thy Mummeries; thy Twelfe-tide Kings  
 And Queenes; thy Christmas revellings:  
 Thy Nut-browne mirth; thy Russet wit;  
 And no man payes too deare for it.  
 To these, thou hast thy times to goe  
 And trace the Hare i' th' trecherous Snow:  
 Thy witty wiles to draw, and get  
 The Larke into the Tradimell net:  
 Thou hast thy Cockrood,<sup>1</sup> and thy Glade  
 To take the precious Phesant made:  
 Thy Lime-twigs, Snares, and Pit-falls then  
 To catch the pilfring Birds, not Men.  
 O happy life! if that their good  
 The Husbandmen but understood!  
 Who all the day themselves doe please,  
 And Younglings, with such sports as these.  
 And, lying down, have nought t' affright  
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

*Cetera desunt* ———

<sup>1</sup> A path made for snaring woodcock; "glade," a larger ride, across which nets were hung for game generally.

· 664. TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kisse ;  
 I dare not beg a smile ;  
 Lest having that, or this,  
 I might grow proud the while.

2. No, no, the utmost share  
 Of my desire, shall be  
 Onely to kisse that Aire,  
 That lately kissed thee.

665. TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND, M. ARTHUR  
 BARTLY.

WHEN after many Lusters thou shalt be  
 Wrapt up in Seare-cloth with thine Ancestrie :  
 When of thy ragg'd *Escutcheons* shall be seene  
 So little left, as if they ne'r had been :  
 Thou shalt thy Name have, and thy Fames  
 best trust,  
 Here with the Generation of my Just.

666. WHAT KIND OF MISTRESSE HE  
 WOULD HAVE.

BE the Mistresse of my choice,  
 Cleane in manners, cleere in voice :  
 Be she witty, more then wise ;  
 Pure enough, though not Precise :  
 Be she shewing in her dresse,  
 Like a civill Wilderness ;  
 That the curious may detect  
 Order in a sweet neglect :



Be she rowling in her eye,  
 Tempting all the passers by :  
 And each Ringlet of her haire,  
 An Enchantment, or a Snare,  
 For to catch the Lookers on ;  
 But her self held fast by none.  
 Let her *Lucrece* all day be,  
*Thais* in the night, to me.  
 Be she such, as neither will  
*Famish me, nor over-fill.*

## 667. UPON ZELOT.

Is *Zelot* pure? he is : ye see he weares  
 The signe of *Circumcision* in his eares.

## 668. THE ROSEMARIE BRANCH.

Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,  
 Be't for my *Bridall*, or my *Buriall*.

## 669. UPON MADAM URSLY. EPIG.

For ropes of pearle, first Madam *Vrsly* shewes  
 A chaine of Cornes, pickt from her eares and  
 toes :  
 Then, next, to match *Tradescant's* curious shels,  
 Nails from her fingers mew'd, she shewes :  
 what els ?  
 Why then (forsooth) a Carcanet is shown  
 Of teeth, as deaf as nuts, and all her own.

670. UPON CRAB. EPIG.

CRAB faces gownes with sundry Furrēs; 'tis  
known,  
He keeps the Fox-furres for to face his own.

671. A PARANÆTICALL, OR ADVISIVE VERSE  
TO HIS FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKS.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep?  
To rise as soon as day doth peep?  
To tire thy patient Oxe or Asse  
By noone, and let thy good dayes passe,  
Not knowing This, that *Jove* decrees  
Some mirth, t'adulce<sup>1</sup> mans miseries?  
No; 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,  
Without extortion, from thy soyle:  
Thy faithfull fields to yeeld thee Graine,  
Although with some, yet little paine:  
To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed,  
With feares, and cares uncumberèd:  
A pleasing Wife, that by thy side  
Lies softly panting like a Bride.  
This is to live, and to endee  
Those minutes, Time has lent us here.  
Then, while Fates suffer, live thou free,  
(As is that ayre that circles thee)  
And crown thy temples too, and let  
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,  
To strut<sup>2</sup> thy barnes with sheafs of Wheat.  
Time steals away like to a stream,  
And we glide hence away with them.  
*No sound recalls the houres once fled,*

\* It is rather a pity that this equivalent of *adoucir* was not taken up.

<sup>1</sup> "Swell."

*Or Roses, being witherèd :*  
 Nor us (my Friend) when we are lost,  
 Like to a Deaw, or melted Frost.  
 Then live we mirthfull, while we should,  
 And turn the iron Age to Gold.  
 Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play,  
 And thus lesse last, then live our Day.  
*Whose life with care is overcast,*  
*That man's not said to live, but last :*  
*Nor is't a life, seven yeares to tell,*  
*But for to live that half seven well :*  
 And that wee'l do ; as men, who know,  
 Some few sands spent, we hence must go,  
 Both to be blended in the Urn,     "     "  
 From whence there's never a return.

#### 672. ONCE SEEN, AND NO MORE.

THOUSANDS each day passe by, which wee,  
 Once past and gone, no more shall see.

#### 673. LOVE.

THIS Axiom I have often heard,  
*Kings ought to be more lov'd, then fear'd.*

#### 674. TO M. DENHAM, ON HIS PROSPECTIVE POEM.<sup>1</sup>

OR lookt I back unto the Times hence flown  
 To praise those Muses, and dislike our own ?  
 Or did I walk those *Pean*<sup>2</sup>-Gardens through,  
 To kick the Flow'rs, and scorn their odours too ?

<sup>1</sup> The "prospective poem" is the well-known  
 "Cooper's Hill."

<sup>2</sup> *Pean* or *Paran* "of Apollo."

I might (and justly) be reputed (here)  
 One nicely mad, or peevishly severe.  
 But by *Apollo* ! as I worship wit,  
 (Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it :)  
 So, I confesse, 'tis somewhat to do well  
 In our high art, although we can't excell,  
 Like thee ; or dare the Buskins to unloose  
 Of thy brave, bold, and sweet *Maronian* Muse.  
 But since I'm cal'd (rare *Denham*) to be gone,  
 Take from thy *Herrick* this conclusion :  
 'Tis dignity in others, if they be  
 Crown'd Poets ; yet live Princes under thee :  
 The while their wreaths and Purple Robes do  
     shine,  
 Lesse by their own jemms, then those beams of  
     thine.

## 675. A HYMNE, TO THE LARES.

It was, and still my care is,  
 To worship ye, the *Lares*,  
 With crowns of greenest Parsley,  
 And Garlick chives not scarcely :  
 For favours here to warme me,  
 And not by fire to harme me.  
 For gladding so my hearth here,  
 With inoffensive mirth here ;  
 That while the Wassaile Bowle here  
 With *North-down* Ale doth trouble here,  
 No sillable doth fall here,  
 To marre the mirth at all here.  
 For which, ô *Chimney-keepers* !  
 (I dare not call ye Sweepers)  
 So long as I am able  
 To keep a countrey-table,  
 Great be my fare, or small cheere,  
 I'll eat and drink up all here.

676. DENIAL IN WOMEN NO DISHEARTNING  
TO MEN.

WOMEN, although they ne'er so goodly make it,  
Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

677. ADVERSITY.

*Love is maintain'd by wealth ; when all is spent,  
Adversity then breeds the discontent.*

678. TO FORTUNE.

TUMBLE me down, and I will sit  
Upon my ruins (smiling yet :)  
Teare me to tatters ; yet I'll be  
Patient in my necessitie.  
Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun  
Me, as a fear'd infection :  
Yet scarre-crow-like I'll walk, as one,  
Neglecting thy derision.

679. TO ANTHEA.

COME, *Anthea*, know thou this,  
*Love at no time idle is :*  
Let's be doing, though we play  
But at push-pin (half the day :)  
Chains of sweet bents let us make,  
Captive one, or both, to take :  
In which bondage we will lie,  
Soules transfusing thus, and die.

680. CRUELITIES.

*NERO* commanded ; but withdrew his eyes  
From the beholding Death, and cruelties.

681. PERSEVERANCE.

HAST thou begun an act? ne'er then give o're:  
*No man despaire to do what's done before.*

682. UPON HIS VERSES.

WHAT off-spring other men have got,  
The how, where, when, I question not.  
These are the Children I have left;  
Adopted some; none got by theft.  
But all are toucht<sup>1</sup> (like lawfull plate)  
And no Verse illegitimate.

683. DISTANCE BETTERS DIGNITIES.

KINGS must not oft be seen by publike eyes;  
*State at a distance adds to dignities.*

684. HEALTH:

HEALTH is no other (as the learned hold)  
But a just measure of Heat and Cold.

<sup>1</sup> Touched with the "touchstone."

685. TO DIANE. A CEREMONIE IN  
GLOUCESTER.

ILL to thee a Simnell<sup>1</sup> bring,  
'Gainst thou go'st a *mothering*;  
So that, when she blesseth thee,  
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

686. TO THE KING.

GIVE way, give way, now, now my *Charles*  
shines here,  
A Publike Light (in this immensivę Sphere,)   
Some starres were fixt before; but these are  
dim,  
Compar'd (in this my ample Orbe) to Him.  
Draw in your feeble fiers, while that He  
Appeares but in His Meaner Majestie.  
Where, if such glory flashes from His Name,  
Which is His Shade, who can abide His Flame!  
*Princes, and such like Publike Lights as these,*  
*Must not be lookt on, but at distances :*  
*For, if we gaze on These brave Lamps too neer,*  
*Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l blee.*

687. THE FUNERALL RITES OF THE ROSE.

THE Rose was sick, and smiling di'd;  
And (being to be sanctifi'd)

<sup>1</sup> The simnel-cake—an excellent one—is still made in the North about Mid-Lent. The Sunday of that name got the other title of "Mothering Sunday" from the occurrence in its Liturgy of the text "Jerusalem is the mother of us all," and the application first to the Church, second to actual "mothers," to whom their children in service, etc., were wont to pay visits at that time.

About the Bed, there sighing stood  
 The sweet, and flowrie Sisterhood.  
 Some hung the head, while some did bring  
 (To wash her) water from the Spring.  
 Some laïd her forth, while others wept,  
 But all a solemne Fast there kept.  
 The holy Sisters some among  
 The sacred *Dirge* and *Trentall* sung.  
 But ah ! what sweets smelt every where,  
 As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.  
 At last, when prayers for the dead,  
 And Rites were all accomplishèd ;  
 They, weeping, spread a Lawnie Looime,  
 And clos'd her up, as in a Tombe.

688. THE RAINBOW: OR, CURIOUS COVENANT.

MINE eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine,  
 And as they thus did entertaine  
 The gentle Beams from *Julia's* sight  
 To mine eyes level'd opposite :  
 O Thing admir'd ! there did appeare  
 A curious Rainbow smiling there ;  
 Which was the Covenant, that she  
 No more wo'd drown mine eyes or me.

689. THE LAST STROKE STRIKE SURE.

THOUGH by well-warding many blowes w've  
 past,  
 That *stroke most fear'd is, which is struck the*  
*last.*



## 690. FORTUNE.

FORTUNE's a blind profuser of her own,  
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

## 691. STOOL-BALL.

1. AT Stool-ball,<sup>1</sup> *Lucia*, let us play,  
For Sugar-cakes and Wine;  
Or for a Tansie<sup>2</sup> let us pay,  
The losse or thine, or mine.
2. If thou, my Deere, a winner be  
At trundling of the Ball,  
The wager thou shalt have, and me,  
And my misfortunes all.
3. But if (my Sweetest) I shall get,  
Then I desire but this;  
That likewise I may pay the Bet,  
And have for all a kisse.

## 692. TO SAPPHO.

LET us now take time, and play,  
Love, and live here while we may;  
Drink rich wine; and make good cheere,  
While we have our being here:  
For, once dead, and laid i'th grave,  
No return from thence we have.

<sup>1</sup> An early form of ball game, between cricket and rounders.

<sup>2</sup> A pancake flavoured with that plant.

693. ON POET PRAT. EPIG.

*PRAT* he writes Satyres; but herein's the fault,  
In no one Satyre there's a mite of salt.

694. UPON TUCK. EPIG.

At Post and Paire, or Slam,<sup>1</sup> *Tom Tuck* would  
play  
This Christmas, but his want wherewith, sayes  
Nay.

695. BITING OF BEGGARS.

Who, railing, drives the Lazar from his door,  
Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

696. THE MAY-POLE.

The May-pole is up,  
Now give me the cup;  
I'll drink to the Garlands a-round it:  
But first unto those  
Whose hands did compose  
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my Girles,  
Whose husbands may Earles  
Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)  
And when that ye wed  
To the Bridall Bed,  
Then multiply all, like to Fishes.

<sup>1</sup> Both card games, the latter word ("slam") being still vernacularly kept for making every trick at whist.

## 697. MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESSE.

THAT flow of Gallants which approach  
 To kisse thy hand from out the coach ;  
 That fleet of Lackeyes, which do run  
 Before thy swift Postilion :  
 Those strong-hoof'd Mules, which we behold,  
 Rein'd in with Purple, Pearl, and gold,  
 And shod with silver, prove to be  
 The drawers of the *axeltree*.  
 Thy Wife, thy Children, and the state  
 Of *Persian* Loomes, and *antique* Plate :  
 All these, and more, shall then afford  
 No joy to thee their sickly Lord.

## 698. ADVERSITY.

ADVERSITY hurts none, but onely such  
 Whom whitest Fortune dandled has too much.

## 699. WANT.

NEED is no vice at all ; though here it be,  
 With men, a loathèd inconveniencie.

## 700. GRIEFE.

SORROWES divided amongst many, lesse  
 Discruciate a man in deep distresse.

## 701. LOVE PALPABLE.

I PREST my *Julia's* lips, and in the kisse  
 Her Soule and Love were palpable in this.

702. NO ACTION HARD TO AFFECTION.

Nothing hard, or harsh can prove  
Unto those that truly love.

703. MEANE THINGS OVERCOME MIGHTY.

By the weak'st means things mighty are o're-  
thrown.  
*He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.*

704. UPON TRIGG. EPIG.

*TRIGG* having turn'd his sute, he struts in state,  
And tells the world, he's now regenerate.

705. UPON SMEATON.

How co'd *Luke Smeaton* weare a shoe, or boot,  
Who two and thirty cornes had on a foot?

706. THE BRACELET OF PEARLE: TO SILVIA.

I BEAKE thy Bracelet 'gainst my will;  
And, wretched, I did see  
Thee discomposèd then, and still  
Art discontent with me.

One jemme was lost; and I will get  
A richer pearle for thee,  
Then ever, dearest *Silvia*, yet  
• Was drunk to *Antonie*.

Or, for revenge, I'll tell thee what  
 Thou for the breach shalt do;  
 First, crack the strings, and after that,  
 Cleave thou my heart in two.

## 707. HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said, as *Cupid* danc't among  
 The *Gods*, he down the Nectar flung;  
 Which, on the white *Rose* being shed,  
 Made it for ever after red.

## 708. KINGS.

MEN are not born Kings, but are men renown'd;  
 Chose first, confirm'd next, & at last are  
 crown'd.

## 709. FIRST WORK, AND THEN WAGES.

PREPOST'ROUS is that order, when we run  
 To ask our wages, e're our work be done.

## 710. TEARES, AND LAUGHTER.

KNEW'ST thou, one moneth wo'd take thy life  
 away,  
 Thou'dst weep; but laugh, sho'd it not last a  
 day.

## 711. GLORY.

GLORY no other thing is (*Tullie* sayes)  
 Then a mans frequent Fame, spoke out with  
 praise.

712. POSSESSIONS.

THOSE possessions short-liv'd are,  
Into the which we come by warre.

713. LAXARE FIBULAM.

To loose the button, is no lesse,  
Then to cast off all bashfulnesse.

714. HIS RETURNE TO LONDON.

FROM the dull confines of the drooping West,  
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,  
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie  
To thee, blest place of my Nativitie!  
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the  
ground,  
With thousand blessings by thy Fortune  
crown'd.  
O fruitfull Genius! that bestowest here  
An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.  
O Place! O People! Manners! fram'd to please  
All Nations, Customes, Kindreds, Languages!  
I am a free-born Roman; suffer then,  
That I amongst you live a Citizen.  
London my home is: though by hard fate sent  
Into a long and irksome banishment;  
Yet since cal'd back; henceforward let me be,  
O native countrey, repossess by thee!  
For, rather then I'll to the West return,  
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine Urn.  
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;  
Give thou my sacred Reliques Buriall.

## 715. NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.

'Tis not ev'ry day, that I  
 Fitted am to prophesie:  
 No, but when the Spirit fills  
 The fantastick Pannicles:<sup>1</sup>  
 Full of fier; then I write  
 As the Godhead doth indite.  
 Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,  
 Like the *Sybell's*, through the world.  
 Look how next the holy fier  
 Either slakes, or doth retire;  
 So the Fancie cooles, till when  
 That brave Spirit comes agen.

## 716. POVERTY THE GREATEST PACK.

To mortall men great loads allotted be,  
*But of all packs no pack like poverty.*

717. A BEUCOLICK, OR DISCOURSE OF  
NEATHERDS.

1. COME blithesfull Neatherds, let us lay  
 A wager, who the best shall play,  
 Of thee, or I, the Roundelay,  
 That fits the businesse of the Day.

*Chor.* And *Lallage* the Judge shall be,  
 To give the prize to thee, or me.

2. Content, begin, and I will bet  
 A Heifer smooth, and black as jet,

<sup>1</sup> Cells of the brain.

In every part alike compleat,  
And wanton as a Kid as yet.

*Chor.* And *Lallage* (with cow-like eyes)  
Shall be Disposeresse of the prize.

1. Against thy Heifer, I will here  
Lay to thy stake a lustie Steere,  
With gilded hornes, and burnisht cleere.

*Chor.* Why then begin, and let us heare  
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note  
That gently purles from eithers Oat.

2. The stakes are laid : let's now apply  
Each one to make his melody :

*Lal.* The equall Umpire shall be I,  
Who'l hear, and so judge righteously.

*Chor.* Much time is spent in prate ; begin,  
And sooner play, the sooner win.  
[*He playes.*]

1. That's sweetly touch't, I must confesse :  
Thou art a man of worthinesse :  
But hark how I can now expresse  
My love unto my Neatherdesse. [*He sings.*]

*Chor.* A suger'd note ! and sound as sweet  
As Kine, when they are at milking meet.

1. Now for to win thy Heifer faire,  
I'le strike thee such a nimble Ayre,  
That thou shalt say (thy selfe) 'tis rare ;  
And title me without compare.

*Chor.* Lay by a while your Pipes, and rest,  
Since both have here deservèd best.



2. To get thy Steerling, once again,  
 I'll play thee such another strain;  
 That thou shalt swear, my Pipe do's  
     raigne  
 Over thine Oat, as Soveraigne. [*He sings.*]

*Chor.* And *Lallage* shall tell by this,  
 Whose now the prize and wager is.

1. Give me the prize: 2. The day is mine:  
 1. Not so; my Pipe has silenc't thine:  
 And hadst thou wager'd twenty Kine,  
 They were mine own. *Lal.* In love com  
     bine.

*Chor.* And lay we down our pipes together,<sup>1</sup>  
 As wearie, not o'recome by either.

#### 718. TRUE SAFETY.

'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends  
 A Prince from Foes; but 'tis his Fort of  
     Friends.

#### 719. A PROGNOSTICK.

As many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse  
 Nought but a Kingdoms ill-affectednesse:  
 Ev'n so, those streets and houses do but show  
 Store of diseases, where Physitians flow.

#### 720. UPON JULIA'S SWEAT.

Wo'd ye oyle of Blossomes get?  
 Take it from my *Julia's* sweat:

<sup>1</sup> Some editors read "And lay *ye* down," which seems an unnecessary liberty.

Oyl of Lillies, and of Spike,  
From her moysture take the like :  
Let her breath, or let her blow,  
'All rich spices thence will flow.

721. PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.

You see this gentle streame, that glides,  
Shov'd on, by quick-succeeding 'Tides :  
Trie if this sober streame you can  
Follow to th' wilder Ocean :  
And see, if there it keeps unspent  
In that congesting element.  
Next, from that world of waters, then  
By poares and cavernes back agen  
Induc't that inadultrate same  
Streame to the Spring from whence it came.  
This with a wonder when ye do,  
As easie, and els easier too :  
Then may ye recollect the graines  
Of my particular Remaines ;  
After a thousand Iusters hurld,  
By ruffling winds, about the world.

722. FAME.

*'Tis still observ'd, that Fame ne're sings  
The order, but the Sum of things.*

723. BY USE COMES EASINESSE.

OfT bend the Bow, and thou with ease shalt do,  
What others can't with all their strength put to.

## 724. TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.

COMMAND the Roofe, great *Genius*, and from  
thence

Into this house powre downe thy influence,  
That through each room a golden pipe may run  
Of living water by thy *Benizon*.

Fulfill the Larders, and with strengthening  
bread

Be evermore these Bynr's replenished.

Next, like a Bishop consecrate my ground,  
That luckie Fairies here may dance their  
Round :

And after that, lay downe some silver pence,  
The Masters charge and care to recompence.  
Charme then the chambers; make the beds for  
ease,

More then for peevish pining sicknesses.  
Fix the foundation fast, and let the Roofe  
Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-  
proofe.

## 725. HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

THOUGH Clock,  
To tell how night drawes hence, I've none.

A Cock,  
I have, to sing how day drawes on.

I have  
A maid (my *Prew*) by good luck sent,  
To save

That little, Fates me gave or lent.

A Hen  
I keep, which creaking day by day,  
Tells when

She goes her long white egg to lay.

A Goose  
 I have, which, with a jealous care,  
     Lets loose  
 Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.  
 A Lamb  
 I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,  
     Whose Dam  
 An Orphan left him (lately dead).  
 A Cat  
 I keep, that playes about my House,  
     Grown fat,  
 With eating many a miching<sup>1</sup> Mouse.  
     To these  
 A *Trasy*<sup>2</sup> I do keep, whereby  
     I please  
 The more my rurall privacie:  
     Which are  
 But toyes, to give my heart some ease:  
     Where care  
 None is, slight things do lightly please.

726. GOOD PRECEPTS, OR COUNSELL.

In all thy need, be thou possesst  
 Still with a well-preparèd brest:  
 Nor let the shackles make thee sad;  
 Thou canst but have, what others had.  
 And this for comfort thou must know,  
 Times that are ill wo'nt still be so.  
 Clouds will not ever powre down raine;  
*A sullen day will cleere againe.*  
 First, peales of Thunder we must heare,  
 Then Lutes and Harpes shall stroke the care.

<sup>1</sup> Pilfering.

<sup>2</sup> His spaniel.—H.

## 727. MONEY MAKES THE MIRTH.

WHEN all Birds els do of their musick faile,  
 Money's the still-sweet-singing *Nightingale*.

728. UP TAILES ALL.<sup>1</sup>

BEGIN with a kisse,  
 Go on too with this:  
 And thus, thus, thus let us smother  
 Our lips for a while,  
 But let's not beguile  
 Our hope of one for the other.

This play, be assur'd,  
 Long enough has endur'd,  
 Since more and more is exacted;  
 For love he doth call  
 For his Uptails all;  
 And that's the part to be acted.

## 729. UPON FRACK.

FRACK wo'd go scoure her teeth; and setting  
 to't  
 Twice two fell out, all rotten at the root.

## 730. UPON LUCIA DABLED IN THE DEAW.

MY *Lucia* in the deaw did go,  
 And prettily bedabled so,  
 Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall

<sup>1</sup> A favourite tune.

Her decent legs, cleane, long and small.  
 I follow'd after to descrie  
 Part of the nak't sincerity;  
 But still the envious Scene between  
 Deni'd the Mask I wo'd have seen.

731. CHARON AND PHYLOMEL,\* A DIALOGUE  
 SUNG.

*Ph. CHARON!* O gentle *Charon!* let me wooe  
 thee,

By tears and pitie now to come unto mee.

*Ch.* What voice so sweet and charming do I  
 heare?

Say what thou art. *Ph.* I prithee first  
 draw neare.

*Ch.* A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see,  
 Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O *Charon*  
 pittie me!

I am a bird, and though no name I tell,  
 My warbling note will say I'm *Phylomel*.

*Ch.* What's that to me, I waft nor fish or  
 fowles,

Nor Beasts (fond thing) but only humane  
 soules.

*Ph.* Alas for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching  
 note,

That made me thus hoist saile, and bring  
 my Boat:

But Ile returne; what mischief brought  
 thee hither?

*Ph.* A deale of Love, and much, much Griefe  
 together.

*Ch.* What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's  
 now beneath

Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death.

*Ch.* And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love  
I pray thee.

*Ch.* Talk not of love, all pray, but few soules  
pay me.

*Ph.* Ile give thee vows & tears. *Ch.* Can tears  
pay skores  
For mending sails, for patching Boat and  
Oares?

*Ph.* I'le beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,  
Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a  
song.

*Ch.* Why then begin, and all the while we  
make  
Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian .  
Lake,  
Thou & I'le sing to make these dull Shades  
merry,  
Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown  
my ferry.

### 732. UPON PAUL. EPIG.

*PAULS* hands do give; what give they, bread or  
meat,

Or money? no, but onely deaw and sweat.

As stones and salt gloves use to give, even so

*Pauls* hands do give, nought else for ought we  
know.

### 733. UPON SIBB. EPIG.

*SIBB* when she saw her face how hard it was,

For anger spat on thee her Looking-glasse:

But weep not, *Christall*; for the shame was  
meant

Not unto thee, but That thou didst present.

734. A TERNARIE OF LITTLES, UPON A PIPKIN  
OF JELLIE SENT TO A LADY.

1. A LITTLE Saint best fits a little Shrine,  
A little prop best fits a little Vine,  
As my small Cruse best fits my little  
Wine.
2. A little Seede best fits a little Soyle,  
A little Trade best fits a little Toyle:  
As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.
3. A little Bin best fits a little Bread,  
A little Garland fits a little Head:  
As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.
4. A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,  
A little Chappell fits a little Quire,  
As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.
5. A little streame bests fits a little Boat;  
A little lead best fits a little Float;  
As my small Pipe best fits my little note.
6. A little meat bests fits a little bellie,  
As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye,  
This little pipkin fits this little Jellie.

735. UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

'THrice happie Roses, so much grac't, to have  
Within the Bosome of my Love your grave.  
Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne,  
Your Grave her bosome is, the Lawne the  
Stone



## 736. MAIDS NAY'S ARE NOTHING.

MAIDS nay's are nothing, they are shie  
But to desire what they denie.

## 737. THE SMELL OF THE SACRIFICE.

THE Gods require the thighs  
Of Beeves for sacrifice ;  
Which rosted, we the steam  
Must sacrifice to them :  
Who though they do not eat,  
Yet love the smell of meat.

## 738. LOVERS HOW THEY COME AND PART.

A *gyges* Ring they beare about them still,  
To be, and not seen when and where they  
will.  
They tread on clouds, and though they some-  
times fall,  
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.  
So silently they one to th' other come,  
As colours steale into the Peare or Plum,  
And Aire-like, leave no presson to be seen  
Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

739. TO WOMEN, TO HIDE THEIR TEETH, IF  
THEY BE ROTTEN OR RUSTY.

CLOSE keep your lips, if that you meane  
To be accounted inside cleane :  
For if you cleave them, we shall see  
There in your teeth much Leprosie.

740. IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

O *JUPITER*, sho'd I speake ill  
Of woman-kind, first die I will ;  
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest  
Of creatures, woman is the best.

741. THE APRON OF FLOWERS.

To gather Flowers *Sappha* went,  
And homeward she did bring  
Within her Lawnie Continent,  
The treasure of the Spring.

She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd,  
And sweetly blushing thus,  
She lookt as she'd been got with child  
By young *Favonius*.

Her Apron gave (as she did passe)  
An Odor more divine,  
More pleasing too, than ever was  
The lap of *Proserpine*.

742. THE CANDOR OF JULIAS TEETH.

WHITE as *Zenobia's* teeth, the which the Girles  
Of Rome did weare for their most precious  
Pearles.

743. UPON HER WEEPING.

she wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so,  
she seem'd to quench love's fires that there did  
glow.

## 744. ANOTHER UPON HER WEEPING.

SHE by the River sate, and sitting there,  
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

## 745. DELAY.

BREAK off Delay, since we but read of one  
That ever prosper'd by *Cunctation*.<sup>1</sup>

746. TO SIR JOHN BERKLEY, GOVERNOUR OF EXETER.<sup>2</sup>

STAND forth, brave man, since fate has made  
thee here  
The *Hector* over *Agèl Exeter*;  
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,  
Like a *poore Lady* lost in Widdowhood:  
But feares not now to see her safety sold  
(As other Townes and Cities were) for gold,  
By those ignoble *Births* which shame the stem  
That gave Progermination unto them:  
Whose restlesse *Ghosts* shall heare their children  
sing.  
*Our Sires betraid their Countrey and their King.*  
True, if this Citie seven times rounded was  
With rock, and seven times circumflankt with  
brasse,  
Yet if thou wert not, *Berkley*, loyall prooffe,  
The Senators down tumbling with the Rooffe,  
Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,

<sup>1</sup> To wit, Fabius *Cunctator*, the conqueror, or at least checkmater, of Hannibal.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Berkeley, a very valiant Cavalier, afterwards created Lord Berkeley of Stratton.

Leaving no shew, where stood the *Capitoll*.  
But thou art just and itchlesse,<sup>1</sup> and dost please  
Thy *Genius* with two strength'ning *Buttresses*,  
*Faith*, and *Affection*: which will never slip  
To weaken this thy great *Dictator-ship*.

747. TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOK'S FOR LOVE.

Love love begets; then never be  
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.  
Tygers and Beares (I've heard some say)  
For prouder love will love repay:  
None are so harsh, but if they find  
Softnesse in others, will be kind;  
Affection will affection move,  
Then you must like, because I love.

748. REGRESSION SPOILES RESOLUTION.

HAST thou attempted greatness? then go on,  
Back-turning slackens Resolution.

749. CONTENTION.

DISCREET and prudent we that Discord call,  
That either profits, or not hurts at all.

750. CONSULTATION.

CONSULT ere thou begin'st, that done, go on  
With all wise speed for execution.

<sup>1</sup> "Incorruptible."

## 751. LOVE DISLIKES NOTHING.

WHATSOEVER thing I see,  
 Rich or poore although it be ;  
 'Tis a Mistresse unto mee.

Be my Girle, or faire or browne,  
 Do's she smile, or do's she frowne :  
 Still I write a Sweet-heart downe.

Be she rough, or smooth of skin ;  
 When I touch, I then begin  
 For to let Affection in

Be she bald, or do's she we'rfe  
 Locks incurld of other haire ;  
 I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,  
 So my fancie be content,  
 She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she leane,  
 Be she sluttish, be she cleane,  
 I'm a man for ev'ry Seane.

## 752. OUR OWN SINNES' UNSEEN.

OTHER mens sins wee ever beare in mind ;  
*None sees the jardell of his faults behind.*

## 753. NO PAINES, NO GAINES.

If little labour, little are our gaines :  
 Mans fortunes are according to his paines.

## 754. UPON SLOUCH.

SLOUCH he packs up, and goes to sev'mall Faires,  
 And weekly Markets for to sell his wares :

Meane time that he from place to place do's  
 rome,  
 His wife her owne ware sells as fast at home.

755. VERTUE BEST UNITED.

By so much, vertue is the lesse,  
 By how much, neere to singlenesse.

756. THE EYE.

A WANTON and lascivious eye  
 Betrayes the Hearts Adulteric.

757. TO PRINCE CHARLES UPON HIS COMING  
 TO EXETER.

WHAT Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see,  
 A Renovation of the West by Thee.  
 That Preternaturall Fe'ver, which did threat  
 Death to our Countrey, now hath lost his heat :  
 And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more  
 Th' unequall Pulse to beat, as heretofore.  
 Something there yet remaines for Thee to do ;  
 Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.  
 Go on with *Sylla's* <sup>1</sup> Fortune ; let thy Fate  
 Make Thee like Him, this, that way fortunate :  
*Apollos* Image side with Thee to blesse  
 Thy Warre (discreetly made) with white suc-  
 cesse.  
 Meane time thy Prophets Watch by Watch  
 shall pray ;

<sup>1</sup> Who was surnamed Felix.

While young *Charles* fights, and fighting wins  
the day.

That done, our smooth-pac't Poems all shall be  
Sung in the high *Doxologie* of Thee.

Then maids shall strew Thee, and thy Curles  
from them

Receive (with Songs) a flowrie Diadem.

### 758. A SONG.

BURNE, or drowne me, choose ye whether,

So I may but die together :

Thus to slay me by degrees,

Is the height of Cruelties.

What needs twenty stabs, when one

Strikes me dead as any stone ?

O shew mercy then, and be

Kind at once to murder mee.

### 759. PRINCES AND FAVOURITES.

PRINCES and Fav'rites are most deere, while  
they

By giving and receiving hold the play :

But the Relation then of both growes poor,

When these can aske, and Kings can give no  
more.

### 760. EXAMPLES, OR LIKE PRINCE, LIKE PEOPLE.

EXAMPLES lead us, and wee likely see,

Such as the Prince is, will his people be.

## 761. POTENTATES.

*Love* and the *Graces* evermore do wait  
Upon a man that is a Potentate.

## 762. THE WAKE.

COME *Anthea*, let us two  
Go to Feast, as others do.  
Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes,  
Are the Junketts still at Wakes :  
Unto which the Tribes resort,  
Where the businesse is the sport :  
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,  
Marian too in Pagentrie :  
And a Mimick to devise  
Many grinning properties.  
Players there will be, and those  
Base in action as in clothes :  
Yet with strutting they will please  
The incurious Villages.  
Neer the dying of the day,  
There will be a *Cudgell*-Play,  
Where a *Corcomb* will be broke,  
Ere a good word can be spoke :  
But the anger ends all here,  
Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.  
Happy Rusticks, best content  
With the cheapest Merriment :  
And possesse no other feare,  
Then to want the Wake next Yeare.

## 763. THE PETER-PENNY.

FRESH stowings allow  
To my Sepulcher now,



To make my lodging the sweeter;  
 A staffe or a wand  
 Put then in my hand,<sup>1</sup>  
 With a pennie to pay *S. Peter*.

Who has not a Crosse,<sup>1</sup>  
 Must sit with the losse,  
 And no whit further must venture;  
 Since the Porter he  
 Will paid have his fee,  
 Or els not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift,  
 Can't send for a gift  
 A Pig to the Priest for a Roster,  
 Shall heare his Clarke say,  
 By yea and by nay,  
*No pennie, no Pater Noster.*

764. TO DOCTOR ALABLASTER.<sup>1</sup>

NOR art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd  
 (Amongst mine honour'd) Thee (almost) the  
 last:

In great Processions many lead the way  
 To him, who is the triumph of the day.  
 As these have done to Thee, who art the one,  
 One onely glory of a million:  
 In whom the spirit of the Gods do's dwell,  
 Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell  
 When this or that vast *Dinastie* must fall  
 Downe to a *Fillit* more *Imperiall*.  
 When this or that *Horne* shall be broke, and  
 when

<sup>1</sup> William Alablaster, or Alabaster, a Suffolk man, a divine, a convert to and revert from Roman Catholicism, and a writer on the Apocalypse, the Book of Daniel, etc.

Others shall spring up in their place agen :  
 When times and seasons and all yeares must  
     lie  
 Drown'd in the Sea of wild Eternitie :  
 When the *Black Dooms-day Bookes* (as yet  
     unseal'd)  
 Shall by the mighty *Angell* be reveal'd :  
 And when the Trumpet which thou late hast  
     found  
 Shall call to Judgment ; tell us when the sound  
 Of this or that great Aprill day shall be,  
 And next the Gospell wee will credit thee.  
 Meane time like Earth-wormes we will craule  
     below,  
 And wonder at Those Things that thou dost  
     know.

765. UPON HIS KINSWOMAN MRS. M. S.

HERE lies a Virgin, and as sweet  
 As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.  
 Her name if next you wo'd have knowne,  
 The Marble speaks it *Mary Stone* :  
 Who dying in her blooming yeares,  
 This Stone, for names sake, melts to teares.  
 If fragrant Virgins you'l but keep  
 A Fast, while Jets and Marbles weep,  
 And praying, strew some Roses on her,  
 You'l do my *Neice* abundant honour.

766. FELICITIE KNOWES NO FENCE.

OF both our Fortunes good and bad we find  
 Prosperitie more searching of the mind :  
 Felicitie flies o're the Wall and Fence,  
 While misery keeps in with patience.

## 767. DEATH ENDS ALL WOE.

TIME is the Bound of things, where e're we go,  
*Fate gives a meeting. Death's the end of woe.*

## 768. A CONJURATION, TO ELECTRA.

By those soft *Tods* of wooll<sup>1</sup>  
 With which the aire is full :  
 By all those Tinctures there,  
 That paint the *Hemisphere* :  
 By Dewes and drisling Raine,  
 That swell the Golden Grainge :  
 By all those sweets that be  
 I' th' flowrie Nunnerie :  
 By silent Nights, and the  
 Three Formes of *Heccate* :  
 By all Aspects that blesse  
 The sober *Sorceresse*,  
 While juice she straines, and pith  
 To make her Philters with :  
 By Time, that hastens on  
 Things to perfection :  
 And by your self, the best  
 Conjurement of the rest :  
 O my *Electra* ! be  
 In love with none, but me.

## 769. COURAGE COOL'D.

I CANNOT love, as I have lov'd before :  
 For I'm grown old ; &, with mine age, grown  
     poore :  
*Love must be fed by wealth* : this blood of mine  
 Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

<sup>1</sup> Tod, the old wool-weight ; a quarter cwt.

770. THE SPELL.

HOLY Water come and bring ;  
 Cast in Salt, for seasoning :  
 Set the Brush for sprinkling :  
 Sacred Spittle bring ye hither ;  
 Meale and it now mix together ;  
 And a little Oyle to either :  
 Give the Tapers here their light,  
 Ring the *Saints-Bell*, to affright  
 Far from hence the evill Sp'rite.

771. HIS WISH TO PRIVACIE.

GIVE me a Cell  
 To dwell,  
 Where no foot hath  
 A path :  
 There will I spend,  
 And end  
 My wearied yeares  
 In teares.

772. A GOOD HUSBAND.

A MASTER of a house (as I have read)  
 Must be the first man up, and last in bed :  
 With the Sun rising he must walk his grounds ;  
 See this, View that, and all the other bounds :  
 Shut every gate; mend every hedge that's torne,  
 Either with old, or plant therein new thorne :  
 Tread ore his gleab, but with such care, that  
 where  
 He sets his foot, he leaves rich *compost* there.

## 773. A HYMNE TO BACCHUS.

I sing thy praise *Iacchus*,  
 Who with thy *Thyrse* dost thwack us :  
 And yet thou so dost back us  
 With boldness, that we feare  
 No *Brutus* entring here ;  
 Nor *Cato* the severe.  
 What though the *Lictors* threat us,  
 We know they dare not beate us ;  
 So long as thou dost heat us.  
 When we thy *Orgies* sing,  
 Each Cobler is a King ;  
 Nor dreads he any thing :  
 And though he doe not rave,  
 Yet he'l the courage have  
 To call my *Lord Maior* knave ;  
 Besides ~~too~~, in a brave,  
 Although he has no riches,  
 But walks with dangling breeches,  
 And skirts that want their stitches,  
 And shewes his naked flitches ;  
 Yet he'le be thought or seen,  
 So good as *George-a-Green* ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And calls his Blouze, his Queene ;  
 And speaks in language keene :  
 O *Bacchus* ! let us be  
 From cares and troubles free ;  
 And thou shalt heare how we  
 Will chant new *Hymnes* to thee.

## 774. UPON PUSSE AND HER PRENTICE. EPIG.

Pusse and her Prentice both at Draw-gloves  
 play ;

<sup>1</sup> George a Green, the Pinner of Wakefield.

That done, they kisse, and so draw out the day :  
At night they draw to Supper ; then well fed,  
They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed.

775. BLAME THE REWARD OF PRINCES.

AMONG disasters that discention brings,  
This not the least is, which belongs to Kings.  
If Wars goe well ; each for a part layes claime :  
If ill, then Kings, not Souldiers beare the blame.

776. CLEMENCY IN KINGS.

KINGS must not only cherish up the good,  
But must be niggards of the meanest bloud.

777. ANGER.

WRONGS, if neglected, vanish in short time,  
But heard with anger, we confesse the crime.

778. A PSALME OR HYMNE TO THE GRACES.

GLORY be to the Graces !  
That doe in publike places,  
Drive thence what ere encumbers  
The listning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces ! ,  
Who doe with sweet embraces,  
Shew they are well contented  
With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces !  
Who do from sowre faces,  
And lungs that wo'd infect me  
For evermore protect me.

## 779. AN HYMNE TO THE MUSES.

HONOUR to you who sit !  
 Neere to the well of wit ;  
 And drink your fill of it.

Glory and worship be !  
 To you, sweet Maids (thrice three)  
 Who still inspire me.

And teach me how to sing  
 Unto the *Lyrick* string,  
 My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise,  
 My *Priest-hood* crown with bayes  
 Green, to the end of dayes.

## 780. UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES.

WHENAS in silks my *Julia* goes,  
 Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flowes  
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
 That brave Vibration each way free ;  
 O how that glittering taketh me !

## 781. MODERATION.

IN things a moderation keepe,  
*Kings ought to sheare, not skin their sheepe.*

## 782. TO ANTREA.

LETs call for *Hymen* if agreed thou art ;  
*Delays in love but crucifie the heart.*

Love's thornie Tapers yet neglected lye :  
 Speak thou the word, they'l kindle by and by.  
 The humble howers wooe us on to wed,  
 And *Genius* waits to have us both to bed.  
 Behold, for us the *Naked Graces* stay  
 With maunds<sup>1</sup> of roses for to strew the way :  
 Besides, the most religious Prophet stands  
 Ready to joyne, as well our hearts as hands.  
*Juno* yet smiles ; but if she chance to chide,  
 Ill luck 'twill bode to th' Bridegroome and the  
 Bride.

Tell me *Anthea*, dost thou fondly dread  
 The loss of that we call a *Maydenhead* ?  
 Come, Ile instruct thee. Know, the vestall fier  
 Is not by marriage quencht, but flames the higher.

### 783. UPON PREW HIS MAID.

IN this little Urne is laid  
*Prowence Bulwin* (once my maid)  
 From whose happy spark here let  
 Spring the purple Violet.

### 784. THE INVITATION.

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite ;  
 And mad'st a promise that mine appetite  
 Sho'd meet and tire, on such lautitious<sup>2</sup> meat,  
 The like not *Heliogabalus* did eat :  
 And richer Wine wo'dst give to me (thy guest)  
 Then Roman *Sylla* powr'd out at his feast.  
 I came ; ('tis true) and lookt for Fowle of price,  
 The bastard *Phenix* ; bird of *Putridice* ;

<sup>1</sup> " Baskets."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *epula lauta* = sumptuous.



And for no less then Aromatick Wine  
 Of *Maydens'-blush*, colimixt with *Jessimine*.  
 Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet;  
 Which wanting *Lar*, and smoke, hung weeping  
                   wet;

At last, i' th' noone of wixter, did appeare  
 A rag'd-soust-neats-foot with sick vineger:  
 And in a burnisht Flagonet stood by  
 Beere small as Comfort, dead as Charity.  
 At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,  
 How cold it was, and how it chil'd my blood;  
 I curst the master; and I damn'd the souce;  
 And swore I'de got the ague of the house.  
 Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,  
 I'll bring a Fever; since thou keep'st no fire.

#### 785. CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMASSE.

COME, bring with a noise,  
 My merrie merrie boyes,  
 The Christmas Log to the firing;  
     While my good Dame, she  
     Bids ye all be free;  
 And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeere's brand  
 Light the new block, And  
 For good successe in his spending,  
     On your Psaltries play,  
     That sweet luck may  
 Come while the Log is a-teending.<sup>1</sup>

Drink now the strong Beere,  
 Cut the white loafe here,  
 The while the meat is a-shredding;

<sup>1</sup> "Kindling," "burning."

For the rare Mince-Pie  
And the Plums stand by  
To fill the Paste that's a-kneading.

786. CHRISTMAS-EVE, ANOTHER CEREMONIE.

COME guard this night the Christmas-Pie,  
That the Thiefe, though ne'r so slie,  
With his Flesh-hooks, don't come nie  
To catch it

From him, who all alone sits there,  
Having his eyes still in his eare,  
And a deale of nightly feare  
To watch it.

787. ANOTHER TO THE MAIDS.

WASH your hands, or else the fire  
Will not teend ' to your desire ;  
Unwasht hands, ye Maidens, know,  
Dead the Fire, though ye blow.

788. ANOTHER.

WASSAILE the Trees, that they may beare  
You many a Plum, and many a Peare:  
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,  
As you doe give them Wassailing.

789. POWER AND PEACE.

*'Tis never, or but seldome knowne,  
Power and Peace to keep one Throne.*

<sup>1</sup> "Kindle," "burn."

790. TO HIS DEARE VALENTINE, MISTRESSE  
MARGARET FALCONBRIGE.

Now is your turne (my Dearest) to be set  
A Jem in this eternall Coronet:  
'Twas rich before; but since your Name is  
    downe,  
It sparkles now like *Ariadne's* Crowne.  
Blaze by this Sphere for ever: Or this doe,  
Let Me and It shine evermore by you.

791. TO OENONE.

SWEET *Oenone*, doe but say  
Love thou dost, though Love sayes Nay.  
Speak me faire; for Lovers be  
Gently kill'd by Flatterie.

792. VERSES.

Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when  
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men?

793. HAPPINESSE.

THAT Happines doe's still the longest thrive,  
Where Joves and Grieffs have Turns Alternativ

794. THINGS OF CHOICE, LONG A COMMING.

We pray 'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace;  
*Desire deferr'd is, that it may encrease.*

795. POETRY PERPETUATES THE POET.

HERE I my selfe might likewise die,  
And utterly forgotten lye,  
But that eternall Poetrie  
Repullulation gives me here  
Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere,  
When all now dead shall re-appeare.

796. UPON BICE.

BICE laughs, when no man speaks; and doth  
prot<sup>st</sup>  
It is his own breech there that breaks the jest.

797. UPON TRENCHERMAN.

TOM shifts the Trenchers; yet he never can  
Endure that luke-warme name of Serving-man:  
Serve or not serve, let *Tom* doe what he can,  
He is a serving, who's a Trencher-man.

798. KISSES.

GIVE me the food that satisfies a Guest:  
Kisses are but dry banquets to a Feast.

799. ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS he went (as Poets tell)  
To fetch *Euridice* from HELL;  
And had her; but it was upon  
This short bu' strict condition:

Backward he should not looke while he  
 Led her through Hells obscuritie:  
 But ah! it hapned as he made  
 His passage through that dreadfull shade:  
 Revolve he did his loving eye;  
 (For gentle feare, or jelousie)  
 And looking back, that look did sever  
 Him and *Euridice* for ever.

800. UPON COMELY A GOOD SPEAKER BUT  
 AN ILL SINGER. EPIG.

*COMELY* Acts well; and when he speaks his part,  
 He doth it with the sweetest tones of Art:  
 But when he sings a *Psalme*, ther's none can be  
 More curst for singing out of tune then he.

801. ANY WAY FOR WEALTH.

E'ENE all Religious courses to be rich  
 Hath been reherst, by *Joell Michelditch*:  
 But now perceiving that it still do's please  
 The sterner Fates, to cross his purposes;  
 He tacks about, and now he doth profess  
 Rich he will be by all unrighteousness:  
 Thus if our ship fails of her Anchor hold,  
 We'll love the Divell, so he lands the gold.

802. UPON AN OLD WOMAN.

OLD Widdow *Prouse* to do her neighbours evill  
 Wo'd give (some say) her soule unto the Devill.  
 Well, when sh'as kild that Pig, Goose, Cock or  
 Hen,  
 What wo'd she give to get that soule agen?

803. UPON PEARCH. EPIG.

THOU writes in Prose, how sweet all Virgins be  
But ther's not one, doth praise the smell of thee.

804. TO SAPHO.

SAPHO, I will chuse to go  
Where the Northern Winds do blow  
Endlesse Ice, and endlesse Snow:  
Ratlier then I once wo'd see,  
But a Winters face in thee,  
To benumme my hopes and me.

805. TO HIS FAITHFULL FRIEND, MASTER JOHN  
CROFTS, CUP-BEARER TO THE KING.<sup>1</sup>

For all thy many courtesies to me,  
Nothing I have (my *Crofts*) to send to Thee  
For the requitall; save this only one  
Halfe of my just remuneration.  
For since I've travail'd all this Realm throughout  
To seeke, and find some few *Immortals* out  
To *circumspangle* this my spacious Sphere,  
(As Lamps for everlasting shining here:)  
And having fixt Thee in mine Orbe a Starre,  
(Amongst the rest) both bright and singular;  
The present Age will tell the world thou art  
If not th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part.  
As for the rest, being too great a summe  
Here to be paid; Ile pay't i'th' world to come.

<sup>1</sup> Son of Sir John Crofts, of Saxham, in Suffolk.

## 806. THE BRIDE-CAKE.

THIS day my *Julia* thou must make  
 For Mistresse Bride, the wedding Cake:  
 Knead but the Dow, and it will be  
 To paste of Almonds turn'd by thee:  
 Or kisse it thou, but once, or twice,  
 And for the Bride-Cake ther'l be Spice.

## 807. TO BE MERRY.

LETS now take our time;  
 While w'are in our Prime;  
 And old, old Age is a-farre off:  
 For the evill evill dayes  
 Will come on apace;  
 Before we can be aware of.

## 808. BURIALL.

MAN may want Land to live in; but for all,  
 Nature finds out some place for buriall.

## 809. LENITIE.

'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art  
 Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part

## 810. PENITENCE.

WHO after his transgression doth repent,  
 Is halfe, or altogether innocent.

811. GRIEFE.

CONSIDER sorrowes, how they are aright:  
*Griefe, if't be great, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light.*

812. THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.

So look the mornings when the Sun  
 Paints them with fresh Vermilion:  
 So Cherries blush, and Kathern Peares,<sup>1</sup>  
 And Apricocks, in youthfull yeares:  
 So Corrolls looke more lovely Red,  
 And Rubies lately polishèd:  
 So purest Diaper doth shine,  
 Stain'd by the Beames of Clarret wine:  
 As *Julia* looks when she doth dress  
 Her either cheeke with bashfullness.

813. THE MEANE.

*IMPARTIE doth ever discord bring:  
 The Mean the Musique makes in every thing.*

814. HASTE HURTFULL.

*HASTE is unhappy: what we Rashly do  
 Is both unluckie ; I, and foolish too.  
 Where War with rashnesse is attempted, there  
 The soldiers leave the Field with equall feare.*

<sup>1</sup> The Catherine pear (referred to by Suckling in the Wedding Ballad, and elsewhere) is a small and early but excellent pear, described not merely by Herrick and Sir John, but by the scientific Dr. Hogg, as having "a blush of red on the side next the sun."



## 815. PURGATORY.

READERS, wee entreat ye pray  
 For the soule of *Lucia*;  
 That in little time she be  
 From her *Purgatory* free:  
 In th' *intrin* she desires  
 That yóur teares may coole her fires.

## 816. THE CLOUD.

SEEST, thou that Cloud that rides 'in State  
 Part *Ruby-like*, part *Candidate*?  
 It is no other then the Bed  
 Where *Venus* sleeps (halfe smothered).

## 817. UPON LOACH.

SEAL'D up with Night-gum; 'Loach each morn-  
 ing lyes,  
 Till his Wife licking, só unglews his eyes.  
 No question then, but such a lick is sweet,  
 When a warm tongue do's with such Ambers  
 meet.

## 818. THE AMBER BEAD.

I saw a Flie within a Beade  
 Of Amber cleanly buried:  
 The Urne was little, but the room  
 More rich then *Cleopatra's* Tombe.

819. TO MY DEAREST SISTER M. MERCIE  
HERRICK.

WHENEVER I go, or what so ere befalls  
Me in mine Age, or forraign Funerals,  
This Blessing I will leave thee ere, I go,  
Prosper thy Basket, and therein thy Dow.  
Feed on the paste of Filberts, or else knead  
And Bake the floure of Amber for thy Bread.  
Balm may thy Trees drop, and thy Springs  
runne oyle,  
And everlasting Harvest crown thy Soile!  
These I but wish for; but thy selfe shall see.  
The blessing fall in mellow times on Thee.

820. THE TRANSFIGURATION.

IMMORTALL clothing I put on,  
So soone as, *Julia*, I am gon  
To mine eternall Mansion.  
  
Thou, thou art here, to humane sight  
Cloth'd all with incorrupted light;  
But yet how more admir'dly bright  
  
Wilt thou appear, when thou art set  
In thy refulgent Thronelet,  
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit?

821. SUFFER THAT THOU CANST NOT SHIFT.

Do's Fortune rend Thee? Beare with thy hard  
Fate:  
*Vertuous instructions ne'r are delicate.*  
Say, do's she frown? still countermand her  
threats:  
*Vertue best loves those children that she beates.*

## 822. TO THE PASSENGER.

IF I lye unburied Sir,  
 These my Reliques, (pray) interre:  
 'Tis religious part to see  
 Stones, or turfes to cover me.  
 One word more I had to say;  
 But it skills not; go your way;  
 He that wants a buriall roome  
*For a Stone, ha's Heaven his Tombe.*

## 823. UPON NODES.

WHEREVER Nodes do's in the Summer coine,  
 He prays his Harvest may be well brought  
     home.  
 What store of Corn has carefull *Nodes*, thinke  
     you,  
 Whose Field his foot is, and whose Barn his  
     shoe?

## 824. TO THE KING,

UPON HIS TAKING OF LEICESTER.<sup>1</sup>

THIS Day is Yours, *Great CHARLES!* and in  
     this War  
 Your Fate, and Ours, alike Victorious arc.  
 In her white Stole, now Victory do's rest  
*Enspher'd with Palm on Your Triumphant Crest.*  
 Fortune is now Your Captive; other Kings  
*Hold but her hands; You hold both hands and*  
     *wings.*

Just before Naseby.

825. TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN, OR DAY-  
BREAKE.

By the next kindling of the day  
My *Julia* thou shalt see,  
Ere *Ave-Mary* thou canst say,  
He come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy Glasse,  
Appeare thou to mine eyes  
As smooth, and nak't, as she that was  
The prime of *Paradice*.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through  
A Lawn, that thou mayst looke  
As purest Pearles, or Pebles do  
When peeping through a Brooke.

As Lillies shrin'd in Christall, so  
Do thou to me appeare;  
Or Damask Roses when they grow  
To sweet acquaintance there.

826. COUNSELL.

'Twas *Cesar's* saying: *Kings no lesse Con-*  
*querors are*  
*By their wise Counsell, then they be by Warre.*

827. BAD PRINCES FILL THEIR PEOPLE.

Like those infernall Deities which eate  
The best of all the sacrificèd meate;

And leave their servants, but the smoak &  
sweat :

So many *Kings*, and *Primates* too there are,  
Who claim the Fat, and Fleshie for their share,  
And leave their subjects but the starvèd ware.

### 828. MOST WORDS, LESSE WORKES.

In desp'rate cases, all, or most are known  
Commanders, *few for execution.*

### 829. TO DIANEME.

I c'od but see thee yesterday  
Stung by a fretfull Bee ;  
And I the Javelin suckt away,  
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and Bryturs & Stings  
I have in my poore Brest ;  
Yet n'er can see that salve which brings  
My Passions any rest.

As Love shall helpe me, I admire  
How thou canst sit and smile,  
To see me bleed, and not desire  
To stetch the blood the while.

If thou compos'd of gentle mould  
Art so unkind to me ;  
What dismal Stories will be told  
Of those that cruell be ?

830. UPON TAP.

*TAP* (better known then trusted) as we heare,  
Sold his old Mothers Spectacles for Beere :  
And not unlikely ; rather too then fail,  
He'l sell her Eyes, and Nose, for Beere and Ale.

831. HIS LOSSE.

ALL has been plundered from me, but my wit  
Fortune her selfe can lay no claim to it.

832. DRAW, AND DRINKE.

MILK stil your Fountains, and your Springs,  
for why ?  
The more th'are drawn, the lesse they wil grow  
dry.

833. UPON PUNCHIN. EPIG.

GIVE me a reason why men call  
*Punchin* a dry *plant-animall*.  
Because as Plants by water grow,  
*Punchin* by Beere and Ale, spreads so.

834. TO OENONE.

THOU sayest Love's Dart  
Hath prickt thy heart ;  
And thou do'st languish too :

If one poore prick,  
Can make thee sick,  
Say, what wo'd many do?

## 835. UPON BLINKS. EPIG.

*TOM BLINKS* his Nose, is full of wheales, and  
these  
*Tom* calls not pimples, but *Pimpleides* :<sup>1</sup>  
Sometimes (in mirth) he sayes each whelk's a  
sparke  
(When drunke with Beere) to light him home,  
i'th' dark.

## 836. UPON ADAM PEAPES. EPIG.

*PEAPES* he do's strut, and pick his Teeth, as if  
His jawes had tir'd on some large Chine of  
Beefe.  
But nothing so: the dinner *Adam* had,  
Was cheese full ripe with Teares, with Bread  
as sad.

## 837. TO ELECTRA.

SHALL I go to Love and tell,  
Thou art all turn'd isicle?  
Shall I say her Altars be  
Disadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee?  
O beware! in time submit;  
Love has yet no wrathfull fit:  
If her patience turns to ire,  
Love is then consuming fire.

<sup>1</sup> The Muses.

838. TO MISTRESS AMIE POTTER.<sup>1</sup>

Al me! I love, give him your hand to kisse  
 Who both your wooer and your Poet is.  
 Nature has pre-compos'd us both to Love;  
 Your part's to grant; my Scean must be to  
 move.

Deare, can you like, and liking love your Poet?  
 If you say (I) Blush-guiltinesse will shew it.  
 Mine eyes must wooe you, (though I sigh the  
 while)

*True Love is tonguelesse as a Crocodile.*  
 And you may find in Love these differing  
 parts;  
*Wooers have Tongues of Ice, but burning hearts.*

839. UPON A MAIDE.

HERE she lyes (in Bed of Spice)  
 Faire as *Eve* in Paradise:  
 For her beauty it was such  
 Poets co'd not praise too much.  
 Virgins come, and in a Ring  
 Her supreamest *Requiem* sing;  
 Then depart, but see ye tread  
 Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

840. UPON LOVE.

LOVE is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere;  
 From good to good, revolving here, & there.

<sup>1</sup> A daughter of the Bishop of Carlisle.



## 841. BEAUTY.

BEAUTY'S no other but a lovely Grace  
Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

## 842. UPON LOVE.

SOME salve to every sore, we may apply;  
Only for my wound there's no remedy.  
Yet if my *Julia* kisse me, there will be  
A soveraign balme found out to cure me.

## 843. UPON HANCH A SCHOOLMASTER. EPIG.

*HANCH*, since he (lately) did interre his wife,  
He weepes and sighs (as weary of his life.)  
Say, is't for reall grieffe he mourns? not so;  
*Teares have their springs from joy, as well as woe.*

## 844. UPON PEASON. EPIG.

LONG Locks of late our Zelot *Peason* weares,  
Not for to hide his high and mighty eares;  
No, but because he wo'd not have it seen,  
That Stubble stands, where\*once large eares  
have been.

## 845. TO HIS BOOKE.

MAKE haste away, and let one be  
A friendly Patron unto thee:  
Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lye  
Torn for the use of Pasterie:

Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,  
To make loose Gownes for Mackarell:  
Or see the Grocers in a trice,  
Make hoods of thee to serve out Spice.

846. READINESSE.

THE readinesse of doing, doth expresse  
No other, but the doers willingnesse.

847. WRITING.

WHEN words we want, Love teacheth to endite;  
And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

848. SOCIETY.

Two things do make society to stand;  
The first *Commerce* is, & the next *Command*.

849. UPON A MAID.

GONE she is a long, long way,  
But she has decreed a day  
Back to come, (and make no stay.)  
So we keepe, till her returne  
Here, her ashes, or her Urne.

850. SATISFACTION FOR SUFFERINGS.

FOR all our workes a recompense is sure:  
'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t' endure.

## 851. THE DELAYING BRIDE.

WHY so slowly do you move  
 To the centre of your love?  
 On your niceness though we wait,  
 Yet the houres say 'tis late:  
*Coynesse takes us to a measure;*  
*But o'racted deads the pleasure.*  
 Go to Bed, and care not when  
 Cheerfull day shall spring agen.  
 One *Brave Captain* did command,  
 (By his word) the Sun to stand:  
 One short charme if you but say  
 Will enforce the Moon to stay,  
 Till you warn her hence (away)  
 T'ave your blushes seen by day.

852. TO M. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT  
COMPOSER OF HIS LYRICKS.<sup>1</sup>

TOUCH but thy Lire (my *Harrie*) and I heare  
 From thee some raptures of the rare *Gotire*.  
 Then if thy voice commingle with the String,  
 I heare in thee the rare *Laniere* to sing;  
 Or curious *Wilson*: Tell me, canst thou be  
 Less then *Apollo*, that usurp'st such Three?  
 Three, unto whom the whole world give ap-  
 plause;  
 Yet their Three praises, praise but One; that's  
*Lawes*.

## 853. AGE UNFIT FOR LOVE.

MAIDENS tell me I am old;  
 Let me in my Glasse behold

<sup>1</sup> The famous musician, Milton's friend.

Whether smooth or not I be,  
Or if haire remaines to me.  
Well, or be't or be't not so,  
This for certainty I know ;  
Ill it fits old men to play,  
When that Death bids come away.

854. THE BED-MAN, OR GRAVE-MAKER.

THOU hast made many Houses for the Dead ;  
When my Lot calls me to be barièd,  
For Love or Pittie, prethee let there be  
I'th' Church-yard, made, one Tenement for me.

855. TO ANTHEA.

ANTHEA I am going hence  
With some small stock of innocence :  
But yet those blessed gates I see  
Withstanding entrance unto me.  
To pray for me doe thou begin,  
The Porter then will let me in.

856. NEED.

WHO begs to die for feare of humane need,  
Wisheth his body, not his soule, good speed.

857. TO JULIA.

I AM zeallesse ; prethee pray  
For my well-fare (*Julia*)  
For I thinke the gods require  
Male perfumes, but Female fire.

## 858. ON JULIA'S LIPS.

SWEET are my *Julia's* lips and cleane,  
As if or'ewasht in Hippocrene.

## 859. TWILIGHT.

TWILIGHT, no other thing is, Poets say,  
Then the last part of night, and first of day.

## 860. TO HIS FRIEND, MASTER J. JINCKS.

LOVE, love me now, because I place  
Thee here among my righteous race:  
The bastard Slips may droop and die  
Wanting both Root, and Earth; but thy  
Immortall selfe, shall boldly trust  
To live for ever, with my Just.

## 861. ON HIMSELFE.

If that my Fate has now fulfill'd my yeere,  
And so soone stopt my longer living here;  
What was't (ye Gods!) a dying man to save,  
But while he met with his Paternall grave;  
Though while we living 'bout the world do  
    roame,  
We love to rest in peacefull Urnes at home,  
Where we may snug, and close together lye  
By the dead bones of our deare Ancestrie.

862. KINGS AND TYRANTS.

'TWIXT Kings & Tyrants there's this difference  
known,  
*Kings seek their Subjects' good: Tyrants their  
owne.*

863. CROSSES.

OUR Crosses are no other then the rods,  
And our Diseases, Vultures of the Gods:  
Each grieve we feele, that likewise is a Kite  
Sent forth by them, our flesh to cate, or bite.

864. UPON LOVE.

LOVE brought me to a silent Grove,  
And shew'd me there a Tree,  
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,  
And gave a Twist to me.

The Halter was of silk, and gold,  
That he reacht forth unto me:  
No otherwise, then if he would  
By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that Neck-lace use;  
And told me too, he maketh  
A glorious end by such a Noose,  
His Death for Love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream; but had I been  
There really alone;  
My desp'rate feares, in love, had seen  
Mine Execution.

## 865. NO DIFFERENCE I' TH' DARK.

NIGHT makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and  
 Clark;  
*Jone* as my Lady is as good i' th' dark.

## 866. THE BODY.

THE Body is the Soules poore house, or home,  
 Whose Ribs the Laths are, & whose Flesh the  
 Loame.

## 867. TO SAPHO.

THOU saist thou lov'st me *Sapho*; I say no<sup>f</sup>;  
 But would to Love I could beleeve 'twas so!  
 Pardon my feares (sweet *Sapho*) I desire  
 That thou be righteous found; and I the Lyer.

## 868. OUT OF TIME, OUT OF TUNE.

WE blame, nay, we despise her paines  
 That wets her Garden when it raines:  
 But when the drought has dr<sup>d</sup> the knot,<sup>1</sup>  
 Then let her use the watring-pot.  
 We pray for showers (at our need)  
 To drench, but not to drown our seed.

## 869. TO HIS BOOKE.

TAKE mine advise, and go not neere  
 Those faces (sower as Vineger).  
 For these, and Nobler numbers can  
 Ne'r please the *supercillious* man.

<sup>1</sup> Flower-bed.

870. TO HIS HONOUR'D FRIEND, SIR THOMAS  
HEALE.<sup>1</sup>

STAND by the *Magick* of my powerfull Rhymes  
'Gainst all the indignation of the Times.  
Age shall not wrong thee; or one jot abate  
Of thy both Great, and everlasting fate.  
While others perish, here's thy life decreed  
Because begot of my *Immortall* seed.

871. THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DISCOURSE  
BETWIXT HIMSELFE AND JULIA.

*Herr.* COME and let's in solemn wise  
Both addresse to sacrifice:  
Old Religion first commands  
That we wash our hearts, and hands.  
Is the beast exempt from staine,  
Altar cleane, no fire prophane?  
Are the Garlands? Is the Nard  
*Jul.* Ready here?—All well prepar'd,  
With the Wine that must be shed  
(Twixt the hornes) upon the head,  
Of the holy Beast we bring  
For our Trespasse-offering.—  
*Herr.* All is well; now next to these  
Put we on pure Surplices;  
And with Chaplets crown'd, we'l rost  
With perfumes the Holocaust:  
And (while we the gods invoke)  
Reade acceptance by the smoake.

<sup>1</sup> A Devonshire baronet and Cavalier.



## 872. TO APOLLO.

THOU mighty Lord and master of the Lyre,  
 Unshorn *Apollo*, come, and re-inspire  
 My fingers so, the Lyrick-strings to move,  
 That I may play, and sing a Hymne to Love.

## 873. ON LOVE.

LOVE is a kind of warre: Hence those who  
       feare;  
 No cowards must his royall Ensignes beare.

## 874. ANOTHER.

WHERE love begins, there dead thy first desire:  
*A sparke neglected makes a mighty fire.*

## 875. AN HYMNE TO CUPID.

THOU, thou that bear'st the sway  
 With whom the Sea-Nymphs play;  
 And *Venus*, every way:  
 When I embrace thy knee;  
 And make short pray'rs to thee:  
 In love, then prosper me.  
 This day I goe to wooe;  
 Instruct me how to doe  
 This worke thou put'st me too.  
 From shame my face keepe free,  
 From scorne I begge of thee,  
 Love to deliver me:

So shall I sing thy praise ;  
And to thee Altars raise,  
Unto the end of daies.

## 876. TO ELECTRA.

LET not thy Tomb-stone er'e be laid by me :  
Nor let my Herse, be wept upon by thee :  
Bet let that instant when thou dy'st be known,  
The minute of mine *expiration*.  
One knell be rung for both ; and let one grave  
To hold us two, an endlesse honour have.

## 877. HOW HIS SOULE CAME ENSNARED.

MY soule would one day goe and seeke  
For Roses, and in *Julia's* cheeke  
A richness of those sweets she found,  
(As in another *Rosamond*.)  
But gathering Roses as she was,  
(Not knowing what would come to passe)  
It chanst a ringlet of her haire,  
Caught my poore soule, as in a snare :  
Which ever since has been in thrall ;  
Yet freedome, shee enjoyes withall.

## 878. FACTIONS.

THE factions of the great ones call,  
To side with them, the Commons all.

## 879. KISSES LOATHSOME.

I ABHOR the slimie kisse,  
 (Which to me most loathsome is.)  
 Those lips please me which are plac't  
 Close, but not too strictly lac't :  
 Yielding I wo'd have them ; yet  
 Not a wimbling<sup>1</sup> Tongue admit :  
 What sho'd poking-sticks<sup>2</sup> make there,  
 When the ruffe is set elsewhere ?

## 880. UPON REAPE.

REAPE'S eyes so rawe are, that (it seemes) the  
 flies  
 Mistake the flesh, and flye-blow both his eyes ;  
 So that an Angler, for a daies expence,  
 May baite his hook, with maggots taken thence.

## 881. UPON TEAGE:

TEAGE has told lyes so long, that when *Teage*  
 tells  
 Truth, yet *Teage's* truths are untruths, (nothing  
 else.)

882. UPON JULIA'S HAIRE, BUNDLED UP IN A  
GOLDEN NET.

TELL me, what needs those rich deceits,  
 These golden Toyles, and Trammel-nets,  
<sup>1</sup> Boring.  
<sup>2</sup> Poking-sticks, on which the pipes of the ruff were  
 frilled.

To take thine haire when they are knowne  
 Already tame, and all thine owne ?  
 'Tis I am wild, and more then haire  
 Deserve these Mashes<sup>1</sup> and those snares.  
 Set free thy Tresses, let them flow  
 As aires doe breathe, or winds doe blow :  
 And let such curious Net-works be  
 Lesse set for them, then spred for me.

883. UPON TRUGGIN.

*TRUGGIN* a Footman was ; but now, growne  
 lame,  
*Truggin* now lives but to belye his name.

884. THE SHOWRE OF BLOSSOMES.

Love in a showre of Blossomes came  
 Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same :  
 The Blooms-that fell were white and red ;  
 But with such sweets'comminglèd,  
 As whether (this) I cannot tell  
 My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell :  
 But true it was, as I rowl'd there,  
 Without a thought of hurt, or feare ;  
 Love turn'd himselfe into a Bee,  
 And with his Javelin wounded me :  
 From which mishap this use I make,  
*Where most sweets are, there lyes a Snake :*  
*Kisses and Favours are sweet things ;*  
*But Those have thorns, and These have stings.*

<sup>1</sup> Meshes.

## 885. UPON SPENKE.

*SPENKE* has a strong breath, yet short Prayers  
saith :  
Not out of want of breath, but want of faith.

## 886. A DEFENCE FOR WOMEN.

NAUGHT are all Women : I say no,  
Since for one Bad, one Good I know :  
For *Clytemnestra* most unkind,  
Loving *Alcestis* there we find:  
For one *Medea* that was bad,  
A good *Penelope* was had :  
For wanton *Lais*, then we have  
Chaste *Lucrece*, or a wife as grave :  
And thus through Woman-kind we see  
A Good and Bad. *Sirs credit me.*

## 887. UPON LULLS.

*LULLS* swears he is all heart ; but you'll suppose  
By his *Probossis* that he is all nose.

## 888. SLAVERY.

'Tis liberty to serve one Lord ; but he  
Who many serves, serves base servility.

## 889. CHARMES.

BRING the holy crust of Bread,  
Lay it underneath the head ;  
'Tis a certain Charm to keep  
Hags away while Children sleep.

890. ANOTHER.

LET the superstitious wife  
 Neer the child's heart lay a knife:  
 Point be up, and Haft be downe;  
 (While she gossips in the towne)  
 This 'mongst other mystick charms  
 Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

891. ANOTHER TO BRING IN THE WITCH.

To house the Hag, you must doe this;  
 Commix with Meale a little Pisse  
 Of him bewicht: then forthwith make  
 A little Wafer or a Cake:  
 And this rawly bak't will bring  
 The old Hag in. No surer thing.

892. ANOTHER CHARME FOR STABLES.

HANG up Hooks, and Sheers to scare  
 Hence the Hag, that rides the Mare,  
 Till they be all over wet,  
 With the mire, and the sweat:  
 This observ'd, the Manes shall be  
 Of your horses, all knot-free.

893. CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE EVE.

DOWN with the Rosemary and Bayes,  
 Down with the Misleto;  
 Instead of Holly, now up-raise  
 The greener Box (for show.)

The Holly hitherto did sway ;  
     Let Box now domineere ;  
 Untill the dancing Easter-day,  
     Or Easters Eve appeare.

Then youthfull Box which now hath grace,  
     Your houses to renew ;  
 Grown old, surrender must his place,  
     Unto the crisped Yew.

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,  
     And many Flowers beside ;  
 Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne  
     To honour Whitsontide.

Green Rushes then, and sweetest Bents,  
     With cooler Oken boughs ;  
 Come in for comely ornaments,  
     To re-adorn the house.  
 Thus times do shift; each thing his turne do's  
     hold ;  
*New things succeed, as former things grow old.*

#### 894. THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMASSE DAY.

KINDLE the Christmas Brand and then  
     Till Sunne-set, let it burne ;  
 Which quencht, then lay it up agen,  
     Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend  
     The Christmas Log next yeare ;  
 And where 't's safely kept, the Fiend,  
     Can do no mischief (there.)

895. UPON CANDLEMASSE DAY.

END now the White-loafe, & the Pye,  
And let all sports with Christmas dye.

896. SURFEITS.

BAD are all surfeits : but Physitians call  
That surfeit tooke by bread, the worst of all.

897. UPON NIS.

NIS, he makes Verses ; but the Lines he writes,  
Serve but for matter to make Paper-kites.

898. TO BIANCHA, TO BLESSE HIM.

Wo'd I wooc, and wo'd I winne,  
Wo'd I well my worke begin ?  
Wo'd I evermore be crown'd  
With the end that I propound ?  
Wo'd I frustrate, or prevent  
All Aspects malevolent ?  
Thwart all Wizzards, and with these  
Dead or black contingencies :  
Place my words, and all works else  
In most happy Parallels ?  
All will prosper, if so be  
I be kist, or blest by thee.

899. JULIA'S CHURCHING, OR PURIFICATION

PUT on thy *Holy Fillitings*, and so  
To th' Temple with the sober *Midwife* go.



Attended thus (in a most solemn wise)  
 By those who serve the Child-bed misteries.  
 Burn first thine incense; next, whenas thou  
     see'st

The candid Stole thrown ore the *Pious Priest*;  
 With reverend Curtsies come, and to him bring  
 Thy free (and not decurted) offering.

All Rites well ended, with faire Auspice come  
 (As to the breaking of a Bride-Cake) home:  
 Where ceremonious *Hymen* shall for thee  
 Provide a second *Epithalamie*.

*She who keeps chastly to her husbands side  
 Is not for one, but every night his Bride:  
 And stealing still with love, and fear: to Bed,  
 Brings him not one, but many a Maiden-head.*

#### 900. TO HIS BOOK.

BEFORE the Press scarce one co'd see  
 A little-peeping-part of thee:  
 But since th' art Printed, thou dost call  
 To shew thy nakedness to all.  
 My care for thee is now the less,  
 (Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness:)  
 Go with thy Faults and Fates; yet stay  
 And take this sentence, then away;  
 Whom one belov'd will not suffice,  
 She'l runne to all adulteries.

#### 901. TEARES.

TEARES most prevaile; with teares too thou  
     mayst move  
 Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

902. TO HIS FRIEND TO AVOID CONTENTION  
OF WORDS.

WORDS beget Anger ; Anger brings forth  
blowes :  
Blowes make of dearest friends immortall Foes.  
For which prevention (Sociate<sup>1</sup>) let there be  
Betwixt us two no more *Logomachie*.  
Farre better 'twere for either to be mute,  
Then for to murder friendship, by dispute.

903. TRUTH.

TRUTH is Best found out by the time, and  
eyes ;  
*Fatsehood winnes credit by uncertainties.*

904. UPON PRICKLES. EPIG.

*PRICKLES* is waspish, and puts forth his sting,  
For Bread, Drinke, Butter, Cheese ; for every  
thing  
That *Prickles* buyes, . puts *Prickles* out of  
frame ;  
How well his nature's fitted to his name !

905. THE EYES BEFORE THE EARES.

WE credit most our sight ; one eye doth please  
Our trust farre more then ten eare-witnesses.

906. WANT.

WANT is a softer Wax, that takes thereon,  
This, that, and every base impression.

<sup>1</sup> Short for "associate."

## 907. 'TO A FRIEND.

LOOKE in my Book, and herein see,  
 Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me.  
 We o're the tombes, and Fates shall flye;  
 While other generations dye.

908. UPON M. WILLIAM LAWES, THE RARE  
MUSITIAN.

SHO'D I not put on Blacks, when each one here  
 Comes with his Cypresse, and devotes a teare?  
 Sho'd I not grieve (my *Lawes*) when every  
     Lute,  
 Violl, and Voice, is (by thy losse) struck mute?  
 Thy loss, brave man! whose Numbers have  
     been hurl'd,  
 And no less prais'd, then spread throughout  
     the world.  
 Some have Thee call'd *Amphion*; some of us,  
 Nam'd thee *Terpander*, or sweet *Orpheus*:  
 Some this, some that, but all in this agree,  
 Musique had both her birth and death with  
     Thee.

## 909. A SONG UPON SILVIA.

FROM me my *Silvia* ranne away,  
     And running therewithall,  
 A *Primrose* Banke did cross her way,  
     And gave my Love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say,  
     What I by chance did see;  
 But such the Drap'ry did betray  
     That fully ravisht me.

910. THE HONY-COMBE.

IF thou hast found an honie-combe,  
 Eate thou not all, but taste on some :  
 For if thou eat'st it to excess ;  
 That sweetness turnes to Loathsomness.  
 Taste it to Temper ;<sup>1</sup> then 'twill be  
 Marrow, and Manna unto thee.

911. UPON BEN. JOHNSON.

HERE lyes *Johnson* with the rest  
 Of the Poets ; but the Best.  
 Reader, wo'dst thou more have known ?  
 Aske his Story, not this Stone.  
 That will speake what this can't tell  
 Of his glory. *So farewell.*

912. AN ODE FOR HIM.

*AH Ben !*  
     Say how, or when  
     Shall we thy Guests  
 Meet at those *Lyrick Feasts*,  
     Made at the *Sun*,<sup>2</sup>  
 The *Dog*,<sup>2</sup> the triple *Tunne* ?<sup>2</sup>  
 Where we such clusters had,  
 As made us nobly wild, not mad ;  
 And yet each Verse of thine  
 Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

*My Ben !*  
 Or come agen :  
 Or send to us,

<sup>1</sup> "Moderation."

<sup>2</sup> All famous London taverns.

Thy wit's great over-plus ;  
 But teach us yet  
 Wisely to husband it ;  
 Lest we that Tallent spend :  
 And having once brought to an end  
 That precious stock ; the store  
 Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

## 913. UPON A VIRGIN.

SPEND Harmless shade, thy nightly Houres,  
 Selecting here, both Herbs, and Flowers ;  
 Of which make Garlands here, and there,  
 To dress thy silent sepulchre.  
 Nor do thou feare the want of these,  
*In everlasting Properties.*  
 Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,  
 Farre faster then the first can wither.

## 914. BLAME.

IN Battailes what disasters fall,  
 The King he beares the blame of all.

## 915. A REQUEST TO THE GRACES.

PONDER my words, if so that any be  
 Known guilty here of incivility :  
 Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude,  
 With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.  
 Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp, and shew  
 Demure, but yet, full of temptation too.  
*Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please,*  
*Unlesse they have some wanton carriages.*  
 This if ye do, each Pièce will here be good,  
 And gracefull made, by your neate Sisterhood.

916. UPON HIMSELF.

I LATELY fri'd, but now behold  
 I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.  
 And in good faith I'd thought it strange  
 T'ave found in me this sudden change;  
 But that I understood by dreames,  
 These only were but Loves extreames;  
 Who fires with hope the Lovers heart,  
 And starves with cold the self-same part.

917. MULTITUDE.

WE Trust not to the multitude in Warre,  
 But to the stout; and those that skilfull are.

918. FEARE.

MAN must do well out of a good intent;  
 Not for the servile feare of punishment.

919. TO M. KELLAM.

WHAT! can my *Kellam* drink his Sack  
 In Goblets to the brim,  
 And see his *Robin Herrick* lack,  
 Yet send no Boules to him?  
 For love or pitie to his Muse,  
 (That she may flow in Verse)  
 Contemne to recommend a Cruse,  
 But send to her a Tearce.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A forty-gallon cask, or thereabouts; a third of a pipe or butt. Kellam seems unknown.

920. HAPPINESSE TO HOSPITALITIE, OR A  
HEARTY TO GOOD HOUSE-KEEPING.

FIRST, may the hand of bounty bring  
Into the daily offering .  
Of full provision ; such a store,  
Till that the Cooke cries, Bring no more.  
Upon your hogsheads never fall  
A drought of wine, ale, beere (at all ;)   
But, like full clouds, may they from thence  
Diffuse their mighty influence.  
Next, let the Lord, and Ladie here,  
Enjoy a Christning yeare by yeare ;  
And this *good blessing* back them still,  
T'ave Boyes, and Gyrles too, as they will.  
Then from the porch may many a Bride  
Unto the Holy Temple ride :  
And thence return, (short prayers sey'd)  
A wife most richly married.  
Last, may the Bride and Bridegroom be  
Untoucht by cold *sterility* ;  
But in their springing blood so play,  
As that in *Lusters* few they may,  
By laughing too, and lying downe  
People a *City* or a *Towne*.

921. CUNCTATION IN CORRECTION.

THE *Lictors* bundl'd up their rods : beside,  
Knit them with knots (with much adoe unty'd)  
That if (unknit)ting) men wo'd yet repent,  
They might escape the lash of punishment.

922. PRESENT GOVERNMENT GRIEVOUS.

*MEN are suspicious ; prone to discontent :  
Subjects still loath the present Government.*

923. REST REFRESHES.

LAY by the good a while ; a resting field  
Will, after ease, a richer harvest yield :  
Trees this year beare ; next, they their wealth  
withhold :  
*Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.*

924. REVENGE.

*MAN's disposition is for to requite  
An injurie, before a benefite :  
Thanksgiving is a burden, and a paine ;  
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gaine.*

925. THE FIRST MARRS OR MAKES.

IN all our high designments, 'twill appeare,  
*The first event breeds confidence or feare.*

926. BEGINNING, DIFFICULT.

*HARD are the two first staires unto a Crowne ;  
Which got, the third, bids him a King come downe.*

927. FAITH FOUR-SQUARE.

FAITH is a thing that's four-square ; let it fall  
This way or that, it not declines at all.



## 928. THE PRESENT TIME BEST PLEASETH. .

PRAISE they that will Times past, I joy to see  
My selfe now live: *this age best pleaseth mee.*

## 929. CLOATHES, ARE CONSPIRATORS.

THOUGH from without no foes at all we feare;  
We shall be wounded by the cloathes we weare.

## 930. CRUELTY.

'Tis but a dog-like madnesse in bad Kings,  
For to delight in wounds and murderings.  
As some plants prosper best by cuts and blowes;  
So Kings by killing doe encrease their foes.

## 931. FAIRE AFTER FOULE.

TEARES quickly drie: griefs will in time decay:  
A cleare, will come after a clōudy, day.

## 932. HUNGER.

ASKE me what hunger is, and Ile reply,  
'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and drie.

## 933. BAD WAGES FOR GOOD SERVICE.

IN this misfortune Kings doe most excell,  
To heare the worst from men, when they doe  
well.

934. THE END.

CONQUER we shall, but we must first contend;  
*'Tis not the Fight that crowns us, but the end.*

935. THE BONDMAN.

BIND me but to thee with thine haire,  
And quickly I shall be  
Made by that fetter or that snare  
A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,  
Then bore me through the eare;  
And by the Law I ought to stay  
For ever with thee here.

936. CHOOSE FOR THE BEST.

GIVE house-room to the best; *'Tis never known*  
*Vertue and pleasure, both to dwell in one.*

937. TO SILVIA.

PARDON my trespass (Silvia,) I confesse,  
My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfast-  
ness:

None is discreet at all times; no, *not Jove*  
*Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and Love.*

938. FAIRE SHEWES DECEIVE.

SMOOTH was the Sea, and seem'd to call  
To prettie girles to play withall:

Who padling there, the Sea soone frown'd,  
 And on a sudden both were drown'd.  
 What credit can we give to seas,  
 Who, kissing, kill such Saints as these?

## 939. HIS WISH.

FAT be my Hinde; unlearned be my wife;  
 Peacefull my night; my day devoid of strife:  
 To these a comely off-spring I desire,  
 Singing about my everlasting fire.

940. UPON JULIA'S WASHING HER SELF IN  
THE RIVER.

How fierce was I, when I did see  
 My *Julia* wash her self in thee!  
 So *Lillies* thorough Christall look:  
 So purest pebbles in the brook:  
 As in the River *Julia* did,  
 Halfē with a Lawne of water hid.  
 Into thy streames my self I threw;  
 And strugling there, I kist thee too;  
 And more had done (it is confest)  
 Had not thy waves forbad the rest.

## 941. A MEANE IN OUR MEANES.

THOUGH Frankinsense the *Deities* require,  
 We must not give all to the hallowed fire,  
 Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,  
 As for ourselves to leave some frankinsence.

942. UPON CLUNN.

A ROWLE of Parchment *Clunn* about him  
beares,\*

Charg'd with the Armes of all his Ancestors:  
And seems halfe ravisht, when he looks upon  
That *Bar*, this *Bend*; that *Fess*, this *Cheveron*; <sup>1</sup>  
This *Manch*, that *Moone*; this *Martlet*, and that  
*Mound*;

This counterchange of *Perle* and *Diamond*.  
What joy can *Clun* have in that Coat, or this,  
Whenas his owne still out at elboes is?

943. UPON CUPID.

Love, like a Beggar, came to me  
With Hose and Doublet torne:  
His Shirt bedangling from his knee,  
With Hat and Shooes out-worne.

He askt an almes; I gave him bread,  
And meat too, for his need:  
Of which, when he had fully fed,  
He wisht me all *Good speed*.

Away he went, but as he turn'd  
(In faith I know not how)  
He toucht me so, as that I burn,  
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames, and fires obscure  
Then crept into my heart;  
And though I saw no Bow, I'm sure  
His finger was the dart.

<sup>1</sup> Most of these heraldic terms are well enough known. *Manch* is a sleeve.

## 944. VPON BLISSE.

*BLISSE* (last night drunk) did kisse his mothers  
 knee:  
 Where he will kisse (next drunk) conjecture ye.

## 945. VPON BURR.

*BURR* is a smell-feast, and a man alone,  
 That (where meat is) will be a hanger on,

## 946. VPON MEGG.

*MEGG* yesterday was troubled with a Pose,  
 Which, this night hardned, soddens up her nose.

## 947. AN HYMNE TO LOVE.

I WILL confesse  
 With Cheerfulnesse,  
 Love is a thing so likes me,  
 That let her lay  
 On me all day,  
 Ile kiss the hand that strikes me.

2. I will not, I  
 Now blubb'ring, cry,  
 It (Ah!) too late repents me,  
 That I did fall  
 To love at all,  
 Since love so much contents me.

3. No, no, Ile be  
 In fetters free:

While others they sit wringing  
 Their hands for pain;  
 Ile entertaine  
 The wounds of love with singing.

4.        With Flowers and Wine,  
             And Cakes Divine,  
 To strike me I will tempt thee:  
             Which done; no more  
             Ile come before  
 Thee and thine Altars emptie.

948. TO HIS HONOURED AND MOST INGENIOUS  
 FRIEND MR. CHARLES COTTON.<sup>1</sup>

FOR brave comportment, wit without offence,  
 Words fully flowing, yet of influence:  
 Thou art that man of men, the man alone,  
 Worthy the Publique Admiration:  
 Who with thine owne eyes read'st what wo doe  
             write,  
 And giv'st our Numbers *Euphonié*, and weight.  
 Tel'st when a Verse springs high, how under-  
             stood

To be, or not borne of the Royall-blood.  
 What State above, what *Symmetrie* below,  
 Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best canst  
             show.

For which (my *Charles*) it is my pride to be,  
 Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.  
 Long may I live so, and my wreath of *Bayes*,  
 Be lesse anothers *Laurell*, then thy praise.

<sup>1</sup> Either the poet and translator, or his father, who was himself a man of worth and learning.

## 949. WOMEN USELESSE.

WHAT need we marry Women, when  
 Without their use we may have men?  
 And such as will in short time be,  
 For murder fit, or mutinie;  
 As *Cadmus* once a new way found,  
 By throwing teeth into the ground;  
 (From which poore seed, and rudely sown)  
 Sprung up a War-like Nation.  
 So let us Yron, Silver, Gold,  
 Brasse, Leade, or Tinne, throw into th' mould;  
 And we shall see in little space  
 Rise up of men, a fighting race.  
 If this can be, say then, what need  
 Have we of Women or their seed?

## 950. LOVE IS A SIRRUP.

*Love is a sirrup*; and who er'e we see  
 Sick and surcharg'd with this sacietie:  
 Shall by this pleasing trespassse quickly prove,  
*Ther's loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.*

## 951. LEVEN.

LOVE is a Leven, and a loving kisse  
 The Leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

## 952. REPLETION.

PHYSITIANS say Repletion springs  
 More from the sweet then sower things.

953. ON HIMSELFE.

WEEPE for the dead, for they have lost this  
light :

And weepe for me, lost in an endlesse night.

Or mourne, or make a Marble Verse for me,

Who writ for many. *Benedicite.*

954. NO MAN WITHOUT MONEY.

No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim,  
If favour or occasion helpe not him.

955. ON HIMSELFE.

Lost to the world ; lost to my selfe ; alone

Here now I rest under this Marble stone :

In depth of silence, heard, and seene of none.

956. TO M. LEONARD WILLAN<sup>1</sup> HIS  
PECULIAR FRIEND.

I WILL be short, and having quickly hurl'd  
This line about, live Thou throughout the world ;

Who art a man for all Sceanes ; unto whom  
(What's hard to others) nothing's troublesome.

Can'st write the *Comick*, *Tragick* straine, and fall  
From these to penne the pleasing Pastorall :

Who flit at all heights : Prose and Verse run'st  
through ;

Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespasse  
too :

<sup>1</sup> A very minor poet.



For which I might extoll thee, but speake  
 lesse,  
 Because thy selfe art comming to the Presse:  
 And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,  
 Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

957. TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND M. JOHN HALL,<sup>1</sup>  
 STUDENT OF GRAYES INNE.

TELL me young man, or did the Muses bring  
 Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their  
 Spring;  
 That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be  
 A Poet, or a Poet-like but Thee?  
 What was thy Birth, thy starre that makes thee  
 knowne,  
 At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one?  
 Tell us thy Nation, kindred, or the whence  
 Thou had'st, and hast thy *mighty influence*,  
 That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,  
 And no lesse prais'd, then of the maidens admir'd.  
 Put on thy Laurell then; and in that *triumph*  
 Be thou *Apollo*, or the type of him:  
 Or let the *Unshorne God* lend thee *his Lyre*,  
 And next to him, be Master of the *Quire*.

958. TO JULIA.

OFFER thy gift; but first the Law commands  
 Thee, *Julia*, first, to *sanctifie* thy hands:  
 Doe that, my *Julia* which the rites require,  
 Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

<sup>1</sup> Known as a wit.

959. TO THE MOST COMELY AND PROPER  
M. ELIZABETH FINCH.

HANSOME you are, and Proper you will be  
Despight of all your infortunitie :  
Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse  
In that your owne prefixed comelinesse :  
Spend on that stock : and when your life must  
fall,  
Leave others Beauty, to set up withall.

960. UPON RALPH.

RALPH pares his nayles, his warts, his cornes,  
and *Ralph*  
In 'sev'rall tills and boxes, keepes 'em safe ;  
Instead of Harts-horne (if he speakes the troth)  
To make a lustie-gellie for his broth.

961. TO HIS BOOKE.

It hap it must, that I must see thee lye  
In *thy*-like, all torne confusedly :  
With solomne tears, and with much grief of  
tears.  
It recollect thee (weeping) part by part ;  
And having washt thee, close thee in a chest  
With *spice* : that done, Ile leave thee to thy rest.

962. TO THE KING,

UPON HIS WELCOME TO HAMPTON-COURT.  
SET AND SUNG.<sup>1</sup>

*WELCOME, Great Cesar, welcome now you are,  
As ~~dearest~~ Peace, after destructive Warre :*

<sup>1</sup> If this refers, as apparently it must, to the  
residence at Hampton Court in the summer of 1647,

Welcome as slumbers ; or as beds of ease  
 After our long, and peevish sicknesses.  
*O Pompe of Glory !* Welcome now, and come  
 To re-possess once more your long'd-for home.  
 A thousand Altars smoake ; a thousand thighs  
 Of Beeves here ready stand for Sacrifice.  
 Enter and prosper ; while our eyes doe waite  
 For an *Ascendent* throughly *Auspicate* :  
 Under which signe we may the former stone  
 Lay of our safeties new foundation :  
 That done ; *O Cesar !* live, and be to us,  
 Our *Fate*, our *Fortune*, and our *Genius* ;  
 To whose free knees we may our temples tye  
 As to a still protecting Deitie :  
 That sho'd you stirre, we and our Altars too  
 May (*Great Augustus*) *goe along with You*.  
*Chor.* Long live the King ; and to accomplish  
           this,  
 We'l from our owne, adde far more years to his.

963. ULTIMUS HERCUM: OR, TO THE MOST  
 LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT HONOUR-  
 ABLE, HENRY, MARQUESS OF DOR-  
 CHESTER.

AND as time past when *Cato* the Severe  
 Entred the circum-spacious Theater ;  
 In reverence of his person, every one  
 Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone :  
 E'ne so my numbers will astonisht be  
 If but lookt on ; struck dead, if scan'd by Thee.

Herrick's loyalty must have got considerably the  
 better of his judgment ; but he seems always to have  
 had a most unpolitical head.

964. TO HIS MUSE, ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

TELL that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have  
access,

To kiss his hands, but that for fearfulness ;  
Or else because th' art like a modest Bride,  
Ready to blush to death, sho'd he but chide.

965. UPON VINEGER.

VINEGER is no other I define,  
Then the dead Corps, or Carcase of the Wine.

966. UPON MUDGE.

MUDGE every morning to the Postern comes,  
(His teeth all out) to rince and wash his  
gummies.

967. TO HIS LEARNED FRIEND M. JO. HARMAR,<sup>1</sup> PHYSITIAN TO THE COLLEDGE OF WESTMINSTER.

WHEN first I find those Numbers thou do'st  
write,

To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite :  
Next, when I see Thee towring in the skie,  
In an expansion no less large, then high ;  
Then, in that compass, sayling here and there,  
And with Circumgyration every where ;

<sup>1</sup> Harmar was a learned man, but a parasite. He was a Master of Arts, a Bachelor of Medicine, and a schoolmaster at Westminster and elsewhere.

Following with love and active heate thy game,  
 And then at last to truss the Epigram ;  
 I must confess, distinction none I see  
 Between *Domitian's Martiall* then, and Thee. .  
 But this I know, should *Jupiter* agen  
 Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men ;  
 The Romane Language full, and superfine,  
 If *Jove* wo'd speake, he wo'd accept of thine.

968. UPON HIS SPANIELL TRACIE.

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,  
 For shape and service, *Spaniell* like to thee.  
 This shall my love doe, give thy sad death one  
 Teare, that deserves of me a million.

969. THE DELUGE.

DROWNING, drowning, I espie  
 Coming from my *Julia's* eye :  
 'Tis some solace in our smart,  
 To have friends to beare a part :  
 I have none ; but must be sure  
 Th' inundation to endure.  
 Shall not times hereafter tell  
 This for no meane *miracle* ;  
 When the waters by their fall  
 Threatn'd ruine unto all ?  
 Yet the deluge here was known,  
 Of a world to drowne but One.

970. UPON LUPES.

*LUPES* for the outside of his suite has paide ;  
But for his heart, he cannot have it made :  
The reason is, his credit cannot get  
The inward carbage<sup>1</sup> for his cloathes as yet.

971. RAGGS.

WHAT are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents,  
But the base dregs and lees of vestiments ?

972. STRENGTH TO SUPPORT SOVERAIGNTY.

LET Kings and Rulers learne this line from  
me ;  
*Where power is weake, unsafe is Majestie.*

973. UPON TUBBS.

FOR thirty yeares, *Tubbs* has been proud and  
poor ;  
'Tis now his habit, which he can't give ore.

974. CRUTCHES.

THOU scest me *Lucia* this year droope,  
Three *Zodiaks* fill'd more I shall stoope ;  
Let Crutches then provided be  
To shore up my debilitie.  
Then while thou laugh'st ; Ile, sighing, crie,  
"A Ruine underpropt am I :

<sup>1</sup> Same as garbage = " trimmings," " linings."

Do'n will I then my *Beadsmans* gown,  
 And when so feeble I am grown,  
 As my weake shoulders cannot beare  
 The burden of a *Grashopper* :  
 Yet with the bench of agèd sires,  
 When I and they keep tearmly fires ;  
 With my weake voice I'll sing, or say  
 Some Odes I made of *Lucia* :  
 Then will I heave my wither'd hand  
 To *Jove* the Mighty, for to stand  
 Thy faithfull friend, and to pòure downe  
 Upon the many a *Benizon*.

## 975. TO JULIA.

HOLY waters hither bring  
 For the sacred sprinkling :  
 Baptize me and thee, and so  
 Let us to the Altar go.  
 And (ere we our rites commence)  
 Wash our hands in innocence.  
 Then I'll be the *Rex Sacrorum*,  
 Thou the Queen of *Peace and Quorum*.

## 976. UPON CASE.

*CASE* is a Lawyer, that ne'er pleads alone,  
 But when he hears the like confusion,  
 As when the disagreeing Commons throw  
 About their House, their clamorous I, or No :  
 Then *Case*, as loud as any *Serjant* there,  
 Cries out (My lord, my Lord) the Case is clear :  
 But when all's hush't *Case* then a fish more

Bestirs his Hand, but starves in hand the  
 Suite.

977. TO PERENNA.

I A *Dirge* will pen for thee ;  
 Thou a *Trentall* make for me :  
 That the Monks and Fryers together,  
 Here may sing the rest of either :  
 Next, I'm sure, the Nuns will have  
*Candlemas* to grace the Grave.

978. TO HIS SISTER IN LAW, M. SUSANNA  
 HERRICK.

THE Person crowns the Place ; your lot doth  
 ' ' fall  
 Last, yet to be with These a Principall.  
 Howere it fortun'd ; know for Truth, I meant  
 You a fore-leader in this Testament.

979. UPON THE LADY CREW.

THIS Stone can tell the storie of my life,  
 What was my Birth, to whom I was a Wife :  
 In teeming years, how soon my Sun was set,  
 Where now I rest, these may be known by *Jel*.  
 For other things, my many Children be  
 The best and truest *Chronicles* of me.

980. ON TOMASIN PARSONS.

GROW up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin,  
 And be of all admired, *Tomasin*.



## 981. CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with the Rosemary, and so  
 Down with the Baies & misletoe:  
 Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,  
 Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall:  
 That so the superstitious find  
 No one least Branch there left behind:  
 For look, how many leaves there be  
 Neglected there (maids trust to me)  
 So many *Goblins* you shall see.

## 982. SUSPICION MAKES SECURE.

He that will live of all cares dispossess,  
 Must shun the bad, I, and suspect the best.

## 983. UPON SPOKES.

*SPOKES*, when he sees a roasted Pig, he swears  
 Nothing he loves on't bitt the chaps and ears:  
 But carve to him the fat flanks; and he shall  
 Rid these, and those, and part by part eat all.

984. TO HIS KINSMAN, M. THO: HERRICK,  
WHO DESIRED TO BE IN HIS BOOK.

WELCOME to this my Colledge, and though late  
 Th'ast got a place here (standing candidate)  
 It matters not, since thou art chosen one  
 Here of my great and good foundation.

985. A BUCOLICK BETWIXT TWO: LACON AND  
THYRSIS.

*Lacon.* FOR a kiss or two, confesse,  
What doth cause this pensiveness,  
Thou most lovely Neat-heardesse?  
Why so lonely on the hill?  
Why thy pipe by thee so still,  
That erewhile was heard so shrill?  
Tell me, do thy kine now fail  
To fulfill the milkin-paile?  
Say, what is't that thou do'st aile?

*Thyr.* None of these; but out, alas!  
A mischance is come to pass,  
And I'll tell thee what it was:  
See mine eyes are weeping ripe.

*Lacon.* Tell, and I'll lay down my Pipe.

*Thyr.* I have'lost my lovely steere,  
That to me was far more deer  
Then these kine, which I milke here.  
Broad of fore-head, large of eye,  
Party-colour'd like a Pie;  
Smooth in each limb as a die;  
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn;  
Sharply pointed as a thorn:  
With a neck by yoke unworn.  
From the which hung down by strings,  
Balls of Cowslips, Daisie rings,  
Enterplac't with ribbanings.  
Faultless every way for shape;  
Not a straw co'd him escape;  
Ever gamesome as an ape:  
But yet harmless as a sheep.

(Pardon, *Lacon* if I weep)  
*Tears will spring, were woes are deep.*  
 Now (ai me!) (ai me!) Last night  
 Came a mad dog, and did bite,  
 I, and kil'd my dear delight.

*Lacon.* Alack, for grief!

*Thyr.* But I'll be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call  
 Me, and my sad Play-mates all,  
 To his Ev'ning Funerall.  
 Live long, *Lacon*, so adew!

*Lacon.* Mournfull maid, farewell to you;  
*Earth afford ye flowers to strew.*

#### 986. UPON SAPHO.

Look upon *Sapho's* lip, and you will swear,  
 There is a love-like leven rising there.

#### 987. UPON FAUNUS.

WE read how *Faunus*, he the shepheards God,  
 His wife to death whipt with a *Mirtle Rod*.  
 The Rod (perhaps) was better'd by the name;  
 But had it been of Birch, the death's the same.

#### 988. THE QUINTILL.

UP with the Quintill, that the Rout,  
 May fart for joy, as well as shout:  
 Either's welcome, Stinke or Civit,  
 If we take it, as they give it.

989. A BACHANALIAN VERSE.

1.       DRINKE up  
          Your Cup,  
But not spill Wine;  
          For if you  
              Do,  
      'Tis an ill signe ;
2.       That we  
          Foresce,  
You are cloy'd here,  
          If so, no  
              Hoc,<sup>1</sup>  
But avoid here.

990. CARE A GOOD KEEPER.

*CARE keeps the Conquest ; 'tis no lesse renowne  
To keepe a Citie, then to winne a Towne.*

991. RULES FOR OUR REACH.

MEN must have Bounds how farre to walke  
for we  
Are made farre worse, by lawless liberty.

992. TO BIANCHA.

AH *Biancha* ! now I see,  
It is Noone and past with me.  
In a while it will strike one ;  
Then, *Biancha*, I am gone.

:

<sup>1</sup> "Stop."

Some *effusions* let me have,  
Offer'd on my holy Grave ;  
Then, *Biancha*, let me rest  
With my face towards the East.

993. TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESSE GRACE  
POTTER.

As is your name, so is your comely face,  
Toucht everywhere with such diffusèd grace,  
As that in all that *admirable round*,  
There is not one least *solcisme* found ;  
And as that part, so every portion else,  
Keepes line for line with *Beauties Parallels*.

994. ANACREONTIKE.

I MUST  
Not trust  
Here to any ;  
Bereav'd,  
Deceiv'd  
By so many :  
As one  
Undone  
By my losses ;  
Comply  
Will I  
With my crosses,  
Yet still  
I will  
Not be grieving ;  
Since thence  
And hence  
Comes relieving.

But this  
Sweet is  
In our mourning;  
Times bad  
And sad  
Are a turning:  
And he  
Whom we  
See dejected;  
Next day  
Wee may  
See erected.

995. MORE MODEST, MORE MANLY.

'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are,  
That are most modest ere they come to warre.

996. NOT TO COVET MUCH WHERE LITTLE IS  
THE CHARGE.

WHY sho'd we covet much, whenas we know,  
W'ave more to beare our charge, then way to  
go?

997. ANACREONTICK VERSE.

BRISK methinks I am, and fine,  
When I drinke my capring wine:  
Then to love I do encline,  
When I drinke my wanton wine:  
And I wish all merridens mine,  
When I drinke my sprightly wine:  
Well I sup, and well I dine,  
When I drinke my frolicke wine:

But I languish, lowre, and Pine,  
When I want my fragrant wine.

998. UPON PENNIE.

BROWN bread *Tom Pennie* eates, and must of  
right,  
Because his stock will not hold out for white.

999. PATIENCE IN PRINCES.

*KINGS must not use the Are for each offence :*  
*Princes cure some faults by their patience.*

1000. FEARE GETS FORCE.

*DESPAIRE takes heart, when ther's no hope to*  
*speed :*  
*The Coward then takes Armes, and do's the deed.*

1001. PARCELL-GIL'T-POETRY.

LET's strive to be the best; the Gods, we  
know it,  
Pillars and men, hate an indifferent Poet.

1002. UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUESTION AND  
ANSWER.

I BRING ye Love. *Quest.* What will love do?  
*Ans.* Like, and dislike ye :

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will Love do?

*Ans.* Stroake ye to strike ye.

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will Love do?

*Ans.* Love will be-foole ye:

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?

*Ans.* Heate ye to coole ye:

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?

*Ans.* Love gifts will send ye:

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?

*Ans.* Stock ye to spend ye:

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?

*Ans.* Love will fulfill ye:

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?

*Ans.* Kisse ye, to kill ye.

1003. TO THE LORD HOPTON, ON HIS FIGHT  
IN CORNWALL.<sup>1</sup>

Go on, brave *Hopton*, to effectuate that  
Which wee, and times to come, shall wonder at.  
Lift up thy Sword; next, suffer it to fall,  
And by that *One blow* set an end to all.

1004. HIS GRANGE.

How well contented in this private *Grange*  
Spend I my life (that's subject unto change:)  
Under whose Roofe with *Mosse-worke* wrought,  
there I  
Kisse my *Brown wife* and *black Posterity*.

<sup>1</sup> Lord, earlier Sir Ralph, Hopton, who started the career of "Charles's Wain" at the very earliest part of the Rebellion with remarkable success, especially in the fight at Stratton, to which Herriek doubtless refers.



## 1005. LEPROSIE IN HOUSES.

WHEN to a House I come, and see  
 The *Genius* wastefull, more then free :  
 The servants *thumblesse*, yet to eat,  
 With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate :  
 The Sonnes to suck the milke of Kine,  
 More than the teats of Discipline :  
 The Daughters wild and loose in dresse ;  
 Their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse :  
 The Husband drunke, the Wife to be  
 A Baud to incivility :  
 I must confesse, I there descrie,  
 A House spread through with *Leprosie*.

## 006. GOOD MANNERS AT MEAT.

THIS rule of manners I will teach my guests,  
 To come with their own bellies unto feasts :  
 Not to eat equall portions ; but to rise  
 Farc't<sup>1</sup> with the food, that may themselves  
 suffice.

## 1007. ANTHERA'S RETRACTATION.

ANTHERA laught, and fearing lest'excesse  
 Might stretch the cords of civill comelinesse :  
 She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face ;  
 And cal'd each line back to his *rule* and *space*.

## 1008. COMFORTS IN CROSSES.

BE not dismaide, though crosses cast thee  
 downe ;  
 Thy fall is but the rising to a Crowne.

<sup>1</sup> Farc'd = "stuffed," as in Latin, and still in French.

1009. SEEKE AND FINDE.

*ATTEMPT the end, and never stand to doubt;  
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.*

1010. REST.

ON with thy worke, though thou beest hardly  
    prest;  
*Labour is held up, by the hope of rest.*

1011. LEPROSIE IN CLOATHES.

WHEN flowing garments I behold  
Enspir'd<sup>1</sup> with *Purple, Pearle, and Gold*;  
I think no other but I see  
In them a glorious leprosie,  
That do's infect, and make the rent  
More mortall in the vestiment.  
*As flowerie vestures doe describe  
The wearers' rich immodestie;  
So plaine and simple cloathes doe show  
Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.*

1012. UPON BUGGINS.

*BUGGINS* is Drunke all night, all day he  
    sleepes;  
This is the leuell-coyle<sup>2</sup> that *Buggins* keeps.

<sup>1</sup> Enspired, as before of the cream and strawberries,  
"shot."

<sup>2</sup> Means regular racket.

## 1013. GREAT MALADIES, LONG MEDICINES.

*To an old soare a long cure must goe on ;  
Great faults require great satisfaction.*

## 1014. HIS ANSWER TO A FRIEND.

You aske me what I doe, and how I live ?  
And (Noble friend) this answer I must give :  
Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,  
Or'e which you'l walk, when I am laid beneath.

## 1015. THE BEGGER.

SHALL I a daily Begger be,  
For love's sake asking almes of thee ?  
Still shall I crave, and never get  
A hope of my desired bit ?  
Ah cruell maides ! He goe my way,  
Whereas (perchance) my fortunes may  
Finde out a Threshold or a doore,  
That may far sooner speed the poore :  
Where thrice we knock, and none will heare  
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

## 1016. BASTARDS.

Our Bastard-children are but like to Plate,  
Made by the Coyners illegitimate.

1017. HIS CHANGE.

My many cares and much distress,  
 Has made me like a wilderness:  
 Or (discompos'd) I'm like a rude,  
 And all-confused multitude:  
 Out of my comely manners worne;  
 And as in meanes, in minde all torne.

1018. THE VISION.

ME thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed)  
 A crawling Vine about *Anacreon's* head:  
 Flusht was his face; his haire with oyle did  
     shine;  
 And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with  
     wine.  
 Tipld he was; and tipling lispt withall;  
 And lispig reeld, and reeling like to fall.  
 A young *Euchantresse* close by him did stand  
 Tapping his plump thighes with a *mirtle* wand:  
 She smil'd; he kist; and kissing, cull'd<sup>1</sup> her  
     too;  
 And being cup<sup>2</sup>-shot, more he co'd not doe.  
 For which (me thought) in prittie anger she  
 Snatcht off his Crown, and gave the wreath to  
     me:  
 Since when (me thinks) my braines about doe  
     swim,  
 And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

<sup>1</sup> "Colled," "put his arm round her neck."

<sup>2</sup> "Overcome with liquor."

## 1019. A VOW TO VENUS.

HAPPILY I had a sight  
Of my dearest deare last'night;  
Make her this day smile on me,  
And Ile Roses give to thee.

## 1020. ON HIS BOOKE.

THE bound (almost) now of my book I see,  
But yet no end of those therein *pr* me:  
Here we begin new life; while thousands quite  
Are lost, and theirs; in everlasting night.

## 1021. A SONNET OF PERILLA.

THEN did I live when I did see  
*Perilla* smile on none but me.  
But (ah!) by starres malignant crost,  
The life I got I quickly lost:  
But yet a way there doth remaine,  
For me embalm'd to live againe;  
And that's to love me; in which state  
*Ile live as one Regenerate.*

## 1022. BAD MAY BE BETTER.

MAN may at first transgress, but next do well:  
*Vice doth in some but lodge awhile, not dwell.*

## 1023. POSTING TO PRINTING.

LET others to the Printing Presse run fast,  
Since after death comes glory, *Ile not haste.*

• 1024. RAPINE BRINGS RUINE.

WHAT'S got by Justice is establisht sure ;  
*No Kingdomes got by Rapine long endure.*

1025. COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT HAD  
 LOST HIS LOVE.

WHAT needs complaints,  
 When she a place  
 Has with the race  
     Of Saints ?  
 In endlesse mirth,  
 She thinks not on  
 What's said or done  
     In earth :  
 She sees no teares,  
 Or any tone  
 Of thy deep-grone  
     She heares :  
 Nor do's she minde,  
 Or think on't now,  
 That ever thou  
     Wast kind.  
 But chang'd above,  
 She likes not there,  
 As she did here,  
     Thy Love.  
 Forbear therefore,  
 And lull asleepe  
 Thy woes, and weep  
     *No more.*

## 1026. UPON BOREMAN. EPIG.

*BOREMAN* takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes; yet  
*Boreman*,  
 For all the Divell helps, will be a poore man.

1027. SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY, OR THE MORROW  
 AFTER TWELTH DAY.<sup>1</sup>

PARTLY worke and partly play,  
 Ye must on S. *Distaff's* day:  
 From the Plough soone free your teame;  
 Then come home and fother them.  
 If the Maides a-spinning goe,  
 Burne the flax, and fire the tow:  
 Scorch their plackets,<sup>2</sup> but beware  
 That ye singe no maiden-haire.  
 Bring in pailles of water then,  
 Let the Maides bewash the men.  
 Give S. *Distaffe* all the right,  
 Then bid Christmas sport *good night*;  
 And next morrow, every one  
 To his owne vocation.

## 1028. SUFFERANCE.

In the hope of ease to come,  
 Let's endure one Martyrdome.

<sup>1</sup> It has been discussed whether Herrick invented "St. Distaff" or not; but it is clearly of no consequence.

<sup>2</sup> "Petticoats."

• 1029. HIS TEARES TO THAMASIS.

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss  
 To thee, my *silver-footed Thamasis*.  
 No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,  
 Whereon so many Stately Structures stand:  
 Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,  
 To bath in thee (as thousand others doe,)  
 No more shall I along thy christall glide,  
 In Barge (with boughes and rushes beautif'd)  
 With soft-smooth Virgins (for our chaste  
 dispoſt)

To *Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton-  
 Court*:

Never againe shall I with Finnie-Ore  
 Put from, or draw unto the faithfull shore:  
 And Landing here, or safely Landing there,  
 Make way to my *Belov'd Westminster*:  
 Or to the *Golden-cheap-side*, where the earth  
 Of *Julia Herrick* gave to me my Birth.  
 May all clean *Nymphs* and curious water Dames,  
 With Swan-like-state, flote up & down thy  
 streams:

No drought upon thy wanton waters fall  
 To make thee leane, and languishing at all.  
 No ruffling winds come hither to disease  
 Thy pure, and *Silver-wristed Naides*.  
 Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye  
 spring,

Never make sick your Banks by surfeiting.  
 Grow young with Tydes, and though I see ye  
 never,

Receive this vow, *so fare-ye-well for ever.*



## 1030. PARDONS.

*THOSE ends in War the best contentment bring,  
Whose Peace is made up with a Pardoning.*

## 1031. PEACE NOT PERMANENT.

*GREAT Cities seldome rest : If there be none  
T' invade from far ; They'l finde worse foes at  
home.*

## 1032. TRUTH AND ERROUR.

*TWIXT Truth and Errour, there's this difference  
known,  
Errour is fruitfull, Truth is onely one.*

## 1033. THINGS MORTALL, STILL MUTABLE.

*THINGS are uncertain, and the more we get,  
The more on ycie pavements we are set.*

## 1034. STUDIES TO BE SUPPORTED.

*STUDIES themselves will languish and decay,  
When either price, or praise is tune away.*

## 1035. WIT PUNISHT, PROSPERS MOST.

*DREAD not the shackles : on with thine intent  
Good wits get more fame by their punishment.*

1036. TWELFE NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE.

Now, now the mirth comes  
 With the cake full of plums,  
 Where Beane's the *King* of the sport here;  
 Beside we must know,  
 The Pea also  
 Must revell, as *Queene*, in the Court here.

Begin then to chuse,  
 (This night as ye use)  
 Who shall for the present delight here,  
 Be a *King* by the lot,  
 And who shall not  
 Be Twelfe-day *Queene* for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make  
 Joy-sops with the cake;  
 And let not a man then be seen here,  
 Who unurg'd will not drinke  
 To the base from the brink  
 A health to the King and the *Queene* here.

Next crowne the bowle full  
 With gentle lamb's-wooll;  
 Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,  
 With store of ale too;  
 And thus ye must doe  
 To make the wassa a swinger.

th  
 Give then to k n King  
 And *Queene* sailing:  
 And though with ye be whet here;  
 Yet part ye hence,  
 As free from offence,  
 As when ye innocent met here.

## 1037. HIS DESIRE.

GIVE me a man that is not dull,  
 When all the world with rifts is full :  
 But unamaz'd dares clearly sing,  
 Whenas the roof's a-tottering :  
 And, though it falls, continues still  
 Tickling the *Citterne* with his quill.

## 1038. CAUTION IN COUNCELL.

KNOW when to speake; for many times it brings  
 Danger, to give the best advice to Kings.

## 1039. MODERATION.

LET moderation on thy passions waite  
 Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will  
 hate.

## 1040. ADVICE THE BEST ACTOR.

*Still take advice; though counsels, when they  
 flye  
 At randome, sometimes hit mos' happily.*  
*Luc*  
*c p.*

## 1041. CONFORMITY IS COMELY.

*CONFORMITY gives credit, vesse to things :  
 And equall shares receiveth all murmurings.*

1042. LAWES.

Who violates the Customes, hurts the Health,  
Not of one man, but all the Common-wealth.

1043. THE MEANE.

'Tis much among the filthy to be clean ;  
*Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.*

1044. LIKE LOVES HIS LIKE.

Like will to like, each Creature loves his kinde ;  
Chaste words proceed still from a bashfull  
minde.

1045. HIS HOPE OR SEAT-ANCHOR.

Among these Tempests great and manifold  
My Ship has here one only Anchor-hold ;  
That is my hope ; which if that slip, I'm one  
Wildred in this vast watry Region.

1046. COMFORT IN CALAMITY.

'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall,  
When the great Crack not Crushes one, but all.

## 1047. TWILIGHT.

THE Twi-light is no other thing (we say)  
Then Night now gone, and yet not sprung the  
Day.

## 1048. FALSE MOURNING.

HE who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the  
Dead,  
Do's but deride the Party buried.

1049. THE WILL MAKES THE WORK, OR  
CONSENT MAKES THE CURE.

No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill  
Is halfe way cured, if the party will.

## 1050. DIET.

IF wholesome Diet can re-cure a man,  
What need of Physick, or Physitian?

## 1051. SMART.

STRIPES justly given yerk us (with their fall)  
But causelesse whipping smarte the most of all.

1052. THE TINKERS' SONG.

ALONG, come along,  
 Let's meet in a throng  
 Here of Tinkers;  
 And quaffe up a Bowle  
 As big as a Cowle  
 To Beer Drinkers.  
 The pole of the Hop  
 Place in the Ale-shop  
 To Bethwack us;  
 If ever we think  
 So much as to drink  
 Unto *Bacchus*.  
 Who frolick will be,  
 For little cost he  
 Must not vary,  
 From Beer-broth at all,  
 So much as to call  
 For Canary.

1053. HIS COMFORT.

THE only comfort of my life  
 Is, that I never yet had wife;  
 Nor will hereafter; since I know  
 Who Weds, ore-buys his weal with woe.

1054. SINCERITY.

WASH clean the Vessell, lest ye soure  
 Whatever Liquor, in ye powre.

## 1055. TO ANTHEA.

SICK is *Anthea*, sickly is the spring,  
 The Primrose sick, and sickly every thing:  
 The while my deer *Anthea* do's but droop,  
 The *Tulips*, *Lillies*, *Daffadills* do stoop;  
 But when again sh'us got her healthfull houre,  
 Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.

## 1056. NOR BUYING OR SELLING.

Now, if you love me, tell me,  
 For as I will not sell ye,  
 So not one cross to buy thee  
 Ile give, if thou deny me.

## 1057. TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND M. JO: WICKS.

SINCE shed or Cottage I have none,  
 I sing the more, that thou hast one;  
 To whose glad threshold, and free door  
 I may a Poet come, though poor;  
 And eat with thee a savory bit,  
 Paying but common thanks for it.  
 Yet sho'd I chance, my *Wicks* to see  
 An over-leven-look on thee,  
 To soure the Bread Sind turn the Beer  
 To an exalted vinegar;  
 Or sho'dst thou pri<sup>or</sup> me as a Dish  
 Of thrice-boyl'd-worts, or third daye's fish;  
 I'de rather Hungry go and come,  
 Then to thy house be Burdensome;  
 Yet, in my depth of grief, I'de be  
 One that sho'd drop his *Beads* for thee.

1058. THE MORE MIGHTY, THE MORE MERCIFULL.

*Who may do most, do's least : The bravest will  
Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.*

1059. AFTER AUTUMNE, WINTER.

*DIE ere long, I'm sure, I shall ;  
After leaves, the tree must fall.*

1060. A GOOD DEATH.

*FOR<sup>th</sup> truth I may this sentence tell,  
No man dies ill, that liveth well.*

1061. RECOMPENCE.

*WHO plants an Olive, but to eat the Oile ?  
Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.*

1062. ON <sup>1</sup>FORTUNE.

*THIS is my comfort, when she's most unkind,  
She can but spoile me of my Meanes, not Mind.*

1063. TO SIR GEORGE PARRIE, DOCTOR OF  
THE CIVILL LAW.<sup>1</sup>

*I HAVE my Laurel Chaplet on my head,  
If 'mongst these many Numbers to be read,  
But one by you be hug'd and cherishèd.*

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Parry was an advocate of Doctors' Commons and Chancellor of Exeter.



**Peruse my Measures thoroughly, and where  
Your judgement finds a guilty Poem, there  
Be you a Judge; but not a Judge severe.**

**The meaner passe by, or over, none contemne;  
The good applaud: the peccant lesse condemne,  
Since Absolution you can give to them.**

**Stand forth Brave Man, here to the publique  
sight;  
And in my Booke now claim a two-fold right:  
The first as *Doctor*, and the last as *Knight*.**

## 1064. CHARMES.

**THIS He tell ye by the way,  
Maidens when ye Leavens lay,  
Crosse your Dow, and your dispatch,  
Will be better for your Batch.**

## 1065. ANOTHER.

**IN the morning when ye rise,  
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes.  
Next be sure ye have a care,  
To disperse the water farre.  
For as farre as that doth light,  
So farre keeps the evill Spright.**

## 1066. ANOTHER.

**IF ye feare to be affrighted  
When ye are (by chance) benighted:  
In your Pocket for a trust,  
Carrie nothing but a Crust:  
For that holy piece of Bread  
Charms the danger, and the dread.**

1067. UPON GORGONIUS.<sup>1</sup>

UNTO *Pastillus* ranke *Gorgonius* came,  
To have a tooth twicht out of's native frame.  
Drawn was his tooth : but stanke so, that some  
say,  
The Barber stopt his Nose, and ranne away.

1068. GENTLENESS.

*That Prince must govern with a gentle hand,  
Who will have love comply with his command.*

1069. A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HIMSELFE AND  
MISTRESSE ELIZA WHEELER, UNDER THE  
NAME OF AMARILLIS.

My dearest Love, since thou wilt go,  
And leave me here behind thee;  
For love or pitie let me know  
The place where I may find thee.

*Amaril.* In countrey Meadewes pearl'd with  
Dew,  
And set about with Lillies;  
There tilling Maunds with Cowslips,  
you  
May find your *Amarillis*.

*Her.* What have the Meades to do with thee,  
Or with thy youthfull houres?

<sup>1</sup> A curious slip of memory, referring to Horace,  
Sat. i. 4. 92: "*Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius  
hircum.*"

Live thou at Court, where thou mayst  
be  
The *Queen* of men, not flowers.

Let Country wenches make 'em fine  
With Poesies, since 'tis fitter  
For thee with richest Jemmes to shine,  
And like the Starres to glitter.

*Amaril.* You set too high a rate upon  
A Shepheardess so homely ;  
*Her.* Believe it (dearest) ther's not one  
I'th' Court that's helpe so comly.

I prithee stay. (*Am.*) I must away ;  
Let's kiss first, then we'l sever.  
*Ambo.* And though we bid adieu to day,  
Wee shall not part for ever,

#### 1070. TO JULIA.

HELP me, *Julia*, for to pray,  
Mattens sing, or Mattens say :  
This I know, the Fiend will fly  
Far away, if thou beest by.  
Bring the Holy-water hither ;  
Let us wash, and pray together :  
When our Beads are thus united  
Then the Foe will fly affrighted.

#### 1071. TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOME.

ROSE, you can never die,  
Since the place wherein ye lye,  
Heat and moisture mixt are so,  
As to make ye ever grow.

1072. TO THE HONOURED, MASTER ENDIMION  
PORTER.

WHEN to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see  
The State of Poets there attending Thee :  
Those *Bardes* and I, all in a *Chorus* sing,  
We are Thy *Prophets*, Porter : *Thou our King.*

1073. SPEAKE IN SEASON.

WHEN times are troubled, then forbear ; but  
speak,  
When a clear day, out of a Cloud do's break.

1074. OBEDIENCE.

THE Power of Princes rests in the Consent  
Of onely those, who are obedient :  
Which if away, proud Scepters then will lye  
Low, and of Thrones the Ancient *Majesty.*

1075. ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

*No man so well a Kingdome Rules, as He,  
Who hath himselfe obaid the Sovereignty.*

1076. OF LOVE.

1. INSTRUCT me now, what love's will do ;
2. 'Twill make a tongueless man to wooe.
1. Inform me next, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of too.

1. Teach me besides, what love wil do ;
2. 'Twill quickly mar, & make ye too.
1. Tell me, now last, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

## 1077. UPON TRAP.

*TRAP*, of a Playér turn'd a Priest now is ;  
 Behold a suddaine *Metamorphosis*.  
 If Tythe-pigs faile, then will he shift the scean,  
 And, from a Priest, turne Player once again.

## 1078. UPON GRUBS.

*GRUBS* loves his Wife and Children, while that  
     they  
 Can live by love, or else grow fat by Play :  
 But when they call or cry on *Grubs* for meat ;  
*Instead of Bread*, *Grubs* gives them stones to eat.  
 He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,  
 His Wife and Children fast to death for fear.

## 1079. UPON DOL.

No question but *Dols* cheeks wo'd soon rost dry,  
 Were they not basted by her either eye.

## 1080. UPON HOG.

Hog has a place i<sup>t</sup>h' Kitchen, and his share  
 The flimsie Livers, and blew Gizzards are.

1081. THE SCHOOL OR PERL OF PUTNEY, THE  
MISTRESS OF ALL SINGULAR MANNERS,  
MISTRESSE PORTMAN.<sup>1</sup>

WHETHER I was my selfe, or else did see  
 Out of my self that *Glorious Hierarchie* !  
 Or whether those (in orders rare) or these  
 Made up One State of *Sixtie Venuſes* ;  
 Or whether *Fairies, Syrens, Nymphes* they were  
 Or *Muses*, on their mountaine ſitting there ;  
 Or ſome enchanted Place, I do not know  
 (Or *Sharon*, where eternall *Roses* grow.)  
 This I am ſure ; I Raviſht ſtood, as one  
 Confus'd in utter Admiration.  
 Me thought I ſaw them ſtir, and gently move,  
 And look as all were capable of Love :  
 And in their motion ſmelt much like to flowers  
 Enſpir'd by th' Sun-beams afterdews & ſhowers.  
 There did I ſee the *Reverend Rectreſſe* ſtand,  
 Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,  
 Thoſe ſpirits raviſ'd ; and with like precepts then,  
 (As with a *Magick*) laid them all agen :  
 (A happy Realme ! When no compulſive Law,  
 Or fear of it, but Love keeps all in awe.)  
 Live you, great *Miſtreſſe* of your Arts, and be  
 A nursing Mother ſo to Maſteſty ;  
 As thoſe your Ladies may in time be ſcene,  
 For Grace and Carriage, every one a Queene.  
 One Birth their Parents gave them ; but their  
     new,  
 And better Being, they receive from You.  
 Man's former Birth is grace-leſſe ; but the ſtate  
 Of life comes in, when he's *Regenerate*.

<sup>1</sup> This paragon was probably the Mary Portman noted by Dr. Grosart as buried at Putney on June 27, 1671, but not otherwiſe known.

## 1082. TO PERENNA.

THOU say'st I'm dull; if edge-lesse so I be,  
Ile whet my lips, and sharpen Love on thee.

## 1083. ON HIMSELFE.

LET me not live, if I not love,  
Since I as yet did never prove,  
Where Pleasures met: at last, doe find,  
All Pleasures meet in Woman-kind.

## 1084. ON LOVE.

THAT love 'twixt men do's ever longest last  
Where War and Peace the Dice by turns doe  
cast.

## 1085. ANOTHER ON LOVE.

LOVE's of itself too sweet; the best of all  
Is, when love's hony has a dash of gall.

## 1086. UPON GUT.

SCIENCE puffs up, sayes *Gut*, when either Pease  
Make him thus swell, or windy Cabbages.

1087. UPON CHUB.

WHEN *Chub* brings in his harvest, still he cries,  
 Aha my boyes! here's wheat for Christmas  
     Pies!  
 Soone after, he for beere so scores his wheat,  
 That at the tide, he has not bread to cate.

1088. PLEASURES PERNICIOUS.

WHERE Pleasures\* rule a Kingdome, never  
     there,  
 Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

1089. ON HIMSELF.

A WEARIED Pilgrim, I have wandred here  
 Twice five and twenty (bate me but one yeer)  
 Long I have lasted in this world; ('tis true)  
 But yet those yeers that I have liv'd, but few.  
 Who by his gray Haires, doth his lusters tell,  
 Lives not those yeers, but he that lives them  
     well.

One man has reach't his sixty yeers, but he  
 Of all those three-score, has not liv'd halfe  
     three:

*He lives, who lives to virtue: men who cast  
 Their ends for Pleasure, do not live, but last.*

1090. TO M. LAURENCE SWETNAHAM.<sup>1</sup>

READ thou my Lines, my *Swetnaham*, if there  
     be

<sup>1</sup> The Swettenhams were and are an old Cheshire and North Wales family.



A fault, 'tis hid, if it be voic't by thee.  
 Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers  
     please ;  
 How will it drop pure hony, speaking these ?

1091. HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO  
     JULIA.

WHY do'st thou wound, & break my heart,  
 As if we sho'd for ever part ?  
 Hast thou not heard an Oath from me,  
 After a day, or two, or three,  
 I wo'd come back and live with thee ?  
 Take, if thou do'st distrust that Vowe ;  
 This second Protestation now.  
 Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd Teare,  
 Which sits as Dew of Roses there :  
 That Teare shall scarce be dri'd before  
 Ile kisse the Threshold of thy dore.  
 Then weepe not, sweet ; but thus much know,  
 I'm halfe return'd before I go.'

1092. ON HIMSELFE.

I WILL no longer kiss,  
 I can no longer stay ;  
 The way of all Flesh is,  
 That I must go this day :  
 Since longer I can't live,  
 My frolick Yonths adieu ;  
 My Lamp to you Ile give,  
 And all my troubles too.

1093. TO THE MOST ACCOMPLISHT GENTLEMAN  
MASTER MICHAEL OULSWORTH.<sup>1</sup>

NOR thinke that Thou in this my Booke art  
worst,

Because not plac't here with the midst, or first.  
Since Fame that sides with these, or goes before  
Those, that must live with Thee for evermore.  
That Fame, and Fames rear'd Pillar, thou shalt  
see

In the next sheet, *Brave Man*, to follow Thee.  
Fix on that Columne then, and never fall;  
Held up by Fames *eternall Pedestall*.

1094. TO HIS GIRLES WHO WOULD HAVE HIM  
SPORTFULL.

ALAS! I can't, for tell me how  
Can I be gamesome (aged now :)  
Besides, ye see me daily grow  
Here, Winter-like, to Frost and Snow.  
And I ere long, my Girles, shall see,  
Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

1095. TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

*Truth by her own simplicity is known ;  
Falsehood by Varnish and Verquillion.*

1096. HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA.

I HAVE been wanton, and too bold I feare,  
To chafe o'remuch the Virgin's cheek or eare :

<sup>1</sup> Oulsworth, or Oldisworth, a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and a rank Parliament man.

Beg for my Pardon, *Julia* ; *He doth winne  
Grace with the Gods, who's sorry for his sinne.*  
That done, my *Julia*, dearest *Julia*, come,  
And go with me to choose my Buriall roome :  
My Fates are ended ; when thy *Herrick* dyes,  
Claspe thou his Book, then close thou up his  
Eyes.

## 1097. ON HIMSELFE.

ONE Eare tingles ; some there be,  
That are snarling now at me :  
Be they those that *Homer* bit,  
I will give them thanks for it.

## 1098. UPON KINGS.

*Kings must be dauntlesse : Subjects will contemne  
Those, who want Hearts, and weare a Diadem.*

## 1099. TO HIS GIRLES.

WANTON Wenches doe not bring  
For my haire black colouring :  
For my Locks (Girles) let 'em be  
Gray or white, all's one to me.

## 1100. UPON SPUR.

*SPUR* jingles now, and swears by no meane  
oathes,  
He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay  
cloathes :  
Most like his Suite, and all commend the Trim ;

And thus they praise the Sumpter; but not  
him:

As to the Goddesse, people did conferre  
Worship, and not to'th' Asse that carried her.

1101. TO HIS BROTHER NICOLAS HERRICK.

WHAT others have with cheapnesse scene, and  
ease,

In Varnisht Maps; by'th' helpe of Compasses:  
Or reade in Volumes, and those Bookes (with  
all

Their large Narrations, *Incanonicall*)

Thou hast beheld those seas, and Countries  
farre;

And tel'st to us, what once they were, and are.  
So that with bold truth, thou canst now relate  
This Kingdome's fortune, and that Empire's  
fate:

Canst talke to us of *Sharon*; where a spring  
Of Roses have an endlesse flourishing.

Of *Sion*, *Sinai*, *Nebo*, and with them,

Make knowne to us the new *Jerusalem*.

The Mount of *Olives*; *Calverie*, and where  
Is (and hast scene) thy *Saviour's Sepulcher*.

So that the man that will but lay his eares,  
As *Inapostate*,<sup>1</sup> to the thing he heares,

Shall by his hearing quickly come to see

The truth of Travails lesse in bookes, then  
Thee.

1102. THE VOICE AND VIOLL.

RARE is the voice itselfe; but when we sing  
To'th' Lute or Violl, then 'tis ravishing.

<sup>1</sup> "Not unbelieving."

## 1103. WARRE.

If Kings and kingdomes once distracted be,  
The sword of war must trie the Sovereignty.

## 1104. A KING AND NO KING.

*THAT Prince, who may doe nothing but what's  
just,  
Rules but by leave, and takes his Crowne on trust.*

## 1105. PLOTS NOT STILL PROSPEROUS.

ALL are not ill Plots, that doe sometimes faile;  
Nor those false vows, which oft times don't  
prevaile.

## 1106. FLATTERIE.

WHAT is't that wasts a Prince? example  
showes,  
'Tis flatterie spends a King, more then his  
foes.

## 1107. UPON RUMPE.

*RUMPE* is a Turne-broach, yet he seldome can  
Steale a swolne sop out of the Dripping pan.

1108. UPON SHOFTER.

OLD Widow *Shofter*, whensoere she cryes,  
Lets drip a certain Gravie from her eyes.

1109. UPON DEB.

IF felt and heard, (unseen) thou dost me  
                    please;  
If seen, thou lik'st me, *Deb*, in none of these.

1110. EXCESSE.

EXCESSE is sluttish : keep the meane ; for why?  
Vertue's clean Conclave is sobriety.

1111. UPON CROOT.

ONE silver spoon shines in the house of *Croot* ;  
Who cannot buie, or steale a second to't.

1112. THE SOUL IS THE SALT.

THE body's salt, the soule is ; which when gon,  
The flesh soone sucks in putrifaction.

1113. UPON FLOOD, OR A THANKFULL MAN.

*Flood*, if he has for him and his a bit,  
He sayes his fore and after Grace for it :

If meate he wants, then Grace he sayes to see  
 His hungry belly borne by Legs *Jaile-free*.  
 Thus have, or have not, all alike is good,  
 To this our poore, yet ever patient *Flood*.

## 1114. UPON PIMPE.

WHEN *Pimpe's* feet sweat (as they doe often  
 use)  
 There springs a soap-like-lather in his shoos.

## 1115. UPON LUSKE.

IN Deu'-shire Kerzie *Lusk* (when he was dead)  
 Wo'd shrouded be, and therewith buried.  
 When his Assignes askt him the reason why?  
 He said, because he got his wealth thereby.

## 1116. FOOLISHNESSE.

IN's *Tusc'lanes*, *Tullie* doth confesse,  
 No plague ther's like to foolishnesse.

## 1117. UPON RUSH.

RUSH saves his shoos, in wet and snowie  
 wetter;  
 And feares in summer to weare out the lether:  
 This is strong thrift that warie *Rush* doth use  
 Summer and Winter still to save his shoos.

1118. ABSTINENCE.

AGAINST diseases here the strongest fence  
Is the defensive vertue, Abstinence.

1119. NO DANGER TO MEN DESPERATE.

WHEN feare admits no hope of safety, then  
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

1120. SAUCE FOR SORROWES.

ALTHOUGH our suffering meet with no reliefe,  
*An equall mind is the best sauce for grieve.*

1121. TO CUPID.

I HAVE a leaden; thou a shaft of gold;  
Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with  
cold.

Let's trie of us who shall the first expire;  
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire:  
*Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike,  
And bring to th' heart destruction both alike.*

1122. DISTRUST.

WHATEVER men for Loyalty pretend,  
*'Tis Wisdome's part to doubt a faithfull friend.*



## 1123. THE HAGG.

THE staffe is now greas'd :  
And very well pleas'd,  
She cockes out her Arse at the parting,  
To an old Ram Goat,  
That rattles i'th' throat,  
Halfe choakt with the stink of her farting.

In a dirtie Haire-lace  
She leads on a brace  
Of black-bore-cats to attend her ;  
Who scratch at the Moone,  
And threaten at noone  
Of night from Heaven for to rend her.

A-hunting she goes ;  
A crackt horne she blowes ;  
At which the hounds fall a-bounding ;  
While th' Moone in her sphere  
Peepes trembling for feare,  
And night's afraid of the sounding.

## 1124. THE MOUNT OF THE MUSES.

AFTER thy labour take thine ease,  
Here with the sweet *Pierides*.  
But if so be that men will not  
Give thee the Laurell Crowne for lot ;  
Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one  
Not subject to corruption.

## 1125. ON HIMSELFE.

IL'E write no more of Love; but now repent  
 Of all those times that I in it have spent.  
 Ile write no more of life; but wish 'twas ended,  
 And that my dust was to the earth commended.

## 1126. TO HIS BOOKE.

GOE thou forth, my booke, though late;  
 Yet be timely fortunate.  
 It may chance good-luck may send  
 Thee a kinsman, or a friend,  
 That may harbour thee, when I,  
 With my fates neglected lye.  
 If thou know'st not where to dwell,  
 See, the fier's by: *Farewell.*

## 1127. THE END OF HIS WORKE.

PART of the worke remaines; one part is past,  
 And here my ship rides having Anchor cast.

## 1128. TO CROWNE IT.

MY wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd!  
 The Haven reacht to which I first was bound.

## 1129. ON HIMSELFE.

THE worke is done: young men and maidens,  
 set  
 Upon my curls the *Mirtle Coronet*,

Washt with sweet ointments; Thus at last I  
                   come  
 To suffer in the Muses' *Martyrdome* :  
 But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,  
 The Muses will weare blackes, when I am dead.

## 1130. THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAME's pillar here, at last, we set,  
 Out-during *Marble*, *Brasse*, or *Jet*,  
     Charm'd and enchanted so,  
     As to withstand the blow,  
         Of overthrow,  
         Nor shall the seas,  
         OR OUTRAGES  
         Of storms orebear  
         What we up-rear :  
         Tho Kingdoms fal,  
     This pillar never shall  
     Decline or waste at all ;  
 But stand for ever by his owne  
 Firme and well - fixt foundation.

To his Book's end this last line he'd have  
           plac't.  
*Jocond his Muse was ; but his Life was chast.*

HIS  
NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,

HIS PIOUS PIECES,

Wherein (amongst other things)

He sings the Birth of his CHRIST:

and sighes for his *Saviours* suffering  
on the *Crosse*.

HESIOD.

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.

Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.



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# HIS NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,

## HIS PIOUS PIECES.

### HIS CONFESSION. [1131.]

Look how our foule Dayes do exceed our faire ;  
And as our bad, more then our good Works are,  
Ev'n so those Lines, pen'd by my wanton Wit,  
Treble the number of these good I've writ.  
Things precious are least num'rous: Men are  
prone  
To do ten Bad; for one Good Action.

### II. HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION. [1132.]

For Those my unbaptized Rhimes,  
Writ in my wild unhallowed Times;  
For every sentence, clause, and word,  
That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord)  
Forgive me, God, and blot each Line  
Out of my Book, that is not Thine.  
But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one  
Worthy thy Benediction;  
That One of all the rest, shall be  
The Glory of my Work, and Me.

## III. TO FINDE GOD. [1133.]

WEIGH me the Fire ; or canst thou find  
 A way to measure out the Wind ;  
 Distinguish all those Floods that are  
 Mixt in the watrie Theater ;  
 And tast thou them as saltlesse there,  
 As in their Channell first they were.  
 Tell me the People that do keep<sup>1</sup>  
 Within the Kingdomes of the Deep ;  
 Or fetch me back that Cloud againe,  
 Beshiver'd into seeds of Raine ;  
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares  
 Of Corn, when Summer shakes his eares ;  
 Shew me that world of Starres, and whence  
 They noiselesse spill their Influence :  
 This if thou canst ; then shew me Him  
 That rides the glorious *Cherubim*.

## IV. WHAT GOD IS. [1134.]

GOD is above the sphere of our esteem,  
 And is the best known, not desiring Him.

## V. UPON GOD. [1135.]

GOD is not onely said to be  
 An *Ens*,<sup>2</sup> but *Supraentitie*.

<sup>1</sup> "Dwell," a sense retained in Herrick's *University*.

<sup>2</sup> "Being," scholastically. *Supraentitie*, that which is above being.

## VI. MERCY AND LOVE. [1136.]

GOD hath two wings, which He doth ever move,  
The one is Mercy, and the next is Love :  
Under the first the Sinners ever trust;  
And with the last he still directs the Just.

VII. GODS ANGER WITHOUT AFFECTION.  
[1137.]

GOD when He's angry here with any one,  
His wrath is free from perturbation ;  
And when we think His looks are sowre and  
grim,  
The alteration is in us, not Him.

## VIII. GOD NOT TO BE COMPREHENDED. [1138.]

'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend  
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

## IX. GOD'S PART. [1139.]

PRAYERS and Praises are those spotlesse two  
Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as due.

## X. AFFLICTION. [1140.]

GOD n'ere afflicts us more then our desert,  
Though He may seem to over-act His part :



Sometimes He strikes us more then flesh can  
    beare;  
But yet still lesse then Grace can suffer here.

XI. THREE FATAL SISTERS. [1141.]

THREE fatal Sisters wait upon each sin ;  
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt  
    within.

XII. SILENCE. [1142.]

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk :  
God, the most Wise, is sparing of His talk.

XIII. MIRTH. [1143.]

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin :  
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

XIV. LOADING AND UNLOADING. [1144.]

God loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins)  
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

XV. GODS MERCY. [1145.]

Gods boundlesse mercy is (to sinfull man)  
Like to the ever-wealthy Ocean :  
Which though it sends forth thousand streams,  
    'tis ne're

Known, or els seen to be the emptier;  
 And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more  
 Full, and fild-full, then when full-fild before.

XVI. PRAYERS MUST HAVE POISE. [1146.]

God He rejects all Prayers that are sleight,<sup>1</sup>  
 And want their Poise: words ought to have  
 their weight.

XVII. TO GOD: AN ANTHEM, SUNG IN THE  
 CHAPPELL AT WHITE-HALL, BEFORE THE  
 KING. [1147.]

*Verse.* MY God, I'm wounded by my sin,  
 And sore without, and sick within:

*Ver. Chor.* I come to Thee, in hope to find  
 Salve for my body, and my mind.

*Verse.* In *Gilead* though no Balme be found,  
 To ease this smart, or cure this  
 wound;

*Ver. Chor.* Yet, Lord, I know there is with  
 • Thee  
 All saving health, and help for me.

*Verse.* Then reach Thou forth that hand of  
 Thine,  
 That powres in oyle, as well as wine.

*Ver. Chor.* And let it work, for I'll endure  
 The utmost smart, so Thou wilt  
 cure.

<sup>1</sup> It is not impossible that Herrick thought  
 "sleight" and "slight" to be etymologically akin;  
 but they do not seem to be so.

XVIII. UPON GOD. [1148.]

GOD is all fore-part; for, we never see  
Any part backward in the Deitie.

XIX. CALLING, AND CORRECTING. [1149.]

GOD is not onely mercifull, to call,  
Men to repent, but when He strikes withall.

XX. NO ESCAPING THE SCOURGING. [1150.]

GOD scourgeth some severely, some He spares;  
But all in smart have lesse, or greater shares.

XXI. THE ROD. [1151.]

GOD's Rod doth watch while men do sleep, &  
then  
The Rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

XXII. GOD HAS A TWOFOLD PART. [1152.]

GOD when for sin He makes His Children  
smart,  
His own He acts not, but another's part:  
But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis  
known,  
He comes to play the part that is His own.

## XXIII. GOD IS ONE. [1153.]

God, as He is most Holy knowne ;  
So He is said to be most One.

## XXIV. PERSECUTIONS PROFITABLE. [1154.]

AFFLICTIONS they most profitable are  
To the beholder, and the sufferer :  
Bettering them both, but by a double straine,  
The first by patience, and the last by paine.

## XXV. To GOD. [1155.]

Do with me, God ! as Thou didst deal with  
*John*  
(Who writ that heavenly *Revelation*) ;  
Let me (like him) first cracks of thunder  
heare ;  
Then let the Harp's inchantments strike mine  
care ;  
Here give me thornes ; there, in thy Kingdome,  
set  
Upon my head the golden coronet ;  
There give me day ; but here my dreadfull  
night :  
My sackcloth here ; but there my *Stole* of white.

## XXVI. WHIPS. [1156.]

God has His whips here to a twofold end,  
The bad to punish, and the good to amend.

## XXVII. GODS PROVIDENCE. [1157.]

If all transgressions here should have their pay,  
 What need there then be of a reck'ning day?  
 If God should punish no sin, here, of men,  
 His Providence who would not question then?

## XXVIII. TEMPTATION. [1158.]

THOSE Saints, which God loves best,  
 The Devill tempts not least.

## XXIX. HIS EJACULATION TO GOD. [1159.]

My God! looke on me with Thine eye  
 Of pittie, not of scrutinie;  
 For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see  
 Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.  
 O then! for mercie's sake, behold  
 These my irruptions<sup>1</sup> manifold;  
 And heale me with Thy looke, or touch:  
 But if Thou wilt not deigne so much,  
 Because I'm odious in Thy sight,  
 Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

## XXX. GODS GIFTS NOT SOONE GRANTED. [1160.]

God heares us when we pray, but yet defers  
 His gifts, to exercise Petitioners:  
 And though a while He makes Requesters  
     stay,  
 With Princely hand He'l recompence delay.

<sup>1</sup> Sic in original: but Herrick can hardly have meant it.

## .XXXI. PERSECUTIONS PURIFIE. [1161.]

GOD strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent,  
 To make, not marre her, by this punishment:  
 So where He gives the bitter Pills, be sure,  
 'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

## XXXII. PARDON. [1162.]

GOD pardons those, who do through frailty sin;  
 But never those that persevere therein.

## XXXIII. AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR. [1163.]

1. IN Numbers, and but these few,  
 I sing Thy Birth, Oh JESU!  
 Thou prettie-Babie, borne here,  
 With sup'rabundant scorn here:  
 Who for Thy Princely Port here,  
                     Hadst for Thy place  
                     Of Birth, a base  
 Out-stable for thy Court here.
2. Instead of neat Inclosures •  
 Of inter-woven Osiers;  
 Instead of fragrant Posies  
 Of Daffadills, and Roses;  
 Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,  
                     As Gospell tells,  
                     Was nothing els,  
 But, here, a homely manger.

3. But we with Silks, (not Crewels,<sup>1</sup>)  
 With sundry precious Jewells,  
 And Lilly-work will dresse Thee ;  
 And as we dispossesse Thee  
 Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,  
     Sweet Babe, for Thee,  
     Of Ivorie,  
 And plaister'd round with Amber.
4. The Jewes they did disdaine Thee,  
 But we will entertaine Thee  
 With Glories to await here  
 Upon Thy Princely State here,  
 And more for love, then pittie.  
     From yeere to yeere  
     Wee'l make Thee, here,  
 A Free-born of our Citie.

## XXXIV. LIP-LABOUR. [1164.]

IN the old Scripture I have often read,  
 The calfe without meale n'ere was offered  
 To figure to us, nothing more then this,  
 Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

## XXXV. THE HEART. [1165.]

IN Prayer the Lips use'r act the winning part,  
 Without the sweet concurrence of the Heart.

<sup>1</sup> "Embroidering wools" ; Herrick spelt it "cruells," and may have meant a pun.

## XXXVI. EARE-RINGS. [1166.]

WHY wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare?  
But for to teach us, all the grace is there,  
When we obey, by acting what we heare.

## XXXVII. SIN SEEN. [1167.]

WHENCE once the sin has fully acted been,  
Then is the horror of the trespasse seen.

## XXXVIII. UPON TIME. [1168.]

TIME was upon  
The wing, to flie away ;  
    And I cal'd on  
Him but awhile to stay ;  
    But he'd be gone,  
For ought that I could say

He held out then,  
A Writing, as he went ;  
    And askt me, when  
False man would be content  
    To pay agen,  
What God and Nature lent.

    An houre-glasse,  
In which were sands but few,  
    As he did passe,  
He shew'd and told me too,  
    Mine end near was,  
And so away he flew.



## xxxix. HIS PETITION. [1169.]

If warre, or want shall make me grow so poore,  
As for to beg my bread from doore to doore ;  
Lord ! let me never act that beggar's part,  
Who hath Thee in his mouth, not in his heart.  
He who asks almes in that so sacred Name,  
Without due reverence, playes the cheater's  
game.

## xl. To GOD. [1170.]

THOU hast promis'd Lord, to be  
With me in my miserie ;  
Suffer me to be so bold,  
As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

xli. HIS LETANIE, TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.  
[1171.]

1. In the houre of my distresse,  
When temptations me oppresse,  
And when I my sins confesse,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
2. When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomforted,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
3. When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drown'd in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !

4. When the artlesse Doctor sees  
No one hope, but of his Fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
5. When his Potion and his Pill,  
Has, or none, or little skill,  
Meet for nothing, but to kill;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
6. When the passing-bell doth tole,  
And the Furies in a shole  
Come to fright a parting soule;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
7. When the tapers now burne blew,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more then true;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
8. When the Priest his last hath praid,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decayd;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
9. When (God knowes) I'm tost about,  
Either with despaire, or doubt;  
Yet before the glasse be out,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
10. When the Tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And halfe damns me with untruth;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!
11. When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine cares, and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprise;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

12. When the Judgment is reveal'd,  
 And that open'd which was seal'd,  
 When to Thee I have appeal'd;  
 Sweet Spirit comfort me!

XLII. THANKSGIVING. [1172.]

THANKSGIVING for a former, doth invite  
 God to bestow a second benefit.

XLIII. COCK-CROW. [1173.]

BELL-MAN of Night,<sup>1</sup> if I about shall go  
 For to denie my Master, do thou crow.  
 Thou stop'st *S. Peter* in the midst of sin  
 Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin;  
 Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun  
 A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

XLIV. ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE  
 RIGHTEOUS. [1174.]

ADVERSE and prosperous Fortunes both work on  
 Here, for the righteous man's salvation:  
 Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,  
 All serve to th' Augmentation of his good.

XLV. PAIN ENDS IN PLEASURE. [1175.]

AFFICTIONS bring us joy in times to come,  
 When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

<sup>1</sup> A phrase borrowed from Spenser.

## XLVI. To GOD. [1176.]

I'LE come, I'le creep, (though Thou dost threat,)  
 Humbly unto Thy Mercy-seat:  
 When I am there, this then I'le do,  
 Give Thee a Dart, and Dagger too;  
 Next, when I have my faults confest,  
 Naked I'le shew a sighing breast;  
 Which if that can't Thy pittie wooe,  
 Then let Thy Justice do the rest,  
                     And strike it through.

XLVII. A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS  
HOUSE. [1177.]

LORD, thou hast given me a cell  
                     Wherein to dwell;  
 A little house, whose humble Roof  
                     Is weather-proof;  
 Under the sparres of which I lie  
                     Both soft, and drie;  
 Where Thou my chamber for to ward  
                     Hast set a Guard  
 Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep  
                     Me, while I sleep.  
 Low is my porch, as is my Fate,  
                     Both void of state;  
 And yet the threshold of my doore  
                     Is worn by th' poore,  
 Who thither come and freely get  
                     Good words, or meat:  
 Likeas my Parlour, so my Hall  
                     And Kitchen's small:  
 A little Butterie, and therein  
                     A little Byn,

Which keeps my little loafe of Bread  
     Unchipt, unflead :<sup>1</sup>  
 Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar  
     Make me a fire,  
 Close by whose living coale I sit,  
     And glow like it.  
 Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,  
     The Pulse is Thine,  
 And all those other Bits, that bee  
     There plac'd by Thee ;  
 The Worts, the Purslain, and the Messe  
     Of water-cresse,  
 Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent ;  
     And my content  
 Makes those and my belovèd Beet,<sup>1</sup>  
     To be more sweet.  
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering Hearth  
     With guiltlesse mirth ;  
 And giv'st me Wassaile Bowles to drink,  
     Spic'd to the brink.  
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,  
     That soiles my land ;  
 And giv'st me, for my Bushel sowne,  
     Twice ten for one :  
 Thou mak'st my teening Hen to lay  
     Her egg each day :  
 Besides my healthfull Ewes to beare  
     Me twins each yeare :  
 The while the conduits of my Kine  
     Run Creame, (for Wine.)  
 All these, and better Thou dost send  
     Me, to this end,  
 That I should render, for my part,  
     A thapkful heart ;

Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne  
As wholly Thine ;  
But the acceptance, that must be,  
My Christ, by Thee.

## XLVIII. To God. [1178.]

MAKE, make me Thine, my gracious God,  
Or with Thy staffe, or with Thy rod ;  
And be the blow too what it will,  
Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill :  
Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,  
Yet, in torments, I'll commend Thee :  
Examine me with fire, and prove me  
To the full, yet I will love Thee :  
Nor shalt Thou give so deep a wound,  
But I as patient will be found.

## XLIX. ANOTHER, TO GOD. [1179.]

LORD, do not beat me,  
Since I do sob and crie,  
And swowne away to die,  
Ere Thou dost threat me.  
Lord, do not scourge me,  
If I by lies and oaths  
Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,  
But rather purge me.

## L. NONE TRULY HAPPY HERE. [1180.]

HAPPY's that man, to whom God gives  
A stock of Goods, whereby he lives  
Neer to the wishes of his heart :  
No man is blest through ev'ry part.

## LI. TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD. [1181.]

CAN I not come to Thee, my God, for these  
 So very-many-meeting hindrances,  
 That slack my pace; but yet not make me stay?  
 Who slowly goes, rids' (in the end) his way.  
 Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my  
                   miles,  
 Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles:  
 Since rough the way is, help me when I call,  
 And take me up; or els prevent the fall.  
 I kenn my home; and it affords some ease,  
 To see far off the smoaking Villages,  
 Fain would I rest; yet covet not to die,  
 For feare of future-biting penurie:  
 No, no, (my God) Thou know'st my wishes be  
 To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

## LII. ANOTHER. [1182.]

THOU bidst me come; I cannot come; for why,  
 Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.  
 To mount my Soule, she must have pineons  
                   given;  
 For, 'tis no easie way from Earth to Heaven.

## LIII. TO DEATH. [1183.]

THOU bidst me come away,  
 And I'll no longer stay,  
 Then for to shed some teares  
 For faults of former yeares;

Rids, "gets rid of" or "rides"?

And to repent some crimes,  
 Done in the present times :  
 And next, to take a bit  
 Of Bread, and Wine with it :  
 To<sup>d</sup> on my robes of love,  
 Fit for the place above ;  
 To gird my loynes about  
 With charity throughout ;  
 And so to travaile hence  
 With feet of innocence :  
 These done, I'le onely crie  
*God mercy* ; and so die.

• LIV. NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME. [1184.]

God will have all, or none ; serve Him, or fall  
 Down before *Baal*, *Bel*, or *Belial* :  
 Either be hot, or cold : God doth despise,  
 Abhorre, and spew out all Neutralities.

LIV. WELCOME WHAT COMES. [1185.]

WHATEVER comes, let's be content withall :  
 Among God's Blessings, there is no one small.

LVI. TO HIS ANGRIE GOD. [1186.]

THROUGH all the night  
 Thou dost me fright,  
 And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping ;  
 And day, by day,  
 My Cup can say,  
 My wine is mixt with weeping.



Thou dost my bread  
 With ashes knead,  
 Each evening and each morrow :  
 Mine eye and eare  
 Do see, and heare  
 The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,  
 (Ay me!) I feele,  
 Upon me beating ever :  
 While my sick heart  
 With dismall smart  
 Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,  
 This can't endure ;  
 But in short time 'twill please Thee,  
 My gentle God,  
 To burn the rod,  
 Or strike so as to ease me.

LVII. PATIENCE, OR COMFORTS IN CROSSES  
 [1187.]

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had,  
 Yet none of these have made me sad :  
 For why, my Saviour, with the sense  
 Of suffering gives me patience.

LVIII. ETERNITIE. [1188.]

1 O YEARES! and Age! Farewell:  
 Behold I go,  
 Where I do know  
 Infinitie to dwell.

2. And these mine eyes shall see  
     All times, how they  
     Are lost 'i th' Sea  
 Of vast Eternitie.
3. Where never Moone shall sway  
     The Starres ; but she,  
     And Night, shall be  
 Drown'd in one endlesse Day.

LIX. TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD ; A PRESENT,  
 BY A CHILD. [1189.]

Go prettie child, and beare this Flower  
 Unto thy little Saviour ;  
 And tell Him, by that Bud now blown,  
 He is the *Rose of Sharon* known :  
 When thou hast said so, stick it there  
 Upon His Bibb, or Stomacher :  
 And tell Him, (for good handsell too)  
 That thou hast brought a Whistle new,  
 Made of a clean straight oaten reed,  
 To charme His cries, (at time of need :)  
 Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none ;  
 But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one ;  
 But poore, thou art, and knowne to be  
 Even as monillesse, as He.  
 Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse  
 From those mellifluous lips of His ;  
 Then never take a second on,  
 To spoile the first impression.

LX. THE NEW-YEERES GIFT. [1190.]

LET others looke for Pearle and Gold,  
 Tissues, or Tabbies manifold :

One onely lock of that sweet Hay  
Whereon the blessed Babie lay,  
Or one poore Swadling-clout, shall be  
The richest New-yeere's Gift to me.

LXI. TO GOD. [1191.]

If any thing delight me for to print  
My Book, 'tis this: that *Thou, my God, art i't*.

LXII. GOD, AND THE KING. [1192.]

How am I bound to Two! God who doth give,  
The mind; the King, the meanes whereby I live.

LXIII. GODS MIRTH, MANS MOURNING. [1193.]

WHERE God is merry, there write down thy  
fears:  
What He with laughter speaks, heare thou with  
tears.

LXIV. HONOURS ARE HINDRANCES. [1194.]

GIVE me Honours! what are these,  
But the pleasing hindrances?  
Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come  
In the way 'twixt me, and home:  
Cleer the walk, and then shall I  
To my heaven lesse run, then flie.

## LXV. THE PARASCEVE, OR PREPARATION.

[1196.]

To a Love-Feast we both invited are:  
 The figur'd Damask, or pure Diaper,  
 Over the Golden Altar now is spread,  
 With Bread, and Wine, and Vessells furnish'd;  
 The *sacred Towell*, and the *holy Ewe*  
 Are ready by, to make the Guests all pure:  
 Let's go (my *Alma*)<sup>1</sup> yet, e're we receive,  
 Fit, fit it is, we have our *Parasceve*.<sup>2</sup>  
 Who to that *sweet Bread* unprepar'd doth come,  
 Better he starv'd, then but to taste one crumme.

## LXVI. TO GOD. [1196.]

God gives not onely corne, for need,  
 But likewise sup'rabundant seed;  
 Bread for our service, bread for shew;  
 Meat for our meales, and fragments too:  
 He gives not poorly, taking some  
 Between the finger, and the thumb;  
 But, for our glut, and for our store,  
 Fine flowre prest down, and running o're.

## LXVII. A WILL TO BE WORKING. [1197.]

ALTHOUGH we cannot turne the fervent fit  
 Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the streame of it:  
 And howsoe're we have the conquest mist;  
 'Tis for our glory, that we did resist.

<sup>1</sup> *Alma*: I think intenc'd as a proper name.<sup>2</sup> The *Parasceve*, for the *Passover*.

## LXVIII. CHRIST'S PART. [1198.]

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoere He comes,  
 To feed, or lodge, to have the best of Roomes:  
 Give Him the choice; grant Him the nobler  
                   part  
 Of all the House: the best of all's the Heart.

## LXIX. RICHES AND POVERTY. [1199.]

GOD co'd have made all rich, or all men poore;  
 But why He did not, let me tell wherefore:  
 Had all been rich, where then had Patience  
                   been?  
 Had all been poore, who had His Bounty seen?

## LXX. SOBRIETY IN SEARCH. [1200.]

To seek of God more then we well can find,  
 Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

## LXXI. ALMES. [1201.]

GIVE, if thou canst, an Almes: if not, afford,  
 Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word:  
*God crowns our goodnesse, wheresoere He sees,*  
*On our part, wanting all abilities.*

## LXXII. TO HIS CONSCIENCE. [1202.]

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be  
 My private *Prætonotarie*?  
 Can I not wooe thee to passe by

A short and sweet iniquity ?  
 I'll cast a mist and cloud, upon  
 My delicate transgression,  
 So utter dark, as that no eye  
 Shall see the hug'd impietie :  
*Gifts blind the wise*, and bribes do please,  
 And winde <sup>1</sup> all other witnesses :  
 And wilt not thou, with gold, be ti'd  
 To lay thy pen and ink aside ?  
 That in the mirk and tonguelesse night,  
 Wanton I may, and thou not write ?  
 It will not be : And, therefore, now,  
 For times to come, I'll make this Vow,  
 From aberrations to live free ;  
 So I'll not feare the Judge, or thee.

## LXXIII. TO HIS SAVIOUR. [1203.]

LORD, I confesse, that Thou alone art able  
 To purify this my *Augean* stable :  
 Be the Seas water, and the Land all Sope,  
 Yet if Thy Bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

## LXXIV. TO GOD. [1204.]

GOD is all-suffraunce here ; here He doth show  
 No Arrow nockt, onely a stringlesse Bow :  
 His Arrowes flie, and all his stones are hurl'd  
 Against the wicked, in another world.

## LXXV. HIS DREAME. [1205.]

I DREAMT, last night, Thou didst transfuse  
 Oyle from Thy Jarre, into my creuze ;

<sup>1</sup> In the sense of "turn," "control."

And powring still Thy wealthy store,  
 The vessell full, did then run ore :  
 Me thought, I did Thy bounty chide,  
 To see the waste ; but 'twas repli'd  
 By Thee, Deare God, God gives man seed  
 Oft-times for wast, as for his need.  
 Then I co'd say, that house is bare,  
 That has not bread, and some to spare.

LXXVI. GODS BOUNTY. [1206.]

GODS Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse,  
 As men do wane in thankfulnessse.

LXXVII. TO HIS SWEET SAVIOUR. [1207.]

NIGHT hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep ;  
 And Time seems then, not for to flie, but creep ;  
 Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she  
 Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.  
 Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray  
 The winds, to blow the tedious night away ;  
 That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.  
 Sick is my heart ! O Saviour ! do Thou please  
 To make my bed soft in my sicknesses :  
 Lighten my candle, so that I beneath  
 Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death :  
 Let me Thy voice betimes i' th' morning heare ;  
 Call, and I'll come ; say Thou, the when, and  
                   where ;  
 Draw me but first, and after Thee I'll run,  
 And make no one stop, till my race be done.

## LXXVIII. HIS CREED. [1208.]

I do believe, that die I must,  
 And be return'd from out my dust:  
 I do believe, that when I rise,  
 Christ I shall see, with these same eyes:  
 I do believe, that I must come,  
 With others, to the dreadfull Doome:  
 I do believe, the bad must goe  
 From thence, to everlasting woe:  
 I do believe, the good, and I,  
 Shall live with Him eternally:  
 I do believe, I shall inherit  
 Heaven, by Christs mercies, not my merit:  
 I do believe, the One in Three,  
 And Three in perfect Unitie:  
 Lastly, that JESUS is a Deed  
 Of Gift from God: *And here's my Creed.*

## LXXIX. TEMPTATIONS. [1209.]

TEMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have accesse:  
 Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingnesse.

## LXXX. THE LAMP. [1210.]

WHEN a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead;  
 Then is the Lamp and oyle extinguish'd.

## LXXXI. SORROWES. [1211.]

SORROWES our portion are: Ere hence we goe,  
 Crosses we must have; or, hereafter woe.



## LXXXII. PENITENCIE. [1212.]

A MANS transgression God do's then remit,  
When man he makes a Penitent for it.

LXXXIII. THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAHS DAUGHTER :  
SUNG BY THE VIRGINS. [1213.]

1. O THOU, the wonder of all dayes !  
O Paragon, and Pearle of praise !  
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest  
  Above the rest  
Of all the Maiden-Train ! We come,  
And bring fresh strewings to thy Tombe.
2. Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round  
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted Ground ;  
And as we sing thy Dirge, we will  
  The Daffadill,  
And other flowers, lay upon  
(The Altar of our love) thy Stone.
3. Thou wonder of all Maids, li'st here,  
Of Daughters all, the Dearest Deere ;  
The eye of Virgins ; nay, the Queen,  
  Of this smooth Green,  
And all sweet Meades ; from whence we get  
The Primrose, and the Violet.
4. Too soon, too deere did *Jephthah* buy,  
By thy sad losse, our liberty :  
His was the Bond and Cov'nant, yet  
  Thou paid'st the debt :  
Lamented Maid ! he won the day,  
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

5. Thy Father brought with him along  
The Olive branch, and Victor's Song :  
He slew the Ammonites, we know,  
But to thy woe ;  
And in the purchase of our Peace,  
The Cure was worse then the Disease.
6. For which obedient zeale of thine,  
We offer here, before thy Shrine,  
Our sighs for Storax, teares for Wine ;  
And to make fine,  
And fresh thy Herse-cloth, we will, hereo,  
Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.
7. Receive, for this thy praise, our teares :  
Receive this offering of our Haires :  
Receive these Christall Vialls fil'd  
With teares, distil'd  
From teeming eyes ; to these we bring,  
Each Maid, her silver Filleting,
8. To guild thy Tombe ; besides, these Caules,<sup>1</sup>  
These Lawes, Ribbands, and these Faules,<sup>2</sup>  
These Veiles, wherewith we used to hide  
The Bashfull Bride,  
When we conduct her to her Groome :  
And, all we lay upon thy Tombe.
9. No more, no more, since thou art dead,  
Shall we e're bring coy Brides to bed ;  
No more, at yeerly Festivalls  
We Cowslip balls,  
Or chaines of Columbines shall make,  
For this, or that occasions sake.
- I. No, no ; our Maiden-pleasures be  
Wrapt in the winding-sheet, with thee :

Nets for the hair.

<sup>2</sup> " Falls," veils.

WHAT though my Harp, and Violl be  
Both hung upon the Willow-tree ?  
What though my bed be now my grave,  
And for my house I darknesse have ?  
What though my healthfull dayes are fled,  
And I lie numbred with the dead ?  
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,  
To spring ; though now a wither'd flower.

## LXXXV. SINS LOATH'D, AND YET LOV'D. [1215.]

*SHAME checks our first attempts ; but then 'tis  
prov'd,  
Sins first distlik'd, are after that belov'd.*

## LXXXVI. SIN. [1216.]

SIN leads the way, but as it goes, it feels  
The following plague still treading on his heels.

## LXXXVII. UPON GOD. [1217.]

GOD when He takes my goods and chattels  
hence,  
Gives me a portion, giving patience :  
What is in God is God ; if so it be,  
He patience gives ; He gives himselfe to me.

## LXXXVIII. FAITH. [1218.]

WHAT here we hope for, we shall once inherit :  
By Faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

## LXXXIX. HUMILITY. [1219.]

HUMBLE we must be, if to Heaven we go :  
High is the roof there ; but the gate is low :  
When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye :  
Grace is increased by humility.

## XC. TEARES. [1220.]

OUR present Teares here (not our present  
 laughter)  
 Are but the handsells of our joyes hercafter.

## XCI. SIN AND STRIFE. [1221.]

AFTER true sorrow for our sinnes, our strifo  
 Must last with Satan, to the end of life.

## XCII. AN ODE, OR PSALME, TO GOD. [1222.]

DEER God,  
 If thy smart Rod  
 Here did not make me sorrie,  
 I sho'd not be  
 With Thine, or Thee,  
 In Thy eternall Glorie.

But since  
 Thou didst convince  
 My sinnes, by gently striking;  
 Add still to those  
 First stripes, new' blowes,  
 According to Thy liking.

Feare me,  
 Or scourging teare me;  
 That thus from vices driven,  
 I may from Hell  
 Flie up, to dwell  
 With Thee, and Thine in Heaven.

## XCIII. GRACES, FOR CHILDREN. [1223.]

WHAT God gives, and what we take,  
 'Tis a gift for Christ His sake :  
 Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,  
 God be thank'd for those, and these :  
 Have we flesh, or have we fish,  
 All are Fragments from His dish.  
 He His Church save, and the King,  
 And our Peace here, like a Spring,  
 Make it ever flourishing.

## XCIV. GOD TO BE FIRST SERV'D. [1224.]

HONOUR thy Parents ; but good manners call  
 Thee to adore thy God, the first of all.

## XCV. ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD. [1225.]

HERE a little child I stand,  
 Heaving up my either hand ;  
 Cold as Paddocks<sup>1</sup> though they be,  
 Here I lift them up to Thee,  
 For a Benizon to fall  
 On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

XCVI. A CHRISTMAS CAROLL, SUNG TO THE KING  
 IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL. [1226.]

*Chor.* WHAT sweeter musick can we bring,  
 'Then a Caroll, for to sing

<sup>1</sup> Paddocks = "frogs."

The Birth of this our heavenly King?  
 Awake the Voice! awake the String!  
 Heart, Eare, and Eye, and every thing  
 Awake! the while the active Finger  
 Runs division with the Singer.

*From the Flourish they came to the Song.*

1. Dark and dull night, flie hence away,  
 And give the honour to this Day,  
 That sees *December* turn'd to *May*.
2. If we may ask the reason, say;  
 The why, and wherefore all things here  
 Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere?
3. Why do's the chilling Winters morne  
 Smile, like a field beset with corne?  
 Or smell, like to a Meade new-shorne.  
 Thus, on the sudden? 4. Come and  
 see

The cause, why things thus fragrant be:  
 'Tis He is borne, whose quickning Birth  
 Gives life and luster, publike mirth,  
 To Heaven, and the under-Earth.

*Ochor.* We see Him come, and know him ours,  
 Who, with His Sun-shine, and His  
 showers,  
 Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The Darling of the world is come,  
 And fit it is, we finde a roome  
 To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part  
 Of all the house here, is the heart,

*Chor.* Which we will give Him ; and bequeath  
 This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath,  
 To do Him honour ; who's our King,  
 And Lord of all this Revelling.

*The Musickall Part was composed by*  
*M. Henry Lawes.*

XCVII. THE NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR CIRCUM-  
 CISIONS SONG, SUNG TO THE KING IN THE  
 PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL. [1227.]

1. PREPARE for Songs ; He's come, He's come ;  
 And be it sin here to be dumb,  
 And not with Lutes to fill the roome.
2. Cast Holy Water all about,  
 And have a care no fire gos out,  
 But 'cense the porch and place, throughout.
3. The Altars all on fier be ;  
 The Storax fries ; and ye may see,  
 How heart and hand do all agree,  
 To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all less  
 sweet then He.
4. Bring Him along, most pious Priest,  
 And tell us then, whenas thou seest  
 His gently-gliding, Dove-like eyes,  
 And hear'st His whim'pring, and His cries ;  
 How caust thou this Babe circuncise ?
5. Ye must not be more pitifull then wise ;  
 For, now unlesse ye see Him bleed,  
 Which makes the Bapti'me ; 'tis decreed,  
 The Birth is fruitlesse : *Chor.* Then the *work*  
*God speed.*



1. Touch gently, gently touch ; and here  
 Spring Tulips up through all the yeere ;  
 And from His sacred Bloud, here shed,  
 May Roses grow, to crown His own deare  
 Head.

*Chor.* Back, back again ; each thing is done  
 With zeale alike, as 'twas begun ;  
 Now singing, homeward let us carrie  
 The Babe unto His Mother *Marie* ;  
 And when we have the Child com-  
 mended  
 To her warm bosome, then our Rites are  
 ended.

*Composed by M. Henry Lawes. .*

xcviii. ANOTHER NEW-YEERES GIFT, OR SONG  
 FOR THE CIRCUMCISION. [1228.]

1. HENCE, hence prophane, and none ap-  
 peare  
 With any thing uphallowed, here ;  
 No jot of Leven must be found  
 Conceal'd in this most holy Ground ;
  2. What is corrupt, or sower'd with sin,  
 Leave that without, then enter in ;
- Chor.* But let no Christmas mirth begin  
 Before ye purge, and circumcise  
 Your hearts, and hands, lips, eares, and  
 eyes.
3. Then, like a perfum'd Altar, see  
 That all things sweet and clean may be :

For, here's a Babe, that (like a *Bride*)  
 Will *blush to death*, if ought be spi'd  
 Ill-scenting, or unpurifi'd.

*Chor.* The room is cens'd : help, help t'invoke  
 Heaven to come down, the while we  
                  choke  
 The Temple, with a cloud of smoke.

4. Come then, and gently touch the Birth  
 Of Him, Who's Lord of Heav'n and  
                  Earth ;

5. And softly handle Him : y'ad need,  
 Because the *prettie Babe* do's bleed.  
 Poore-pittied Child ! Who from Thy  
                  Stall  
 Bring'st, in Thy Blood, a Balm, that  
                  shall  
 Be the best New-yeares Gift to all.

1. Let's blesse the Babe : And, as we sing  
 His praise ; so let us blesse the King :

*Chor.* Long may He live, till He hath told  
 His New-yeeres trebled to His old :  
 And, when that's done, to re-aspire  
 A new-borne *Phoenix* from His own chast fire.

XCIX. GOD'S PARDON. [1229.]

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespasses here ;  
 For, once in hell, none knowes Remission there.

## c. SIN. [1230.]

SIN once reacht up to God's eternall Sphere,  
And was committed, not remitted there.

## CI. EVILL. [1231.]

EVILL no Nature hath; the losse of good  
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

CII. THE STAR-SONG : A CAROLL TO THE KING ;  
SUNG AT WHITE-HALL. [1232.]

*The flourish of Musick : then followed the Song.*

1. TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly  
Tongue,  
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?  
Lies He the Lillie-banks among?
2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours  
Sleeps, laid within some Ark of Flowers,  
Spangled with dew-light; thou canst  
cleere  
All doubts, and manifest the where.
3. Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall  
seek  
Him in the Morning's blushing cheek,  
Or search the beds of Spices through,  
To find him out?

*Star.* No, this ye need not do;  
But only come, and see Him rest  
A Princely Babe in's Mother's Brest.

*Chor.* He's seen, He's seen, why then a Round,  
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground;  
And all rejoyce, that we have found  
*A King, before conception crown'd.*

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring  
Unto our prettie *Twelfth-Tide King*,  
Each one his severall offering;

*Chor.* And when night comes, wee'l give Him  
wassailing;  
And that His treble Honours may be seen,  
Wee'l chuse Him King, and make His Mother  
Queen.

### CIII. To GOD. [1233.]

WITH golden Censers, and with Incense, here,  
Before Thy Virgin-Altar I appeare,  
To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see  
In, or without; all, all belongs to Thee:  
Where shall I now begin to make, for one  
Least loane of Thine, half Restitution?  
Alas! I cannot pay a jot; therefore  
I'll kisse the Tally, and confesse the score.  
Ten thousand Talents lent me, Thou dost  
write:  
'Tis true, my God; *but I can't pay one mite.*

### CIV. To HIS DEERE GOD. [1234.]

I'LE hope no more,  
For things that will not come:  
And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome;  
Wealth brings much woe:

And, since it fortunes so ;  
 'Tis better to be poore,  
     Than so t'abound,  
     As to be drown'd,  
 Or overwhelm'd with store.

    Pale care, avant,  
     I'll learn to be content  
 With that small stock, Thy Bounty gave or lent.  
     What may conduce  
 To my most healthfull use,  
 Almighty God me grant ;  
     But that, or this,  
     That hurtfull is,  
 Denie thy suppliant.

cv. TO GOD, HIS GOOD WILL. [1235.]

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,  
 O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants  
     the deed.  
 Where Rams are wanting, or large Bullocks'  
     thighs,  
 There a poor Lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.  
 Take then his Vowes, who, 'it he had it, would  
 Devote to Thee, both incense, myrrhe, and  
     gold,  
 Upon an Altar rear'd by Him, and crown'd  
 Both with the *Rubie*, *Pearle*, and *Diamond*.

cvi. ON HEAVEN. [1236.]

PERMIT mine eyes to see  
 Part, or the whole of Thee,

O happy place!  
 Where all have Grace,  
 And Garlands shar'd,  
 For their reward;  
 Where each chaste Soule  
 In long white stole,  
 And Palmes in hand,  
 Do ravisht stand;  
 So in a ring,  
 The praises sing  
 Of Three in One,  
 That fill the Throne;  
 While Harps, and Violls then  
 To Voices, say, *Amen.*

CVII. THE SUMME, AND THE SATISFACTION.  
 [1237.]

LAST night I drew up mine Account,  
 And found my Debts to amount  
 To such a height, as for to tell  
 How I sho'd pay, 's impossible:  
 Well, this I'll do; my mighty score  
 Thy mercy-seat I'll lay before;  
 But therewith all I'll bring the Band,  
 Which, in full force, did daring<sup>1</sup> stand,  
 Till my Redeemer (on the Tree)  
 Made void for millions, as for me.  
 Then, if 'Thou bidst me pay,' or go  
 Unto the prison, I'll say, no;  
*Christ* having paid, I nothing owe:  
 For, this is sure, the Debt is dead  
 By Law, the Bond once *cancellèd*.

<sup>1</sup> Daring - "scaring"; most used of the plan of catching larks by using bits of looking-glass and nets.

## CVIII. GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST. [1238.]

God makes not good men wantons, but doth  
     bring  
 Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing;  
 With trialls those, with terrors these He  
     proves,  
 And hazards those most, whom the most He  
     loves;  
 For *Sceva*, darts; for *Cocles*, dangers; thus  
 He finds a fire for mighty *Mutius*;  
 Death for stout *Cato*; and besides all these,  
 A poyson too He has for *Socrates*;  
 Torments for high *Attilius*; and, with want,  
 Brings in *Fabricius* for a Combatant:  
 But, bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,  
 He never brings them once to th' push of Pikes.

## CIX. GOOD CHRISTIANS. [1239.]

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts,  
 Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

## CX. THE WILL THE CAUSE OF WOE. [1240.]

WHEN man is punisht, he is plaguèd still,  
 Not for the fault of Nature, but of will.

## CXI. TO HEAVEN. [1241.]

OPEN thy gates  
 To him, who weeping waits,

And might come in,  
But that held back by sin.  
Let mercy be  
So kind, to set me free,  
•And I will strait  
Come in, or force the gate.

## CXII. THE RECOMPENCE. [1242.]

ALL I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me;  
And fare it well: yet *Herrick*, if so be  
Thy Dearest Saviour renders thee but one  
Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

## CXIII. To GOD. [1243.]

PARDON me God, (once more I Thee intreat)  
That I have plac'd Thee in so meane a seat,  
Where round about Thou seest but all things  
vaine,  
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.  
But as Heaven's publike and immortall Eye  
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby;  
So Thou, my God, may'st on this impure  
look,  
But take no tincture from my sinfull Book:  
Let but one beame of Glory on it shine,  
And that will make me, and my Work divine.

## CXIV. To GOD. [1244.]

LORD, I am like to *Mistletoe*,  
Which has no root, and cannot grow,



Or prosper, but by that same tree  
 It clings about; so I by Thee.  
 What need I then to feare at all,  
 So long as I about Thee craule?  
 But if that Tree sho'd fall, and die,  
 Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

CXV. HIS WISH TO GOD. [1245.]

I WOULD to God, that mine old age might have  
 Before my last, but here a living grave,  
 Some one poore Almes-house; there to lie, or  
     stir,  
 Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher;  
 A little piggin, and a pipkin by,  
 To hold things fitting my necessity;  
 Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and  
     place,  
 Might me excite to fore and after-grace.  
 Thy Crosse, my *Christ*, fixt 'fore mine eyes"  
     sho'd be,  
 Not to adore that, but to worship Thee.  
 So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend,  
 Reading Thy Bible, and my Book; *so end.*

CXVI. SATAN. [1246.]

WHEN we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more  
 He teares and tugs us, then he did before;  
 Neglecting once to cast a frown on those  
 Whom ease makes his, without the help of  
     blowes.

CXVII. HELL. [1247.]

HELL is no other, but a soundlesse<sup>1</sup> pit,  
Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.

CXVIII. THE WAY. [1248.]

WHEN I a ship see on the Seas,  
Cuft with those watrie savages,  
And therewithall, behold, it hath  
In all that way no beaten path;  
Then, with a wonder, I confesse,  
Thou art our way i'th' wildernesse:  
And while we blunder in the dark,  
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

CXIX. GREAT GRIEF, GREAT GLORY. [1249.]

THE lesse our sorrowes here and sufferings cease,  
The more our Crownes of Glory there increase.

CXX. HELL. [1250.]

HELL is the place where whipping-cheer  
abounds,  
But no one Jailor there to wash the wounds.

CXXI. THE BELL-MAN. [1251.]

ALONG the dark, and silent night,  
With my Lantern, and my Light,

<sup>1</sup> Soundless = "beyond sounding."

And the tinkling of my Bell,  
 Thus I walk, and this I tell :  
 Death and dreadfulness call on,  
 To the gen'ral Session ;  
 To whose dismall Barre, we there  
 All accompts must come to cleere :  
 Scores of sins w'ave made here many,  
 Wip't out few, (God knowes) if any.  
 Rise, ye Debtors, then, and fall  
 To make paiement, while I call.  
 Ponder this, when I am gone ;  
 By the clock 'tis almost *One*.

CXXII. THE GOODNESSE OF HIS GOD. [1252.]

WHEN Winds and Seas do rage,  
 And threaten to undo me,  
 Thou dost their wrath asswage,  
 If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty storm last night  
 Did seek my soule to swallow,  
 But by the peep of light  
 A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then despaire,  
 Though ills stand round about me ;  
 Since mischiefs neither dare  
 To bark, or bite, without Thee ?

CXXIII. THE WIDDOWES TEARES : OR, DIRGE  
 OF DORCAS. [1253.]

1. COME pitie us, all ye, who see  
 Our Harps hung on the Willow-tree :

Come pitie us, ye Passers by,  
 Who see, or heare poor Widdowes crie :  
 Come pitie us ; and bring your eares,  
 And eyes, to pitie Widdowes teares.

*Chor.* And when you are come hither ;  
 Then we will keep  
 A Fast, and weep  
 Our eyes out all together.

2. For *Tabitha*, who dead lies here,  
 Clean washt, and laid out for the Beere ;  
 O modest Matrons, weep and waile !  
 For now the Corne and Wine must faile :  
 The Basket and the Bynn of Bread,  
 Wherewith so many soules were fed

*Chor.* Stand empty here for ever :  
 And ah ! the Poore,  
 At thy worne Doore,  
 Shall be releevèd never.

Woe worth the Time, woe worth the day,  
 That reav'd us of thee *Tabitha* !  
 For we have lost, with thee, the Meale,  
 The Bits, the Morsells, and the deale  
 Of gentle Paste, and yeelding Dow,  
 That thou on Widdowes didst bestow.

*Chor.* All's gone, and Death hath taken  
 Away from us  
 Our Maundie ; thus,  
 Thy Widdowes stand forsaken.

4. Ah *Dorcas*, *Dorcas* ! now adieu  
 We bid the Creuse and Pannier too ;  
 I and the flesh, for and <sup>1</sup> the fish,  
 Dol'd to us in That Lordly dish.

<sup>1</sup> "For and," cf. "but and," and other similar phrases.

We take our leaves now of the Loom,  
From whence the house-wives' cloth did  
come :

*Chor.* The web affords now nothing ;  
Thou being dead,  
The woosted thred  
Is cut, that made us clothing.

5. Farewell the Flax and Reaming<sup>1</sup> wooll,  
With which thy house was plentiful.  
Farewell the Coats, the Garments, and  
The Sheets, the Rugs, made by thy hand.  
Farewell thy Fier and thy Light,  
That ne're went out by Day or Night :

*Chor.* No, or thy zeale so speedy,  
That found a way  
By peep of day,  
To feed and cloth the Needy.

6. But, ah, alas ! the Almond Bough,  
And Olive Branch is wither'd now.  
The Wine Presse now is ta'ne from us,  
The Saffron and the Calamus.<sup>2</sup>  
The Spice and Spiknard hence is gone,  
The Storax and the Cynamon.

*Chor.* The Caroll of our gladnesse  
Ha's taken wing,  
And our late spring  
Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

7. How wise wast thou in all thy waies !  
How worthy of respect and praise !  
How Matron-like didst thou go drest !  
How soberly above the rest.

<sup>1</sup> Reaming has two senses, (1) "foaming," "mantling," (2) "shredded," "ravell'd," both of which are applicable.

Calamus, sweet-scented reed.

Of those that prank it with their Plumes;  
And jet<sup>1</sup> it with their choice perfumes.

*Chor.* Thy vestures were not flowing:  
Nor did the street  
Accuse thy feet  
Of mincing in their going.

8. And though thou here li'st dead, we see  
A deale of beauty yet in thee.  
How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,  
Thy lips with all diffusèd grace!  
Thy hands (though cold) yet spotlesse,  
white,

And comely as the Chrysolite.

*Chor.* Thy belly like a hill is,  
Or as a neat  
Cleane heap of wheat  
All set about with Lillies.

9. Sleep with thy beauties here, while we  
Will shew these garments made by thee;  
These were the Coats, in these are read  
The monuments of *Dorcas* dead.  
These were thy Acts, and thou shalt have  
These hung, as honours o're thy Grave:

*Chor.* And after us (distressèd)  
Sho'd fame be dumb;  
Thy very Tomb  
Would cry out *Thou art*  
*blessèd.*

CXXIV. TO GOD, IN TIME OF PLUNDERING.  
[1254.]

RAPINE has yet tooke nought from me;  
But if it please my God, I be

<sup>1</sup> Jet, "strut," "throw the body forward."

Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,  
 God make me thankfull still for it.  
 I have been gratefull for my store :  
 Let me say grace when there's no more.

CXXV. TO HIS SAVIOUR. THE NEW-YEERS  
 GIFT. [1255.]

THAT little prettie bleeding part  
 Of Foreskin send to me :  
 And Ile returne a bleeding Heart,  
 For New-years gift to Thee.

Rich is the Jemme that thou did'st send,  
 Mine's faulty too, and small :  
 But yet this Gift Thou wilt commend,  
 Because I send Thee *all*.

CXXVI. DOOMES-DAY. [1256.]

LET not that Day God's Friends and Servants  
 scare :  
 The Bench is then their place ; and not the  
 Barre.

CXXVII. THE POORES PORTION. [1257.]

THE sup'rabundance of my store,  
 That is the portion of the poore :  
 Wheat, Barley, Rie, or Oats ; what is't  
 But he takes tole of ? all the Griest.  
 Two raiments have I : *Christ* then makes  
 This Law ; that He and I part stakes.  
 Or have I two loaves ; then I use  
 The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

CXXVIII. THE WHITE ISLAND: OR PLACE OF  
THE BLEST. [1258.]

IN this world (the *Isle of Dreames*)  
While we sit by sorrowes streames,  
Teares and terrors are our theames  
Reciting :

But when once from hence we flie,  
More and more approaching nigh  
Unto young Eternitie  
Uniting :

In that *whiter Island*, where  
Things are evermore sincere ;  
Candor here, and lustre there  
Delighting :

There no monstrous fancies shall  
Out of hell an horreur call,  
To create (or cause at all)  
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep  
We our eyes shall never steep ;  
But eternall watch shall keep,  
Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue  
Me immortaliz'd, and you ;  
And fresh joyes, as never too  
Have ending.

CXXIX. TO CHRIST. [1259.]

I CRAWLE, I creep ; my *Christ*, I come  
To Thee, for curing *Balsamum* :



Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the Tree,  
 Affording salve of Soveraigntie.  
 My mouth I'll lay unto Thy wound  
 Bleeding, that no Blood touch the ground:  
 For, rather then one drop shall fall  
 To wast, my JESU, I'll take all.

CXXX. TO GOD. [1260.]

GOD! to my little meale and oyle,  
 Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle:  
 And Thou my Pipkinnet shalt see,  
 Give a *wave-offring*<sup>1</sup> unto Thee. \*

CXXXI. FREE WELCOME. [1261.]

GOD He refuseth no man; but makes way  
 For All that now come, or hereafter may.

CXXXII. GODS GRACE. [1262.]

GODS Grace deserves here to be daily fed,  
 That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

CXXXIII. COMING TO CHRIST. [1263.]

To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go,  
 Celerity even it self is slow.

<sup>1</sup> Wave-offering.--Perhaps, as Mr. Pollard thinks, from the bubbling and commotion of the water. But the wave-offering was made with a joint of meat.

## CXXXIV. CORRECTION. [1264.]

God had but one Son free from sin ; but none  
Of all His sonnes free from correction.

## CXXXV. GODS BOUNTY. [1265.]

God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known,  
To give us more then Hope can fix upon.

## CXXXVI. KNOWLEDGE. [1266.]

SCIENCE in God, is known to be  
A Substance, not a Qualitie.

## CXXXVII. SALUTATION. [1267.]

CHRIST, I have read, did to His Chaplains say  
Sending them forth, *Salute no man by th' way*;  
Not, that He taught His Ministers to be  
Unsmooth, or sowre, to all civilitie ;  
But to instruct them, to avoid all snares  
Of tardidation<sup>1</sup> in the Lords Affaires.  
Manners are good : but till his errand ends,  
Salute we must, nor Strangers, Kin, or Friends.

## CXXXVIII. LASCIVIOUSNESSE. [1268.]

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is known to be  
The sister to saturitie.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Tardidation = "sloth," "slackening."

<sup>2</sup> Saturity = satiety.

## CXXXIX. TEARES. [1269.]

GOD from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes,  
And gives His Children kisses then, not stripes.

## CXL. GODS BLESSING. [1270.]

IN vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,  
Unlesse God gives the *Benedicite*.

## CXLI. GOD, AND LORD. [1271.]

GOD, is His Name of Nature; but that word  
Implies His Power, *when He's call'd the LORD*.

## CXLIH. THE JUDGMENT-DAY. [1272.]

GOD hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He  
May feare it ever for uncertaintie :  
That being ignorant of that one, he may  
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

## CXLIH. ANGELS. [1273.]

ANGELS are call'd Gods; yet of them, none  
Are Gods, but by *participation* :  
As just Men are intitled Gods, yet none  
Are Gods, of them, but by Adoption.

## CXLIV. LONG LIFE. [1274.]

THE longer thread of life we spin,  
The more occasion still to sin.

## CXLV. TEARES. [1275.]

THE teares of Saints more sweet by farre,  
Then all the songs of sinners are.

## CXLVI. MANNA. [1276.]

THAT Manna, which God on His people cast,  
Fitted it self to ev'ry Feeders tast.

## CXLVII. REVERENCE. [1277.]

TRUE rev'rence is (as *Cassiodore*<sup>1</sup> doth prove)  
The feare of God, comimixt with cleanly love.

## CXLVIII. MERCY. [1278.]

MERCY,<sup>6</sup> the wise Athenians held to be  
Not an affection, but a *Deitie*.

## CXLIX. WAGES. [1279.]

AFTER this life, the wages shall  
Not shar'd alike be unto all.

<sup>1</sup> Cassiodorus, politician and divine of the sixth century.

## CL. TEMPTATION. [1280.]

GOD tempteth no one (as S. *Aug'stine* saith)  
 For any ill ; but, for the proof of Faith :  
 Unto temptation God exposeth some ;  
 But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

## CLI. GODS HANDS. [1281.]

GODS hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may  
 fall  
 Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

## CLII. LABOUR. [1282.]

LABOUR we must, and labour hard  
 I'th' *Forum* here, or *Vineyard*.

CLIII. MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDE  
 GROOME. \* [1283.]

THE time the Bridegroom, stayes from hence,  
 Is but the time of penitence.

## CLIV. ROARING. [1284.]

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part  
 Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

## CLV. THE EUCHARIST. [1285.]

*He that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound;  
The salve for this i'th' Eucharist is found.*

## CLVI. SIN SEVERELY PUNISHT. [1286.]

God in His own Day will be then severe  
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt  
here.

CLVII. MONTES SCRIPTURARUM, THE MOUNTS  
OF THE SCRIPTURES. [1287.]

THE Mountains of the Scriptures are (some  
say)

*Moses, and Iesus, callèd Joshua:*  
The *Prophets*, Mountains of the Old are meant;  
The *Apostles*, Mounts of the New Testament.

## CLVIII. PRAYER. [1288.]

A PRAYER, that is said alone,  
Starves, having no companion.  
Great things ask for, when thou dost pray,  
And those great are, which ne're decay.  
Pray not for silver, rust eats this;  
Ask not for gold, which metall is:  
Nor yet for houses, which are here  
But earth: *such vows nere reach God's eare.*

## CLIX. CHRIST'S SADNESSE. [1289.]

CHRIST was not sad, i'th' garden, for His own  
Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.

## CLX. GOD HEARES US. [1290.]

GOD, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence;  
If not to'th' sound, yet, to the sense.

## CLXI. GOD. [1291.]

GOD (as the learnèd *Damascen*<sup>1</sup> doth write)  
*A Sea of Substance* is, *Indefinite*.

## CLXII. CLOUDS. [1292.]

HE that ascended in a cloud, shall come  
In clouds, descending to the publike *Doom*.

## CLXIII. COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS. [1293.]

THE same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be  
A Coadjutor in the Agonie.

## CLXIV. HEAVEN. [1294.]

HEAV'N is most faire; but fairer He  
That made that fairest Canopie.

John of Damascus.

## CLXV. GOD. [1295.]

IN God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be  
Ev'n God Himself, in perfect *Entitie*.

## CLXVI. HIS POWER. [1296.]

GOD can do all things, save but what are known  
For to imply a contradiction.

CLXVII. CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSSE, MY  
GOD, MY GOD. [1297.]

CHRIST, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse  
upon,  
Had (as it were) a *Dereliction*;  
In this regard, in those 'great terrors He  
Had no one *Beame* from God's sweet Majesty.

## CLXVIII. JEHOVAH. [1298.]

JEHOVAH, as *Boëtius* saith,  
No number of the *Plurall* hath.

## CLXIX. CONFUSION OF FACE. [1299.]

GOD then confounds man's face, when he not  
hears  
• The Vowes of those, who are Petitioners.



## CLXX. ANOTHER. [1300.]

THE shame of man's face is no more  
Then prayers repel'd, (sayes *Cassiodore*.)

## CLXXI. BEGGARS. [1301.]

JACOB God's Beggar was; and so we wait  
(Though ne're so rich) all beggars at His Gate.

## CLXXII. GOOD, AND BAD. [1302.]

THE Bad among the Good are here mixt ever;  
The Good without the Bad are here plac'd never.

## CLXXIII. SIN. [1303.]

*Sin no existence; Nature none it hath,  
Or Good at all, (as learn'd Aquinas saith.)*

## CLXXIV. MARTHA, MARTHA. [1304.]

THE repetition of the name made known  
No other, then *Christ's* full Affection.

## CLXXV. YOUTH, AND AGE. [1305.]

GOD on our Youth bestowes but little ease;  
But on our Age most sweet *Indulgences*.

## CLXXVI. GODS POWER. [1306.]

God is so potent, as His Power can  
Draw out *of bad* a soveraigne *good* to man.

## CLXXVII. PARADISE. [1307.]

PARADISE is (as from the Learn'd I gather)  
*A quire of blest Soules circling in the Father.*

## CLXXVIII. OBSERVATION. [1308.]

THE Jewes, when they built Houses (I have  
read)  
One part thereof left still unfinished:  
To make them, thereby, mindfull of their own  
Citie's most sad and dire destruction.<sup>1</sup>

## CLXXIX. THE ASSE. [1309.]

God did forbid the Israelites, to bring  
An Asse unto Him, for an *offering*:  
Onely, by this dull creature, to expresse  
His detestation to all slothfulnesse

## CLXXX. OBSERVATION. [1310.]

THE Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there)  
From her Sonnes Crosse, not shedding once a  
teare:

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Grosart appositely quotes Trapp's commentary on Nehemiah, to the same effect as this, and published a few years later.

Because the Law forbad to sit and crie  
 For those, who did as malefactors die.  
 So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,  
 Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the Law.  
 Observe we may, how *Mary Josés* then,  
 And th' other *Mary* (*Mary Magdalen*)  
 Sate by the Grave; and sadly sitting there,  
 Shed for their Master many a bitter teare:  
 But 'twas not till their *dearest Lord* was  
                   dead;  
 And then to weep they both were licensèd.

## CLXXXI. TAPERS. [1311.]

THOSE Tapers, which we set upon the grave,  
 In fun'rall pomp, but this importance have;  
 That soules departed are not put out quite;  
 But, as they walk't here in their *vestures*  
                   white,  
 So live in Heaven, in everlasting light.

## CLXXXII. CHRIST'S BIRTH. [1312.]

ONE Birth our Saviour had; the like none yet  
 Was, or will be a *second* like to it.

## CLXXXIII. THE VIRGIN MARY. [1313.]

To work a *wonder*, God would have her shown,  
 At once, a Bud, and yet a *Rose full-blowne*.

## CLXXXIY. ANOTHER. [1314.]

As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming  
in,  
No crack or Schisme leave i'th' subtill skin :  
So the Divine Hand work't, and brake no thred,  
But, in a *Mother*, kept a *maiden-head*.

## CLXXXV. GOD. [1315.]

GOD, in the *holy Tongue*, they call  
The Place that filleth *All in all*.

## CLXXXVI. ANOTHER OF GOD. [1316.]

GOD's said to leave this place, and for to come  
Nearer to that place, then to other some :  
Of locall motion, in no least respect,  
But only by impression of effect.

## CLXXXVII. ANOTHER. [1317.]

GOD is *Jehovah* cal'd ; which name of His  
Implies of *Essence*, or the *He* that Is.

## CLXXXVIII. GODS PRESENCE. [1318.]

GOD's evident, and may be said to be  
Present with just men, to the veritie :  
But with the wicked if He doth comply,  
'Tis (as *S. Bernard* saith) but seemingly.

## CLXXXIX. GODS DWELLING. [1319.]

God's said to dwell there, wheresoever He  
 Puts down some prints of His high Majestie:  
 As when to man He comes, and there doth place  
 His *holy Spirit*, or doth plant His *Grace*.

## CXC. THE VIRGIN MARY. [1320.]

THE *Virgin Marie* was (as I have read)  
 The House of God, by *Christ* inhabited;  
 Into the which He enter'd: but, the Doore  
 Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

## CXCI. TO GOD. [1321.]

God's undivided, *One* in *Persons Three*;  
 And *Three* in *Inconfused Unity*:  
*Originall of Essence* there is none,  
 'Twixt God the *Father*, *Holy Ghost*, and *Sonne*:  
 And though the *Father* be the first of *Three*,  
 'Tis but by *Order*, not by *Entitie*.

## CXCI. UPON WOMAN AND MARY. [1322.]

So long (it seem'd) as *Maries* Faith was small,  
*Christ* did her *Woman*, not her *Mary* call:  
 But no more *Woman*, being strong in Faith;  
 But *Mary* cal'd then (as *S. Ambrose* saith.)

## CXCI. NORTH AND SOUTH. [1323.]

THE *Jewes* their beds, and offices of ease,  
 Plac'd *North* and *South*, for these cleane purposes;

That man's uncomely froth might not molest  
 Gods wayes and walks, which lie still East and West.

## CXCV. SABBATHS. [1324.]

*SABBATHS* are threefold, (as *S. Austine* sayes :)  
 The first of Time, or Sabbath here of Dayes;  
 The second is a Conscience trespass-free;  
 The last the *Sabbath of Eternitie*.

## CXCV. THE FAST, OR LENT. [1325.]

*NOAH* the first was (as Tradition sayes)  
 That did ordaine the Fast of forty Dayes.

## CXCVI. SIN. [1326.]

THERE is n<sup>o</sup> evill that we do commit,  
 But hath th' extraction of some good from it:  
 As when we sin; God, the great *Chymist*  
 thence  
 Drawes out th' *Elizar* of true penitence.

## CXCVII. GOD. [1327.]

GOD is more here, then in another place,  
 Not by his *Essence*, but commerce of *Grace*.

CXCVIII. THIS, AND THE NEXT WORLD.  
[1328.]

God hath this world for many made; 'tis true:  
But He hath made the world to come for few.

CXCIX. EASE. [1329.]

God gives to none so absolute an Ease,  
As not to know, or feel some *Grievances*.

CC. BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS. [1330.]

*PAUL*, he began ill, but he ended well;  
*Judas* began well, but he foully fell:  
In godlinesse, not the beginnings, so  
Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

CCI. TEMPORALL GOODS. [1331.]

THESE temp'rall goods God (the most Wise)  
commend  
To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends:  
First, that these goods none here may o're  
esteem,  
Because the wicked do partake of them:  
Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun;  
Being, oft here, the just mans portion.

CCII. HELL FIRE. [1332.]

THE fire of Hell this strange condition hath,  
To burn, not shine (as learnèd *Basil* saith.)

## CCIII. ABELS BLOOD. [1333.]

SPEAK, did the Blood of *Abel* cry  
To God for vengeance; yes, say I;  
Ev'n as the sprinkled blood cal'd on  
God, for an expiation.

## CCIV. ANOTHER. [1334.]

THE blood of *Abel* was a thing  
Of such a rev'rend reckoning,  
As that the old World thought it fit,  
Especially to swear by it.

CCV. A POSITION IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY.  
[1335.]

ONE man repentant is of more esteem  
With God, then one, that never sin'd 'gainst  
Him.

## CCVI. PENITENCE. [1336.]

THE Doctors, in the 'Talmud, say,  
'That in this world, one onely day  
In true repentance spent, will be  
More worth, then Heav'ns Eternitie.

## CCVII. GOD'S PRESENCE. [1337.]

GOD's present ev'ry where; but most of all  
Present by Union *Hypocriticall*:



God, He is there, where's nothing else (Schoolles  
say)  
And nothing else is there, *where He's away.*

CCVIII. THE RESURRECTION POSSIBLE, AND  
PROBABLE. [1338.]

FOR each one Body, that i'th' earth is sowne,  
There's an up-rising but of one for one:  
But for each Graine, that in the ground is  
thrown,  
Threescore or fourescore spring up thence for  
one:  
So that the wonder is not halfe so great,  
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

CCIX. CHRIST'S SUFFERING. [1339.]

JUSTLY our *dearest Saviour* may abhorre us,  
Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for us.

CCX. SINNERS. [1340.]

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,  
Either as when (the learn'd Schoolemen say)  
Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent;  
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

CCXI. TEMPTATIONS. [1341.]

No man is tempted so, but may o'recome,  
If that he has a will to Masterdome.

## CCXII. PITTIE, AND PUNISHMENT. [1342.]

God doth embrace the good with love; and  
gaines  
The good by<sup>e</sup> mercy, as the bad by paines.

CCXIII. GODS PRICE, AND MANS PRICE.  
[1343.]

God bought man here with his heart's blood  
expençe;  
And man sold God here for base *thirty pence*.

## CCXIV. CHRISTS ACTION. [1344.]

CHRIST never did so great a work, but there  
His human Nature did, in part, appeare:  
Or, ne're so meane a peece, but men might see  
Therein some beames of His Divinitie:  
So that, in all He did, there did combine  
His Human Nature, and His Part Divine.

## CCXV. PREDESTINATION. [1345.]

*PREDESTINATION* is the Cause alone  
Of many standing, but of fall to none.

## CCXVI. ANOTHER. [1346.]

ART thou not destin'd? then, with hast, go on  
To make thy faire *Predestination*:  
If thou canst change thy life, God then will  
please  
To change, or call back, His past *Sentences*.

## CCXVII. SIN. [1347.]

SIN never slew a soule, unlesse there went  
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

## CCXVIII. ANOTHER. [1348.]

SIN is an act so free, that if we shall  
Say, 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

## CCXIX. ANOTHER. [1349.]

SIN is the cause of death; and sin's alone  
The cause of God's *Predestination*:  
And from God's *Prescience* of man's sin doth  
flow  
Our *Destination* to eternall woe.

## CCXX. PRESCIENCE. [1350.]

GOD's *Prescience* makes none sinfull; but th'  
offence  
Of man's the chief cause of God's *Prescience*.

## CCXXI. CHRIST. [1351.]

To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be,  
*Christ* is the one sufficient *Remedie*.

## CCXXII. CHRIST'S INCARNATION. [1352.]

CHRIST took our Nature on Him, not that He  
'Bove all things lov'd it, for the puritie:  
No, but He drest Him with our humane Trim,  
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

## CCXXIII. HEAVEN. [1353.]

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here:  
Yet it is given to the *Labourer*.

## CCXXIV. GODS KEYES. [1354.]

GOD has *four* keyes, which He reserves alone;  
The first of *Ruine*, the key of *Hell* next known:  
With the third key He opes and shuts the  
    wombe;  
And with the *fourth* key He unlocks the tombe.

## CCXXV. SIN. [1355.]

THERE'S no constraint to do amisse,  
Whereas but one enforcement is.

## CCXXVI. ALMES. [1356.]

GIVE unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st,  
May chance to be no other man, but *Christ*.

## CCXXVII. HELL FIRE. [1357.]

ONE onely fire has Hell ; but yet it shall  
 Not after one sort, there excruciate all :  
 But look, how each transgressor Onward went  
 Boldly in sin, shall <sup>1</sup> feel more punishment.

## CCXXVIII. TO KEEP A TRUE LENT. [1358.]

1. Is this a Fast, to keep  
     The Larder leane ?  
         And cleane  
     From fat of Veales, and Sheep ?
2. Is it to quit the dish  
     Of Flesh, yet still  
         To fill  
     The platter high with Fish ?
3. Is it to faste an houre,  
     Or rag'd to go,  
         Or show  
     A down-cast look, and sowre ?
4. No : 'tis a Fast, to dole  
     Thy sheaf of wheat,  
         And meat,  
     Unto the hungry Soule .
5. It is to fast from strife, .  
     From old debate,  
         And hate ;  
     To circuncise thy life.
6. To shew a heart grief-rent ;  
     To sterve thy sin,  
         Not Bin ;  
     And that's to keep thy Lent.

<sup>1</sup> An ellipsis, unusual in H., for "and so he shall."

## CCXXIX. NO TIME IN ETERNITIE. [1359.]

By houres we all live here, in Heaven is known  
No spring of Time, or Times succession.

CCXXX. HIS MEDITATION UPON DEATH.  
[1360.]

BE those few hours, which I have yet to spend,  
Blest with the Meditation of my end :  
Though they be few in number, I'm content ;  
If otherwise, I stand indifferent :  
Nor makes it matter, *Nestors* yeers to tell,  
If man lives long, and if he live not well.  
A multitude of dayes still heaped on,  
Seldome brings order, but confusion.  
Might I make choice, long life sho'd be with-  
stood ;  
Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good :  
Which to effect, let ev'ry passing Bell  
Possesse my thoughts, next comes my doleful  
knell :  
And when the night perswades me to my bed,  
I'le thinke I'm going to be buried :  
So shall the Blankets which come over me,  
Present those Turfs, which once must cover me :  
And with as firme behaviour I will meet  
The sheet I sleep in, as my Winding-sheet.  
When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes,  
I will believe, that then my body dies :  
And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,  
I'le have in mind my Resurrection,  
Which must produce me to that *Gen'rall*  
*Dooome*,  
To which the Pesant, so the Prince must come,

To heare the Judge give sentence on the Throne,  
Without the least hope of affection.

Teares, at that day, shall make but weakè  
defence ;

When Hell and Horror fright the Conscience.

Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin

To shun the least Temptation to a sin ;

Though to be tempted be no sin, untill

Man to th' alluring object gives his will.

Such let my life assure me, when my breath

Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death ;

Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,

I rise triumphant in my Funerall.

CCXXXI. CLOATHS FOR CONTINUANCE.

[1361.]

THOSE Garments lasting evermore,

Are works of mercy to the poore,

Which neither Tettar,<sup>1</sup> Time, or Moth

Shall fray that silke, or fret this cloth.

CCXXXII. To God. . [1362.]

COME to me God ; but do not come

To me, as to the gen'rall Doome,

In power ; or come Thou in that state,

When Thou Thy Lawes didst promulgate,

Whenas the Mountains quak'd for dread,

And sullen clouds bound up his head.

No, lay thy stately terrours by,

To talke with me familiarly ;

<sup>1</sup> Tetter, properly a skin disease, but the transferred sense is obvious.

For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,  
 I shall lesse swoone, then die for feare.  
 Speake Thou of love and I'll reply  
 By way of *Epithalamie*,  
 Or sing of *mercy*, and I'll suit  
 To it my Violl and my Lute:  
 Thus let Thy lips but love distill,  
 Then come my God, and hap what will.

## CCXXXIII. THE SOULE. [1363.]

WHEN once the Soule has lost her way,  
 O then, how restless do's she stray!  
 And having not her God for light,  
 How do's she erre in endlesse night!

## CCXXXIV. THE JUDGEMENT-DAY. [1364.]

IN doing justice, God shall then be known,  
 Who shewing mercy here, few priz'd, or none.

## CCXXXV. SUFFERINGS. [1365.]

WE merit all we suffer, and by far  
 More stripes; then God layes on the sufferer.

## CCXXXVI. PAIN AND PLEASURE. [1366.]

GOD suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere,  
 To have continuall paine, or pleasure here:  
 But look how night succeeds the day, so He  
 Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.



## CCXXXVII. GODS PRESENCE. [1367.]

GOD is *all-present* to whate're we do,  
And as *all-present*, so *all-filling* too.

## CCXXXVIII. ANOTHER. [1368.]

THAT there's a God, we all do know,  
But what God is, we cannot show.

## CCXXXIX. THE POORE MANS PART. [1369.]

TELL me rich man, for what intent  
Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment?  
Whenas the poore crie out, to us  
Belongs all gold superfluous.

## CCXL. THE RIGHT 'HAND. [1370.]

GOD has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft  
Of that, which we do nominate the Left.

## CCXLI. THE STAFFE AND ROD [1371.]

Two instruments belong unto our God;  
The one a *Staffe* is, and the next a *Rod*:  
That if the twig sho'd chance too much to  
smart,  
The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

## CCXLII. GOD SPARING IN SCOURGING. [1372.]

GOD still rewards us more then our desert :  
But when he strikes, He quarter-acts His part.

## CCXLIII. CONFESSION. [1373.]

CONFESSION twofold is (as *Austine* sayes)  
The first of *sin* is, and the next of *praise* :  
If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse :  
If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerful-  
nesse.

## CCXLIV. GODS DESCENT. [1374.]

GOD is then said for to descend, when He  
Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie ;  
As when, in humane nature He works more  
Then ever, yet, the like was done before.

CCXLV. NO COMING TO GOD WITHOUT CHRIST.  
[1375.]

*Good and great God!* how sho'd I feare  
To come to Thee, if *Christ* not there !  
Co'd I but think, He would not be  
Present, to plead my cause for me ;  
To Hell I'd rather run, then I  
Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

## CCXLVI. ANOTHER, TO GOD. [1376.]

THOUGH Thou beest all that *Active Love*,  
Which heats those ravisht Soules above;  
And though all joyes spring from the glance  
Of Thy most winning countenance;  
Yet sowre and grim Thou'dst seem to me;  
If through my *Christ* I saw not Thee.

## CCXLVII. THE RESURRECTION.' [1377.]

THAT *Christ* did die, the *Pagan* saith;  
But that He rose, that's *Christians'* Faith.

## CCXLVIII. COHEIRES. [1378.]

We are *Copheires* with *Christ*; nor shall His own  
*Heire-ship* be lesse, by our adoption:  
The number here of *Heires*, shall from the state  
Of His great *Birth-right* nothing derogate.

## CCXLIX. THE NUMBER OF TWO. [1379.]

GOD hates the *Duall Number*; being known  
The lucklesse number of division:  
And when He blest each sev'rall Day, whereon  
He did His *curious operation*;  
'Tis never read there (as the *Fathers* say)  
God blest His work done on the *second day*:  
Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,  
Or by our selves, or from the *Pulpit* read.

## CCL. HARDNING OF HEARTS. [1380.]

God's said our hearts to harden then,  
Whens His grace not supples men.

## CCLI. THE ROSE. . [1381.]

BEFORE Man's fall, the Rose was born,  
(S. *Ambrose* says) without the Thorn:  
But, for Man's fault, then was the Thorn,  
Without the fragrant Rose-bud, born;  
But ne're the Rose without the Thorn.

CCLII. GODS TIME MUST END OUR TROUBLE.  
[1382.]

God doth not promise here to man, that He  
Will free him quickly from his miserie;  
But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,  
Then He will give a happy end to it.

## CCLIII. BAPTISME. [1383.]

THE strength of *Baptisme*, that's within;  
It saves the soule, by drowning sin.

## CCLIV. GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE. [1384.]

*Gold* serves for Tribute to the King;  
The *Frankincense* for Gods Offring.

## CCLV. TO GOD. [1385.]

GOD, who me gives a will for to repent;  
Will add a power, to keep me innocent;  
That I shall ne're that trespasse recommit,  
When I have done true Penance here for it.

## CCLVI. THE CHEWING THE CUD. [1386.]

WHEN well we speak, & nothing do that's good,  
We not divide the *Hoof*, but chew the *Cud*:  
But when good words, by good work<sup>ts</sup>, have  
    their proof,  
We then both chew the *Cud*, and cleave the  
    *Hoof*.

## CCLVII. CHRIST'S TWOFOLD COMING. [1387.]

THY former coming was to cure  
My soule's most desp'rate *Calenture*;  
Thy second *Advent*, that must be  
To heale my Earth's infirmitie.

## CCLVIII. TO GOD, HIS GIFT. [1388.]

As my little Pot doth boyle,  
We will keep this *Levell-Coyle*;  
That a *Wave*, and I will bring  
To my God, a *Heave-offering*.

## CCLIX. GODS ANGER. [1389.]

GOD can't be wrathfull; but we may conclude,  
 Wrathfull He may be, by similitude:  
 God's wrathfull said to be, when He doth do  
 That without *wrath*, which wrath doth *force*  
*us* to.

## CCLX. GODS COMMANDS. [1390.]

IN God's commands, ne're ask the reason why;  
 Let thy *obedience* be the best Reply.

## CCLXI. TO GOD. [1391.]

IF I have plaid the *Truant*, or have here  
 Fail'd in my part; Oh! Thou that art my *deare*,  
 My *mild*, my *loving Tutor*, *Lord and God*!  
 Correct my errors gently with Thy Rod.  
 I know, that faults will many here be found,  
 But where sin swells, there let Thy grace abound.

## CCLXII. TO GOD. [1392.]

THE work is done; now let my *Lawrell* be  
 Given by none, but by Thy selfe, to me:  
 That done, with Honour Thou dost me create  
 Thy *Poet*, and Thy *Prophet Lawreat*.

CCLXIII. GOOD FRIDAY: REX TRAGICUS, OR  
CHRIST GOING TO HIS CROSSE. [1393.]

Put off Thy Robe of *Purple*, then go on  
To the sad place of execution:  
Thine houre is come; and the Tormentor stands  
Ready, to pierce Thy tender Feet, and Hands.  
Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude,  
Th' inconstant, and unpurgèd Multitude  
Yawne for Thy coming; some e're this time  
                        crie,

How He deferres, how loath He is to die!  
Amongst this scumme, the Souldier with his  
                        speare,

And that sowre Fellow, with his *vineger*,  
His *sponge*, and *stick*, do ask why Thou dost  
                        stay?

So do the *Skurfe* and *Bran*<sup>1</sup> too: Go Thy way,  
Thy way, Thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie  
By Thine approach, each their beholding eye.  
Not as a Thief, shalt Thou ascend the mount,  
But like a Person of some high account:  
The *Crosse* shall be Thy *Stage*; and Thou shalt  
                        there

The spacious field have for Thy *Theater*.  
Thou art that *Roscus*, and that markt-out man,  
That must this day act the Tragedian,  
To wonder and affrightment: Thou art He,  
Whom all the flux of Nations comes to see;  
Not those poor Theeves that act their parts  
                        with Thee:

Those act without regard, when once a *King*,  
And *God*, as Thou art, comes to suffering.

<sup>1</sup> Scurf and Bran, of the people; as we more commonly say, "scum."

No, No, this *Scene* from Thee takes life and  
sense,

And soule and spirit, plot and excellence.

Why then begin, great King! ascend Thy  
Throne,

And thence proceed to act Thy Passion

To such an height, to such a period rais'd,

As Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n may stand  
amaz'd.

God, and good Angells guide Thee; and so  
blesse

Thee in Thy severall parts of bitternesse:

That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the Tree,

May (though they scorn Thee) praise and pitie  
Thee.

And we (Thy Lovers) while we see Thee keep  
The Lawes of Action, will both sigh, and weep;

And bring our Spices, to embalm Thee dead;

That done, wee'l see Thee sweetly buried.

CCLXIV. HIS WORDS TO CHRIST, GOING TO  
THE CROSSE. [1394.]

WHEN Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,  
All Thy Disciples Thee forsook, and fled.

Let their example not a pattern be

For me to flie, but now to follow Thee.

CCLXV. ANOTHER, TO HIS SAVIOUR. [1395.]

If Thou beest taken, *God* forbid,

I flie from Thee, as others did:

But if Thou wilt so honour me,



As to accept my companie,  
 I'll follow Thee, hap hap what shall,  
 Both to the *Judge*, and *Judgment-Hall*:  
 And, if I see Thee posted there,  
 To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,  
 I'll take my share; or els, my God,  
 Thy stripes I'll kisse, or burn the *Rod*.

CCLXVI. HIS SAVIOURS WORDS, GOING TO  
 THE CROSSE. [1396.]

HAVE, have ye no regard, all ye  
 Who passe this way, to pitie me,  
 Who am a man of miserie!

A man both bruis'd, and broke, and one  
 Who suffers not here for mine own,  
 But for my friends *transgression*!

Ah! *Sion's Daughters*, do not feare  
 The *Crosse*, the *Cords*, the *Nails*, the *Speare*,  
 The *Myrrhe*, the *Gall*, the *Vineger*,

For *Christ*, your loving Saviour, hath  
 Drunk up the wine of Gods fierce wrath;  
 Onely, there's left a little froth,

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew,  
 What bitter cups had been your due,  
 Had He not drank them up for *you*.

CCLXVII. HIS ANTHEM, TO CHRIST ON THE  
CROSSE. [1397.]

WHEN I behold Thee, almost slain,  
With one, and all parts, full of pain :  
When I Thy gentle heart do see  
Pierc'd through, and dropping bloud,  
                  for me,  
I'll call, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

*Vers.* But yet it wounds my soule, to  
          think,  
That for my sin, 'Thou, Thou must  
          drink,  
Even Thou alone, the *bitter cup*  
Of *furie*, and of *vengeance* up.

*Chor.* Lord, I'll not see Thee to drink all  
The *Vineger*, the *Myrrhe*, the *Gall* :

*Ver. Chor.* But I will sip a little wine ;  
Which done, Lord say, *The rest is*  
                  *mine.*

*This Crosse-Tree here  
Doth JESUS beare,  
Who sweet'ned first,  
The Death accurs't.*

HERE all things ready are, make hast, make hast away;  
For long this work will be, & very short this Day.  
Why then, go on to act: Here's wonders to be done,  
Before the last least sand of Thy ninth houre be run;  
Or e're dark Clouds do dull, or dead the Mid-dayes Sun.

Act when Thou wilt,  
Bloud will be spilt;  
Pure Balm, that shall  
Bring Health to All.  
Why then, Begin  
To powre first in  
Some Drops of Wine,  
In stead of Brine,  
To search the Wound,  
So long unsound:  
And, when that's done,  
Let Oyle, next, run,  
To cure the Sore  
Sinne made before.  
And O! Deare Christ,  
E'en as Thou di'st,  
Look down, and see  
Us weepe for Thee.  
And tho (Love knows)  
Thy dreadfull Woes  
Wee cannot ease;  
Yet doe Thou please,  
Who Mercie art,  
T'accept each Heart,  
That gladly would  
Helpe, if it could.  
Meane while, let mee,  
Beneath this Tree  
This Honour have,  
'To make my grave.

CCLXVIII. TO HIS SAVIOURS SEPULCHER: HIS  
DEVOTION. [1398.]

HAILE holy, and all-honour'd Tomb,  
By no ill haunted; here I come,  
With shoes put off, to tread thy Roome.  
I'le not prophane, by soile of sin,  
Thy Doore, as I do enter in:  
For I have washt both hand and heart,  
This, that, and ev'ry other part;  
So that I dare, with farre lesse feare,  
Then full affection, enter here.  
Thus, thus I come to kisse Thy Stone  
With a warm lip, and solemne one:  
And as I kisse, I'le here and there  
Dresse Thee with flowrie Diaper.  
How sweet this place is! as from'hence  
Flow'd all *Panchaia's* Frankincense;  
Or rich *Arabia* did commix,  
Here, all her rare *Aromaticks*.  
Let me live ever here, and stir  
No one step from this *Sepulcher*.  
Ravisht I am! and down I lie,  
Confus'd, in this brave Extasie.  
Here let me rest; and let me have  
This for my *Heaven*, that was Thy *Grave*:  
And, coveting no higher sphere,  
I'le my Eternitie spend here.

CCLXIX. HIS OFFERING, WITH THE REST, AT  
THE SEPULCHER. [1399.]

To joyn with them who here confer  
Gifts to my Saviour's Sepulcher;  
Devotion bids me hither bring

Somewhat for my Thank-Offering.  
 Loe! thus I bring a Virgin-Flower,  
 To dresse my Maiden-Saviour.

CCLXX. HIS COMING TO THE SEPULCHRE.  
 [1400.]

HENCE they have born my Lord; Behold! the  
 Stone  
 Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.  
 Tell me, white Angell, what is now become  
 Of Him we lately seal'd up in this Tombe?  
 Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath,  
 To vanquish Hell, as here he conquer'd Death?  
 If so, I'll thither follow, without feare,  
 And live in Hell, if that my *Christ* stayes there,

CCLXXI. [1401.]

OF all the good things whatsoe're we do,  
 God is the APXH, and the TEAOΣ too.

## APPENDIX.

POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO HERRICK, BUT NOT  
PUBLISHED IN "HESPERIDES."

## PREFATORY NOTE TO APPENDIX POEMS.

THE poems here printed as an appendix were recovered and collated in their various forms from the books, monuments, or MSS. where they occur, by the successive diligence of Mr. Hazlitt, Dr. Grosart, and Mr. Pollard. To the first-named belongs the credit of first printing, or reprinting, them; to the second, that of pointing out that the large number of sixty-two pieces included in the "Hesperides" occur in the Poetical Miscellany called "Wit's Recreations"; and to the third, the very important correction that these poems, though "Wit's Recreations" first appeared in 1640, eight years *before* the "Hesperides," were not included in it till the edition of 1650, two years *after* Herrick's authorized versions were published. The variations of text are considerable, but become of little interest now that it is tolerably certain that they must represent either imperfect or, at any rate, not final copies. As for the matter which follows, it also is subject to the drawback that, though in all but one instance it was pretty certainly written before the "Hesperides" appeared, it must have been, for this reason or that, deliberately excluded by the poet. Indeed, I am by no means sure that I should have given it a place here if I had not (as in the case of the Variants printed at the end of vol. i.) thought that its absence might seem to some to make the edition comparatively imperfect. The poems are not unworthy of Herrick, and, in a few places, have some biographical interest; but they add nothing to our idea of his poetical faculty, and they were clearly not intended by him for republication in their present form.

Their origin was as follows:—i. occurs in "Wit's Recreations," and, with some thirty additional lines, in Ashmole MS. 38; ii. in the same MS.; iii. in the same MS. and in another in the British Museum; iv. in Ashmole MS. 36, 298; v. in a British Museum MS. (Add. 11, 811); vi. in Brit. Mus. Harl. 6917; vii. in Beaumont and Fletcher's Works (1647); viii. in "Lachrymæ Musarum," the somewhat famous *tombeau* on young Lord Hastings (1649); and ix. on a monument in Deau Prior Church, from which Dr. Grosart first copied and printed it. Some variants necessarily occur in those poems which exist in print and MS., or in more MSS. than one; but none seems to require notice except that both MSS. in iii. read "guess," which editors have corrected to "kiss"; and that earlier in the same poem "number of nine" has the variant "wine." The fullest or Ashmole version is given of Number i. It may be guessed that, in line 68, "permanent" should be "firmament."

## APPENDIX.

*Poems attributed to Herrick, but not published in  
"Hesperides."*

### i. THE DESCRIPTION OF A WOMAN. [1402.]

WHOSE head befringèd with be-scatterèd tresses,  
Shews like *Apolloes*, when the morn he dresses :  
Or like *Aurora* when with Pearle she sets  
Her long dishevel'd Rose-crown'd Trammets :  
Her forehead smooth, full polish'd, bright and high,  
Bears in itself a gracefull Majesty ;  
Under the which, two crawling eye-brows twine  
Like to the tendrills of a flatt'ring Vine :  
Under whose shade, two starry sparkling eyes  
Are beautifi'd with fair fringd Canopies.  
Her comely nose with uniformall grace,  
Like purest white, stands in the middle place,  
Parting the paire, as wee may well suppose,  
Each cheek resembling still a damaske Rose :  
Which like a Garden manifestlye shew  
How Roses, Lillies, and Carnations growe ;  
Which sweetly mixèd both with white and red,  
Like Rose leaves, white and redd, seem minglèd.  
Then nature, for a sweet allurements sets  
Two smelling, swelling, bashfull Cherrylets ;  
The which with ruby-rednesse being tip'd,  
Do speake a Virgin, merry, Cherry-lip'd.  
Over the which a neate sweet skin is drawne,  
Which makes them shew like Roses under Lawne ;  
These be the Ruby-portals, and divine,  
Which ope themselues, to shew a holy shrine,  
Whose breath is rich perfume, that to the sense  
Smells like the burn'd *Sabea* Frankinsense ;  
In which the tongue, though but a member small,



Stands guarded with a Rosie-hilly-wall ;  
 And her white teeth, which in her gums are set,  
 Like Pearl and Gold, make one rich Cabinet.  
 Next doth her chin, with dimpled beauty strive  
 For his white, plump, and smooth, prerogative ;  
 At whose faire top, to please the sight there grows  
 The fairest image of a blushing rose ;  
 Mou'd by the chin, whose motion causeth this,  
 That both her lips do part, do meet, do kiss.  
 Her ears, which like two labyrinths are plac'd  
 On eyther side, with rich rare Jewels grac'd :  
 Mouing a question, whether that by them,  
 The Jem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the Jem.  
 But the foundation of the Architect  
 Is the Swan-staining, faire, rare, stately neck,  
 Which with ambitious humblenesse stands under,  
 Bearing aloft this rich round world of wonder.  
 In which the veynes, implanted, seeme to lye  
 Lyke louing vines hidde vnder iuorie ;  
 So full of clarrett, that whosoe prickes this vine  
 May see itt sprout forth streames lyke Muskadine.  
 Her breast, a place for beauties throne most fit,  
 Bears up two Globes, where love and pleasure sitt ;  
 Which, headed with two rich round Rubies, show  
 Like wanton Rose-buds growing out of Snow,  
 And in the milky valley that's between,  
 Sits *Cupid*, kissing of his mother Queen :  
 If fingering the papps that feele like slemèd silke,  
 And prest a little, thay will weep pewr milke. <sup>a</sup>  
 Then comes the belly, seated next below,  
 Like a faire mountain of *Ripican* snows ;  
 Whear Nature, in a whitenesse without spot,  
 Hath in the middle tide a Gordian knott ;  
 Or else that she in that white waxen hill  
 Hath seald the primrose of her vttmost skill ;  
 But now my muse hath spied a darke descent  
 Ffrom this soe pretious pearly permanent,  
 A milkye highe-way that direction yelds  
 Vnto the port-mouth of the Elizean feilds :  
 A place desired of all, but gott by these  
 Whom lone admitts to the Hesperides ;  
 Hers, goulden fruite, that doth excede all price

Growing in this Loue-guarded parradice;  
 Aboue the entrance, theire is wrighten this,  
*This is the portail to the bower of blisse,*  
 Through mid'st<sup>e</sup> whearof, a christall streame there  
 flowes

Passing the sweete-sweete of a muskie rose.  
 Now Loue invites me to survey hur thighes,  
 Swelling in likenesse like to Crystall skyes,  
 With plump softe flesh, of mettall pure and fine,  
 Resembling sheildes, both pure and christaline.  
 Hence rise those two ambitious hills, that looke  
 Jnto y<sup>e</sup> middle sweet sight-stealing crooke,  
 Which for the better bewtifing shrowds  
 Its humble selfe 'twixt two aspiring cloudes ;  
 Which to the knees by nature fastned on,  
 Deriue their ever well 'greed motion.  
 Her legs with two clear calves, like silner try'd,  
 Kindly swell up, with little pretty pride,  
 Leaving a distance for the cōmely small  
 To beautifiē the leg and foot withall.  
 Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet,  
 Round, short and clear, lyke pounded Spices sweet ;  
 And whatsoever thing they tread upon  
 They make it scent like bruised Cinnamon. .  
 The lovely shoulders now allure the eye,  
 To see two Tablets of pure ivorie :  
 From which two arms like branches seem to spread,  
 With tender vein'd and siluer colourèd ;  
 With little hands and fingers long and small,  
 To grace a Lute, a Violl, Virginall.  
 In length each finger doth his next excell,  
 Each richly headed with a pearly shell ;  
 Richer then that fayre, pretious, vertuous borne  
 That armes the forehead of the unicorne.  
 Thus euery parte in contrariety  
 Meet in the whole and make an harmony ;  
 As divers strings do singly disagree,  
 But form'd by Number, make sweet melodie.  
 Vnto the jdoll of the worke deuize  
 J consecrate this louing life of myne,  
 Bowing my lipps vnto that stately roote  
 Wheare bewtye springs ; and thus j kiss (her) foote.

## ii. MR. HERICKE HIS DAUGHTERS DOWRYE. [1408.]

ERE J goe hence and bee noe more  
 Seene to the world, J'le giue the skore  
 J owe vnto a female child,  
 And that is this, a uerse jnstylde  
 My daughters dowrye; haueing which,  
 J'le leaue the then compleatly riche;  
 Insteade of gould, pearle, rubies, bonds,  
 Longe forsaite pawned diamonds,  
 Or antique pledges, house or lande;  
 J giue thee this that shall withstande  
 The blow of ruine and of chance:  
 Theis hurte not thyne jnheritance,  
 For 'tis ffee simple, and noe rent  
 Thou fortune ow'st for tenement;  
 Howeuier after tymes will praise,  
 This portion, my prophetique bayes,  
 Cannot deliuer vpp to th' rust,  
 Yet J keepe peacefull in my dust.  
 As for thy birth, and better seeds  
 (Those which must growe to vertuous deeds:  
 Thou didst deriue from that old'steem  
 Loue and Mercie, cherish them),  
 Which, like a vestall virgine ply  
 With holye fier, least that itt dye.  
 Growe vpp with mylder lawes to knowe  
 Att what tyme to say I or noe;  
 Lett manners teach thee wbeare to bee  
 More comely flowing, where les ffee:  
 Theis bringe thy husband, like to those  
 Old coynes and meddalls wee expose  
 To th' shew, but neuer part with; next  
 As in a more conspicuous text,  
 (Thy forehead) lett therin bee sign'd  
 The mayden candour of thy mynde;  
 And vnder it two chast-born spyas  
 To barr our bolde adulteryes:  
 Ffor through these optickes, fly the darter  
 Of lust, which sette on fier our hartes.  
 On eyther side of theis, quicke eares

Ther must bee plac'd, for seasoned feares,  
 Which sweeten loue, yett ne're come nighe  
 The plague of wilder jelousie.  
 Then lett each cheeks of thyne, intice  
 His soule as to a bedd of spice;  
 Wheare hee may roule, and loose his sence  
 As in a bedd of frankensence :  
 A lipp jnkyndlièd with that coale,  
 With which Loue chafes and warmes the soule  
 Bringe to hym next, and in it shew  
 Lounes cherries; from such fyers growe,  
 And haue their haruest, which must stand  
 The gathering of the lipp, not hand;  
 Then vnto theis, bee it thy care  
 To cloath thy words in gentle ayre,  
 That smooth as oyle, sweet, softe and cleane  
 As the childish bloome of beane,  
 They may fall downe and stroake (as the  
 Beames of the sunn the grācefull sea) :  
 With handes as smooth as mercies, bring  
 Hym for his better cherrishing.  
 That when thou doest his necke jnsnare,  
 Or with thy wrist, or fluttering hayre,  
 Hee may (a prisoner) ther discrye  
 Bondage more loued then lybertye;  
 A nature, soe well form'd, soe wrought,  
 To calme and tempest, lett bee brought  
 With thee, that should hee but jnclyne  
 To roughnes, claspe hym lyke a vine;  
 Or lyke as woole meetes steele, giue way  
 Vnto the passion, not to stay;  
 Wrath yf resisted ouer-boyles,  
 Jff not, it dyes, or eles recoyles;  
 And lastly, see you bring to hym,  
 Semewhat peculiar to each lymm;  
 And j charge thee to bee knowne  
 By n' other face, but by thyne owne.  
 Lett itt (in Lounes name) bee kept sleeke  
 Yett to bee found when hee shall seeke  
 It, and not jnstead of [to] saint,  
 Giue vpp his worth vnto the painte;  
 Ffor (trust me girle) shee ouer-does

Who by a double proxie woes :  
 But least j should forgett his bedd,  
 Bee sure thou bringe a mayden-head,  
 That is a Margarite, which lost,  
 Thou bring'st vnto his bedd a frost  
 Or a colde poyson, which his blood  
 Benummes like the forgettfull flood  
 Now for some jewells to supplie  
 The wante of eare-rings brauerye,  
 Ffor publike eyes ; take onely theis,  
 Ne're broughte far beyonde the seas ;  
 Theyre nobly-home-bred, yett haue price  
 Beyound the fare-fetch marchandize.  
 Obedience, wise-distrust, peace, shey  
 Distance, and sweet vrbانيتie :  
 Safe modestie, lou'd patience, feare  
 Of offending, temperance, deare  
 Constancie, bashfullnes, and all  
 The vertues lesse, 'or cardinall,  
 Take with my blessinge ; and goe forth  
 Injewelld with thy native worthe.  
 And now yf ther a man bee founde,  
 That lookes for such prepared grownd,  
 Lett hym, but with indifferent skill,  
 See good a soile bee-stocke and till ;  
 Hee may ere longe haue such a wyte,  
 Nourish in's breast, a Tree of Life.

iii. MR. ROBERT HERICKE HIS FARWELL VNTO  
 POETRIE. [1404.]

I HAUE behelde two louers, in a night  
 Hatcht o're with moone-shine, from their stolen  
 delight,—  
 When this to that, and that to this, had giuen  
 A kisse to such a jewell of the heuen :  
 Or while that each from other's breath did drinke  
 Healthes to the rose, the violet, or pinke,—  
 Call'd on the suddayne by the jealous mother,  
 Some strickter Mrs. or suspicious other,

Vrying diuorcement (woorse then death to theis)  
 By the soone gingling of some sleepy keyes  
 Parte with a hastye kisse; and in that shew  
 How stay thay would, yet forc't thay are to goe.  
 Euen such are wee: and in our parting, doe  
 Noe otherwise then as those former two;  
 Natures like ours, wee who haue spent our tyme  
 Both from the morning to the euening chyme;  
 Nay, till the bell-man of the night had tould  
 Past noone of night, yett weare the howers not old;  
 Nor dull'd with yron sleeps, but haue out-worne  
 The fresh and fayrest flourish of the morne  
 With flame, and rapture; drincking to the ode  
 Number of wyne, which makes vs full with God,  
 And yn that misticke frenzie, wee haue hurl'de,  
 (As with a tempeste) nature through the worlde,  
 And yn a whirl-wynd twirl'd her home, agast  
 Att that which in her extasie had past;  
 Thus crownd with rose-budds, sacke, thou mad'st  
 mee flye

Like fier-drakes, yett didst me no harme therby.  
 O thou allmightye nature, who did'st giue  
 True heate, whearwith humanitie doth liue  
 Beyond its stinted circle; giueing foode  
 White fame, and resurrection to the good;  
 Soaring them vpp, boue ruyne, till the doome  
 The generall Aprill of the worlde dothe come,  
 That makes all æquall. Manye thowsands should  
 (Wert not for thee) haue crumbled ynto mould,  
 And with thayr ceareclothes rotted, not to shew  
 Whether the world such sperritts had or noe,  
 Whearas by thee, those, and a million since,  
 Nor fate, nor enuye, cann theyr fames conuince.  
 Homer, Musæus, Ouid, Maro, more,  
 Of those god-full prophetts longe before  
 Helde there eternall fiers; and ours of late  
 (Thy mercie helping) shall resist stronge fate,  
 Nor stoope to th' center, but suruiue as longe  
 As fame or rumour, hath or trumpe or tongue;  
 But vnto mee, bee onely hoarse, since now  
 (Heauen and my soule beare record of my vowe)  
 I, my desires screw from thee, and directe

Them and my thoughts to that sublim'd respects  
 And conscience vnto priesthood ; tis not need  
 (The skarcrow vnto mankinde) that doth breed  
 Wisser conclusions in mee, since I knowe  
 I've more to beare my chardges, ther way to goe ;  
 Or had I not, I'de stopp the spreading itch  
 Off craueing more : soe yn conceipt be ritch ;  
 But tis the god of nature who yntends,  
 And shaps my function for more glorious ends :  
 Kisse, soe departe ; yett stay awhile to see  
 The lines of sorrowe, that lye drawne in mee  
 Yn speach, in picture ; noe otherwise then when,  
 (Judgment and death, denounc'd gainst guiltymen),  
 Each takes a weeping farewell, rackt in mynde  
 With joyes before, and pleasures left behind :  
 Shakeing the head, whilst each to each dothe  
     mourne  
 With thought thay 'goe, whence thay must ner  
     returne.

Soe with like lookes, as once the ministrell  
 Cast, leading his Euredice through hell,  
 I stricke thy loues, and greedyly persue  
 Thee, with myne eyes, or in, or out, of view.  
 Soe look't the Grecian oratour when sent  
 Ffroms natie cuntrye, into banishment,  
 Throwing his eye-balls backward to suruaye  
 The smoake of his belouèd Attica :  
 Soe Tullye look't, when from the brooks of Rome  
 The sad soule went, not with his loue, but doome :  
 Shooting his eye-darts 'gainst it, to surprise  
 Yt, or to drawe the cittie to his eyes.  
 Such is my parting with thee ; and to proue  
 Ther was not varnish (only) in my loue,  
 But substance, lo ! receaue this pearlye teare  
 Ffrozen with greife, and place it in thyne eare,  
 Then parte in name of peace ; and softly on  
 With numerous feete to Hoofy Helicon ;  
 And when thou 'art vppon that sacred hill  
 Amongest the thrice three sacred virgins, fill  
 A full brimm'd bowle of furye and of rage,  
 And quafe it to the prophets of our age ;  
 When drunck with raptur, curse the blind and lame

Base ballad-mongers, who vsurpe thy name  
 And fowle thy altar ; charme some ynto froggs,  
 Some to bee rapts, and others to bee hoggs ;  
 Ynto the loathsoms ['t] shapps thou canst deuise  
 To make ffooles hate them, onely by disguise ;  
 Thus with a kisse of warmth, and loue, I parte  
 Not soe, but that some relique yn my harte  
 Shall stand for euer, though I doe addresse  
 Chiefelye my selfe to what I must profess :  
 Knowe yet (rare soule) when my diuiner muse  
 Shall want a hand-mayde (as she ofte will vse),  
 Bee readye, thou for mee, to wayte vppon her,  
 Though as a seruant, yet a mayde of honor.  
 The crowne of dutye is our dutye : well  
 Doing's, the fruite of doinge well. Farewell.

iv. A CHARROLL PRESENTED TO DR. WILLIAMS, BP.  
 OF LINCOLNE, AS A NEWYEARS GUIFT. [1405.]

Hye hence, pale Care, noe more remember  
 Past sorrowes with the fled December,  
 But let each plesant cheeke appeare  
 Smooth as the childhood of the yeare,  
 And sing a carroll here. .  
 'Twas, braue, 'twas braue could we comand the  
 hand  
 Of Youths swift watch to stand  
 As you haue done your day,  
 Then should we not decay,  
 But all we wither, & our light  
 Is spilt in euerlasting night,  
 When as your sight  
 Shewes like the heavens about y<sup>e</sup> moone  
 Like an eternall noone,  
 That sees no setting sunn.

Keepe vp those flames, & though you shroud  
 Awhile your forehead in a cloude,  
 Doe it like the sun to write



I'th ayre, a greater text of light ;  
 Welcome to all our vowes,  
 And since you pay  
 To vs the day  
 Soe longe desir'd,  
 See we haue fyr'd  
 Our holy spicknard, and ther's non<sup>e</sup>  
 But brings his stick of cynamon,  
 His eager eye, or smoother smyle ;  
 And layes it gently on the pyle,  
 Which thus enkindled, we invoke  
 Your name amidst the sacred smoke.

*Chorus.* Come then, greate Lord,  
 And see our Alter burne  
 With love of your returne,  
 And not a man here but consumes  
 His soule to glad'you in perfumes.

v. SONG. HIS MISTRIS TO HIM AT HIS FARWELL.  
 [1406.]

You may vow Ile not forgett  
 To pay the debt,  
 Which to thy Memorie stands as due  
 As faith can seale It you!  
 Take then tribute of my teares,  
 So long as I haue feares  
 To prompt mee, I shall euer  
 Languish and looke, but thy returne see neuer :  
 Oh then to lessen my dispaire,  
 Print thy lips Into the ayre,  
 So by this  
 Meanes, I may kisse thy kisse,  
 whenas some kinde  
 winde  
 shall hither waft it ; and In leiw,  
 My lipps shall send a 1000 back to you.

## vi. VPON PARTING. [1407.]

Goe hence away, and in thy parting know  
 'tis not my voice, but heauens that bidds thee goe;  
 Spring hence thy faith, nor thinke it ill desart  
 I finde in thee, that makes me thus to part.  
 But voice of fame, and voice of heauen haue thunderd  
 we both were lost, if both of us not sunderd :  
 fould now thine armes, and in thy last looke reare  
 one Sighe of loue, and coole it with a teare :  
 since part we must, let's kisse ; that done, retire  
 with as cold frost, as erst we mett with fire ;  
 with such white vowes as fate can nere dissever  
 but truth knitt fast ; and so farewell for euer.

vii. UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE  
PLAYES. [1408.]

APOLLO sings, his harpe resounds : give roome,  
 For now behold the golden Pompe is come,  
 Thy Pompe of playes, which thousands come to see,  
 With admiration both of them and thee.  
 O Volume worthy, leafe by leafe, and cover,  
 To be with iuice of Cedar wash't all over ;  
 Here's words with lines, and lines with scenes  
 consent,  
 To raise an Act to full astonishment ;  
 Here melting numbers, words of power to move  
 Young men to swoone, and Maides to dye for love.  
*Love lyes a bleeding here, Evadne, there*  
 Swells with great rage, yet comely every where ;  
 Here's a *mad lover*, there that high designe  
 Of *King and no King*, (and the rare Plott thine.)  
 So that whene're wee circumsolve our Eyes,  
 Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varietyes,  
 Ravish our spirits, that entranc't wee see  
 None writes lov's passion in the world, like thee.

viii. THE NEW CHARON,  
UPON THE DEATH OF HENRY 'LORD HASTINGS.  
[1409.]

*The Musical part being set by M. Henry Lawes.*

The Speakers,

*Charon and Eucosmeia.*

*Euc.* CHARON, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore,  
And to thy many, take in one soul more.

*Cha.* Who calls? who calls? *Euc.* One over-  
whelm'd with ruth;

Have pity either on my tears or Youth,  
And take me in, who am in deep Distress;  
But first cast off thy wonted Churlishness.

*Cha.* I will be gentle as that Air which yeelds  
A breath of Balm along th' *Elizean* fields.  
Speak, what art thou? *Euc.* One once that  
had a lover,

Then which, thyself ne'er wafted sweeter over.  
He was—— *Cha.* Say what. *Euc.* Ay me,  
my woes are deep.

*Cha.* Prethee relate, while I give ear and weep.

*Euc.* He was an *Hastings*; and that one Name has  
In it all good, that is, and ever was.

He was my Life, my Love, my Joy; but di'd  
Some hours before I shou'd have been his  
Bride.

*Chorus.* Thus, thus the gods celestial still decree,  
For Humane Joy, Contingent Misery.

*Euc.* The hallowed Tapers all preparèd were,  
And Hymen call'd to bless the Rites. *Cha.*  
Stop there.

*Euc.* Great are my woes. *Cha.* And great 'must  
that Grief be,

That makes grim *Charon* thus to pity thee.  
But now, come in. *Euc.* More let me yet  
relate.

*Cha.* I cannot stay; more souls for waftage wait,  
And I must hence. *Euc.* Yet let me thus  
much know,

Departing hence, where Good and Bad souls  
go.

*\*Cha.* Those souls which ne'er were drencht in  
pleasures stream,  
The Fields of *Pluto* are reserv'd for them ;  
Where, drest with garlands, there they walk  
the ground,  
Whose blessèd Youth with endless flow'rs is  
crown'd.  
But such as have been drown'd in this wilde  
sea,  
For those is kept the Gulf of Hecatè ;  
Where, with their own contagion they are fed ;  
And there do punish, and are punishèd.  
This known, the rest of thy sad story tell,  
When on the Flood that nine times circles  
Hell.

*Chorus.* *We sail along, to visit mortals never ;  
But there to live, where Love shall last for ever.*

ix. EPITAPH ON THE TOMB OF SIR EDWARD GILES  
& HIS WIFE IN THE SOUTH AISLE OF DEAN  
PRIOR CHURCH, DEVON. [1410.]

No trust to Metals nor to Marbles, when  
These have their Fate, and wear away as Men ;  
Times, Titles, Trophies, may be lost and Spent ;  
But Vertue Rears the eternal Monument.  
What more than these can Tombs or Tomb-stones  
Pay ?

But here's the Sun-set of a Tedious day :  
These Two asleep are : I'll but be Vndrest  
And so to Bed : Pray wish us all Good Rest.



## INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	VOL.	PAGE
A bachelour I will . . . . .	i	16
About the sweet bag of a Bee . . . . .	i	39
Abundant plagues I late have had . . . . .	ii	184
A Christall Violl <i>Cupid</i> brought . . . . .	ii	11
Adverse and prosperous Fortunes both work on . . . . .	ii	178
Adversity hurts none, but onely such . . . . .	ii	34
Afflictions bring us joy in times to come . . . . .	ii	178
Afflictions they most profitable are . . . . .	ii	171
After the Feast (my <i>Shapcot</i> ) see . . . . .	i	214
After the rare Arch-Poet JOHNSON dy'd . . . . .	i	193
After this life, the wages shall . . . . .	ii	219
After thy labour take thine ease . . . . .	ii	160
After true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife . . . . .	ii	196
A funerall stone. . . . .	i	38
Against diseases here the strongest fence . . . . .	ii	159
A golden Flie one shew'd to me . . . . .	i	241
A <i>Gyges</i> Ring they beare about them still. . . . .	ii	48
Ah <i>Ben</i> ! . . . . .	ii	99
Ah <i>Biancha</i> ! now I see . . . . .	ii	123
Ah, cruell Love must I endure . . . . .	i	95
Ah! <i>Lycidas</i> , come tell me why . . . . .	i	238
Ah my <i>Anthea</i> ! Must my heart still break? . . . . .	i	31
Ah! my <i>Perilla</i> ! do'st thou grieve to see . . . . .	i	10
Ah <i>Posthumus</i> ! Our yeares hence flye . . . . .	i	170
Aime! I love, give him your hand to kisse . . . . .	ii	79
A just man's like a Rock that turnes the wroth . . . . .	i	196
Alas! I can't, for tell me how . . . . .	ii	153
A little mushroome-table spread . . . . .	i	154
A little Saint best fits a little Shrine . . . . .	ii	47
All are not ill Plots, that doe sometimes faile . . . . .	ii	156
All has been plundered from me, but my wit . . . . .	ii	77

	VOL.	PAGE
All I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me .	ii	207
All things are open to these two events. .	i	236
<i>All things decay with Time: The Forrest sees</i>	i	29
All things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance . .	i	257
All things subjected are to Fate . . . .	i	272
Along, come along . . . . .	ii	140
A long-lifes-day I've taken paines . . . .	i	277
Along the dark, and silent night . . . .	ii	209
Although our suffering meet with no reliefe	ii	159
Although we cannot turne the fervent fit .	ii	187
A Man prepar'd against all ills to come .	i	165
A mans transgression God do's then remit.	ii	192
A Master of a house (as I have read) . .	ii	59
Am I despis'd, because you say . . . . .	i	80
Among disasters that discention brings . .	ii	61
Among the <i>Mirtles</i> , as I walkt. . . . .	i	136
Among these Tempests great and manifold	ii	139
Among thy Fancies, tell me this . . . .	i	167
And as time past when <i>Cato</i> the Severe .	ii	114
And Cruell Maid, because I see . . . . .	i	77
And must we part, because some say . . .	i	63
Angells are call'd Gods; yet of them, none	ii	218
Angry if <i>Irene</i> be . . . . .	i	265
An old, old widow <i>Gredy</i> needs wo'd wed.	i	166
<i>Anthea</i> bade me tye her shooc . . . . .	i	16
<i>Anthea</i> I am going hence . . . . .	ii	83
<i>Anthea</i> laught, and fearing lest excesse .	ii	128
Apollo sings, his harpe resounds: give		
roome . . . . .	ii	263
A prayer, that is said alone . . . . .	ii	221
A Rowle of Parchment <i>Clunn</i> about him		
beares. . . . .	ii	107
<i>Art quickens Nature: Care will, make a face</i>	i	125
Art thou not destin'd? then, with hast, go		
on . . . . .	ii	233
As Gilly flowers do but stay . . . . .	i	162
As in our clothes, so likewise he who looks	i	263
As is your name, so is your comely face .	ii	124
As <i>Julia</i> once a-slumbring lay . . . . .	i	90
Aske me what hunger is, and Ile reply . .	ii	105
Aske me, why I do not sing . . . . .	i	168
Aske me why I send you here . . . . .	i	271
As lately I a Garland bound . . . . .	i	123
As many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse .	ii	40
As my little Pot doth boyle . . . . .	ii	245

	VOL.	PAGE
As oft as Night is banish'd by the Morne .	i	33
As shews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd . . . . .	i	52
As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in . . . . .	ii	227
As thou deserv'st, be proud; then gladly let . . . . .	i	253
As wearied <i>Pilgrims</i> , once possess . . . .	i	282
A sweet disorder in the dresse . . . . .	i	35
At Draw-Gloves we'l play . . . . .	i	127
At my homely Country-seat . . . . .	i	197
At Post and Paire, or Slam, <i>Tom Tuck</i> would play . . . . .	ii	31
At Stool-ball, <i>Lucia</i> , let us play . . . .	ii	32
<i>Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt</i> .	ii	129
A wanton and lascivious eye . . . . .	ii	53
A way encha'n't with glasse & beads . . .	i	116
Away with silks, away with Lawn . . . .	i	199
• A wearied Pilgrim, I have wandred here .	ii	151
A willow Garland thou did'st send . . .	i	209
<i>Bacchus</i> , let me drink no more . . . . .	i	157
Bad are all surfeits; but Physitians call .	ii	95
Barre close as you can, and bolt fast too your doore . . . . .	i	124
<i>Batt</i> he gets children, not for love to reare 'em . . . . .	i	91
Beauti's no other but a lovely Grace . . .	ii	80
Beauty, no other thing is, then a Beame .	i	42
Be bold, my Booke, nor be abasht, or feare	i	277
Before Mans fall, the Rose was born . . .	ii	243
Before the Press scarce one co'd see . . .	ii	96
Beginne with <i>Jove</i> ; then is the worke halfe done . . . . .	i	164
Begin to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine eares . . . . .	i	86
Begin with a kisse . . . . .	ii	44
Bell-man of Night, if I about shall go . .	ii	178
Be not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe . . . . .	ii	128
Be not proud, but now encline . . . . .	i	124
Besides us two, i' th' Temple here's not one	i	218
Be the Mistresse of my choice . . . . .	ii	23
Be those few hours, which I have yet to spend . . . . .	ii	237



	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Biancha</i> , Let . . . . .	i	37
<i>Bice</i> laughs, when no man speaks; and doth protest . . . . .	ii	67
Bid me to live, and I will live . . . . .	i	139
Bind me but to thee with thine haire . . . . .	ii	105
Blanch swears her Husband's lovely; when a scald . . . . .	i	42
Blessings, in abundance come . . . . .	i	160
<i>Blisse</i> (last night drunk) did kisse his mothers knee . . . . .	ii	108
<i>Boreman</i> takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes; yet <i>Boreman</i> . . . . .	ii	134
Borne I was to meet with Age . . . . .	i	249
Born I was to be old . . . . .	i	256
Both you two have . . . . .	i	143
Break off Delay, since we but read of one . . . . .	ii	50
Breathe, <i>Julia</i> , breathe, and I'll protest . . . . .	i	80
Bright Tulips, we do know . . . . .	i	20
Bring me my Rose-buds, Drawer come . . . . .	i	272
Bring the holy crust of Bread . . . . .	ii	92
Brisk methinks I am, and fine . . . . .	ii	125
<i>Broomsted</i> a lameness got by cold and Beere . . . . .	i	261
Brown bread <i>Tom Pennic</i> cats, and must of right . . . . .	ii	126
<i>Buggins</i> is Drunk all night, all day he sleeps . . . . .	ii	129
<i>Bungie</i> do's fast; looks pale; puts Sack- cloth on . . . . .	i	157
Burne, or drowne me, choose ye whether . . . . .	ii	54
<i>Burr</i> is a smell-feast, and a man alone . . . . .	ii	108
But borne, and like a short Delight . . . . .	i	80
By Dream I saw, one of the three . . . . .	i	198
By houres we all live here, in Heaven is known . . . . .	ii	257
By so much, vertue is the lesse . . . . .	ii	53
By the next kindling of the day . . . . .	ii	75
By the weak'st means things mighty are o'rethrown . . . . .	ii	35
By those soft <i>Tods</i> of wooll . . . . .	ii	58
By Time, and Counsell, doe the best we can . . . . .	i	154
Call me no more . . . . .	i	155
Can I not come to Thee, my God, for these . . . . .	ii	182
Can I not sin, but thou wilt be . . . . .	ii	188

	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Care keeps the Conquest; 'tis no lesse renowne . . . . .</i>	ii	123
<i>Case is a Lawyer that near pleads alone . .</i>	ii	118
<i>Center is known weak sighted, and he sells</i>	i	199
<i>Charm me asleep, and melt me so . . . .</i>	i	122
<i>Charms, that call down the moon from out her sphere . . . . .</i>	i	127
<i>Charon, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore . . . . .</i>	ii	266
<i>Charon! O gentle Charon! let me wooe thee . . . . .</i>	ii	45
<i>Cherrie-ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry . . . . .</i>	i	24
<i>Choose me your Valentine . . . . .</i>	i	40
<i>Christ, He requires still, wheresoere He comes . . . . .</i>	ii	188
<i>Christ, I have read, did to His Chaplains say . . . . .</i>	ii	216
<i>Christ never did so great a work, but there</i>	ii	233
<i>Christ took our Nature on Him, not that He</i>	ii	235
<i>Christ was not sad, i'th garden, for His own</i>	ii	222
<i>Christ, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse upon . . . . .</i>	ii	223
<i>Cleere are her eyes . . . . .</i>	i	252
<i>Close keep your lips, if that you meane . .</i>	ii	48
<i>Cob clouts his shooes, and as the story tells</i>	ii	16
<i>Cock calls his Wife his Hen: when Cock goes too't . . . . .</i>	i	279
<i>Come and let's in soleinn wise . . . . .</i>	ii	87
<i>Come, Anthea, know thou this . . . . .</i>	ii	28
<i>Come Anthea let us two . . . . .</i>	ii	55
<i>Come blithfull Neatherds, let us lay . . .</i>	ii	38
<i>Come, bring with a noise . . . . .</i>	ii	64
<i>Come bring your sampler, and with Art . .</i>	i	12
<i>Come come away . . . . .</i>	i	175
<i>Come down, and dance ye in the toyle . .</i>	i	11
<i>Come guard this night the Christmas-Pie .</i>	ii	65
<i>Come, leave this loathed Country-life, and then . . . . .</i>	i	223
<i>Comely Acts well; and when he speaks his part . . . . .</i>	ii	68
<i>Come pitie us, all ye, who see . . . . .</i>	ii	210
<i>Come sit we by the fires side . . . . .</i>	ii	7
<i>Come sit we under yonder Tree . . . . .</i>	i	281
<i>Come, skilfull Lupo, now, and take . . .</i>	i	49
<i>Come, Sons of Summer, by whose toile . .</i>	i	129

	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Come then, and like two Doves with silv'rie wings . . . . .</i>	i	267
<i>Come thou not neere those men, who are like Bread . . . . .</i>	i	8
<i>Come thou, who art the Wine, and wit . . . . .</i>	i	246
<i>Come to me God ; but do not come . . . . .</i>	ii	238
<i>Come with the Spring-time forth Fair Maid, and he . . . . .</i>	i	179
<i>Command the Roofe, great Genius, and from thence . . . . .</i>	ii	42
<i>Confession twofold is (as Austine sayes) . . . . .</i>	ii	241
<i>Conformity gives comelinesse to things . . . . .</i>	ii	138
<i>Conformity was ever knowne . . . . .</i>	i	32
<i>Conquer we shall, but we must first contend . . . . .</i>	ii	105
<i>Consider sorrowes, how they are aright . . . . .</i>	ii	71
<i>Consult ere thou begin'st, that done, go on . . . . .</i>	ii	51
<i>Crab faces gownes with sundry Furres ; 'tis known . . . . .</i>	ii	25
<i>Craw cracks in sirrop ; and do's stinking say . . . . .</i>	i	210
<i>Crooked you are, but that dislikes not me . . . . .</i>	i	127
<i>Cuffe comes to church much ; but he keeps his bed . . . . .</i>	i	50
<i>Cupid as he lay among . . . . .</i>	i	64
<i>Curse not the mice, no grist of thine they eat . . . . .</i>	i	181
<i>Cynthius pluck ye by the care . . . . .</i>	i	68
<i>Dead falls the Cause, if once the Hand be mute . . . . .</i>	i	158
<i>Dean-bourn, farewell ; I never look to see . . . . .</i>	i	37
<i>Deare Perenna, prethee come . . . . .</i>	i	115
<i>Dearest of thousands, now the time drawes neere . . . . .</i>	ii	6
<i>Deare, though to part it be a Hell . . . . .</i>	i	43
<i>Deer God . . . . .</i>	ii	196
<i>Despaire takes heart, when ther's no hope to speed . . . . .</i>	ii	126
<i>Dew sate on Julia's haire . . . . .</i>	i	235
<i>Did I or love, or could I others draw . . . . .</i>	i	262
<i>Die ere long, I'm sure, I shall . . . . .</i>	ii	143
<i>Discreet and prudent we that Discord call . . . . .</i>	ii	51
<i>Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me . . . . .</i>	i	123
<i>Doll she so soone began the wanton trade . . . . .</i>	i	193

	VOL.	PAGE
Do's Fortune rend thee? Beare with thy hard Fate . . . . .	ii	73
Do with me, God! as Thou didst deal with <i>John</i> . . . . .	ii	171
Down with the Rosemary and Bayes. . . .	ii	93
Down with the Rosemary, and so. . . .	ii	120
Dread not the shackles: on with thine intent. . . . .	ii	136
Drinke up . . . . .	ii	123
Drink Wine, and live here blithefull, while ye may . . . . .	ii	18
Droop, droop no more, or hang the head . .	i	8
Drowning, drowning, I espie . . . . .	ii	116
Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrows raine . . . . .	i	135
Dull to my selfe, and almost dead to these.	i	279
<i>Dundrige</i> his issue hath; but is not styl'd.	i	254
Each must, in vertue, strive for to excell .	i	155
Eaten I have; and though I had good cheere . . . . .	i	256
<i>Eeles</i> winds and turnes, and cheats and steales; yet <i>Eeles</i> . . . . .	i	198
E'ene all Religious courses to be rich . .	ii	68
Empires of Kings, are now, and ever were.	i	211
End now the White-loafe, & the Pye. . . .	ii	95
Ere J goe hence and bee noe more. . . .	ii	258
Every time seemes short to be . . . . .	i	211
Evill no Nature hath; the losse of good . .	ii	202
Examples lead us, and wee likely see . .	ii	54
Excesse is sluttish: keepe the meane; for why? . . . . .	ii	157
Fain would I kisse my <i>Julia's</i> dainty Leg.	i	178
Faire and foule dayes trip Crosse and Pile; The faire . . . . .	i	246
Faire Daffadills, we weep to see . . . .	i	161
Faire pledges of a fruitfull Tree . . . .	i	229
Faire was the Dawne; and but e'ne now the Skies . . . . .	i	104
Faith is a thing that's four-square; let it fall . . . . .	ii	103
Fame's pillar here, at last, we set. . . .	ii	162
Farewell thou Thing, time-past so knowne, so deare . . . . .	i	58

	VOL.	PAGE
Fat be my Hinde; unlearned be my wife . . .	ii	106
<i>Feacie</i> (some say) doth wash her clothes i'th'		
Lie . . . . .	i	231
Fie, (quoth my Lady) what a stink is here?	i	276
Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'come	i	26
Fill me a mighty Bowle . . . . .	ii	18
Fill me my Wine in Christall; thus, and thus . . . . .	i	242
First, <i>April</i> , she with mellow showers . . .	i	29
First, for Effusions due unto the dead . . .	i	30
First, for your shape, the curio is cannot shew . . . . .	i	245
First, <i>Jollies</i> wife is lame; then next, loose- hipt . . . . .	i	80
First, may the hand of bounty bring . . .	ii	102
First offer Incense, then thy field and meads	i	184
Fled are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare . . . . .	ii	14
<i>Flood</i> , if he has for him and his a bit . . .	ii	157
Fly me not, though I be gray . . . . .	i	252
Fly to my Mistresse, pretty pilfring Bee . .	i	129
Fold now thine armes; and hang the head.	i	61
<i>Fone</i> sayes, those mighty whiskers he do's weare . . . . .	i	50
Foolles are they, who never know . . . . .	i	123
For a kiss or two, confesse . . . . .	ii	121
For all our workes, a recompence is sure . .	ii	81
For all thy many courtesies to me . . . . .	ii	69
For being comely, consonant, and free . . .	i	274
For brave comportment, wit without offence	ii	109
For civill, cleane, and circumcised wit . . .	i	252
For each one Body, that i'th earth is gowne	ii	232
For my embalming, <i>Julia</i> , do buy this . . .	i	166
For my neighbour Ile not know . . . . .	i	107
For my part I never care . . . . .	i	104
For one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts . . .	i	156
For punishment in warre, it will suffice . .	i	169
For ropes of pearle, first <i>Madam Vrsly</i> showes . . . . .	ii	24
For second course, last night, a Custard came . . . . .	i	61
For sport my <i>Julia</i> threw a Lace . . . . .	i	154
For thirty yeares, <i>Tubbs</i> has been proud and poor . . . . .	ii	117
For Those my unbaptized Rhimes . . . . .	ii	165

	VOL.	PAGE
For truth I may this sentence tell . . . .	ii	143
Fortune did never favour one . . . .	i	249
Fortune no higher Project can devise . . .	ii	255
Fortune's a blind profuser of her own . .	ii	32
<i>Franck</i> ne'r wore silk she swears; but I reply . . . . .	i	271
<i>Franck</i> wo'd go scoure her teeth; and set- ting to't . . . . .	ii	44
Fresh strowings allow . . . . .	ii	55
Frollick Virgins once these were . . . .	i	196
From me my <i>Silvia</i> ranne away . . . .	ii	98
From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free . .	i	155
From the dull confines of the drooping West	ii	37
From the Temple to your home . . . .	ii	8
From this bleeding hand of mine . . . .	i	113
Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may . . . .	i	107
Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne . . . . .	i	86
Give house-roume to the best; 'Tis never <i>known</i> . . . . .	ii	105
Give, if thou canst, an Almes; if not, afford	ii	188
Give me a Cell . . . . .	ii	59
Give me a man that is not dull . . . .	ii	138
Give me a reason why men call . . . .	ii	77
Give me Honours! what are these . . . .	ii	186
Give me one kisse . . . . .	i	255
Give me that man, that dares bestride . .	i	39
Give me the food that satisfies a Guest . .	ii	67
Give me wine, and give me meate . . . .	ii	4
Give unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st .	ii	235
Give <i>Want</i> her welcome if she comes; we find . . . . .	i	278
Give way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun . .	i	255
Give way, give way, now, now my <i>Charles</i> shines here . . . . .	ii	30
Give way, give way ye Gates, and win . .	i	231
<i>Glasco</i> had none, but now some teeth has got . . . . .	i	60
<i>Glassc</i> , out of deepe, and out of desprate want . . . . .	i	195
Wide, gentle streams, and beare . . . .	i	55
Glory be to the Graces! . . . . .	ii	61
Glory no other thing is ( <i>Tullie</i> sayes) . .	ii	36
God, as He is most Holy knowne . . . .	ii	171

	VOL.	PAGE
God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known	ii	217
God (as the learned <i>Damascen</i> doth write).	ii	222
God brought man here with his heart's blood expence . . . . .	ii	233
God can do all things, save but what are known . . . . .	ii	222
God can't be wrathfull; but we may con- clude . . . . .	ii	245
God co'd have made all rich, or all men poore	ii	188
Goddesse, I begin an Art. . . . .	i	253
Goddesse, I do love a Girle . . . . .	i	175
Goddesse of Youth, and Lady of the Spring	i	137
God did forbid the Israelites, to bring . .	ii	225
God doth embrace the good with love; & gaines . . . . .	ii	232
God doth not promise here to man, that He	ii	243
God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes	ii	218
God gives not onely corne, for need . . .	ii	187
God gives to none so absolute an Ease . .	ii	230
God had but one Son free from sin; but none . . . . .	ii	217
God has a Right Hand, but is quite hereft.	ii	240
God has <i>four</i> keyes, which He reserves alone	ii	235
God has His whips here to a twofold end .	ii	171
God hates the <i>Duall</i> Number; being known	ii	242
God hath this world for many made; 'tis true . . . . .	ii	230
God hath two wings, which He doth ever move . . . . .	ii	167
God heares us when we pray, but yet defers	ii	172
God He refuseth no man; but makes way.	ii	216
God He rejects all Prayers that are sleight,	ii	168
God hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He . . . . .	ii	218
God in His own Day will be then severe .	ii	221
God, in the <i>holy Tongue</i> , they call . . .	ii	227
God is above the sphere of our esteem . .	ii	166
God is all fore-part; for, we never see . .	ii	170
God is <i>all-present</i> to whate're we do . . .	ii	240
God is all-suffrance here; here He doth show . . . . .	ii	189
God, is His Name of Nature; but that word	ii	218
God is <i>Jehorah</i> cal'd; which name of His .	ii	227
God is more here, then in another place .	ii	229
God is not onely mercifull, to call . . .	ii	170

	VOL.	PAGE
God is not onely said to be . . . . .	ii	166
God is so potent, as His Power can . . . .	ii	225
God is then said for to descend, when He .	ii	241
God loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins) . . . . .	ii	108
God makes not good men wantons, but doth bring . . . . .	ii	206
God n'ere afflicts us more then our desert .	ii	167
God on our Youth bestowes but little ease .	ii	224
God pardons those, who do through frailty sin . . . . .	ii	173
Gods boundlesse mercy is (to sinfull man) .	ii	168
Gods Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse . .	ii	190
God scourgeth some severely, some He spares	ii	170
God's evilent, and may be said to be . . .	ii	227
Gods Grace deserves here to be daily fed .	ii	216
God's hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may fall . . . . .	ii	220
God's <i>Prescience makes none sinfull</i> ; but th' offence. . . . .	ii	234
God's present ev'ry where; but most of all.	ii	231
God's Rod doth watch while men do sleep, & then. . . . .	ii	170
God's said our hearts to harden then . . .	ii	243
God's said to dwell there, wheresoever He .	ii	228
God's said to leave this place, and for to come . . . . .	ii	227
God still rewards us more then our desert .	ii	241
God strikes His Church, but 'tistothis intent	ii	173
God suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere . . . . .	ii	239
God's undivided, <i>One in Persons Three</i> . .	ii	228
God tempteth no one (as S. <i>Aug'stine</i> saith)	ii	220
God then confounds man's face, when He not hears . . . . .	ii	223
God ! to my little meale and oyle . . . .	ii	216
God when for sin He makes His Children smart . . . . .	ii	170
God when He's angry here with any one .	ii	167
God when He takes my goods and chattels hence . . . . .	ii	195
God, who me gives a will for to repent . .	ii	244
God, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence	ii	222
God will have all, or none; serve Him, or fall . . . . .	ii	183



	VOL.	PAGE
Goe, happy Rose, and enterwove . . . . .	i	126
Goe hence away, and in thy parting know . .	ii	285
Goe, perjur'd man; and if thou ere return .	i	64
Goes the world now, it will with thee goe hard	i	28
Goe thou forth, my booke, though late, . .	ii	161
Go hence, and with this parting kisse . . .	i	226
Go I must; when I am gone . . . . .	i	259
Gold I have none, but I present my need . .	ii	204
Gold I've none, for use or show . . . . .	i	113
Gold serves for Tribute to the King . . . .	ii	213
Gone she is a long, long way . . . . .	ii	81
Good and great God! how sho'd I feare . .	ii	242
Good day, <i>Mirtillo</i> . <i>Mirt.</i> And to you no lesse . . . . .	i	109
Good morrow to the day so fair . . . . .	i	202
Good Precepts we must firmly hold . . . .	i	243
Good princes must be pray'd for: for the bad	i	41
Good speed, for I this day . . . . .	i	111
Good things, that come, of course, far lesse doe please . . . . .	i	158
Go on, brave <i>Hopton</i> , to effectuate that . .	ii	127
Go prettie child, and beare this Flower . .	ii	185
Go wooe young <i>Charles</i> no more to looke . .	i	279
Great Cities seldom rest: If there be none .	ii	136
Great men by small meanes oft are over- thrown . . . . .	i	236
Grow for two ends, it matters not at all . .	ii	24
Grow up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin . .	ii	119
<i>Groynes</i> , for his fleshly <i>Burglary</i> of late . .	i	136
<i>Grubs</i> loves his Wife and Children, while that they . . . . .	ii	148
<i>Grudgings</i> turnes bread to stones, when to the Poore . . . . .	ii	8
<i>Gryll</i> eats, but ne're sayes Grace; To speak the troth . . . . .	i	62
<i>Gubbs</i> calls his children <i>Killings</i> : and wo'd bound . . . . .	i	102
<i>Gucsse</i> cuts his shooes, and limping, goes about . . . . .	i	126
Haile holy, and all-honour'd Tomb . . . .	ii	251
<i>Hauch</i> , since he (lately) did interre his wife	ii	30
Hang up Hooks, and Sheers to scare . . .	ii	93
Hansome you are, and Proper you will be .	ii	113
Happily I had a sight . . . . .	ii	132

	VOL.	PAGE
Happy's that man, to whom God gives . . .	ii	181
<i>Hard are the two first staires unto a Crowne</i>	ii	103
<i>Haste is unhappy; what we Rashly do</i> . . .	ii	71
Hast thou attempted greatnesse? then go on	ii	51
Hast thou begun an act? ne're then give o're	ii	29
Have, have ye no regard, all ye . . . . .	ii	248
Have I not blest Thee? Then go forth; nor fear . . . . .	i	200
Have ye beheld (with much delight) . . .	i	213
Health is no other (as the learned hold) . .	ii	29
Health is the first good lent to men . . .	i	55
Heare, ye Virgins, and Ile teach . . . . .	i	155
Heaven is not given for our good works here	ii	235
Heav'n is most faire; but fairer He . . . .	ii	222
Hell is no other, but a soundlesse pit . . .	ii	209
Hell is the place where whipping-cheer abounds . . . . .	ii	209
Helpe me! helpe me! now I call . . . . .	i	12
Help me, <i>Julia</i> , for to pray . . . . .	ii	146
Hence a blessed soule is fled . . . . .	i	275
Hence, hence, profane; soft silence let us have . . . . .	i	114
Hence, hence prophane, and none appeare.	ii	200
Hence they have born my Lord; behold! the Stone . . . . .	ii	252
Here a little child I stand . . . . .	ii	197
Here a pretty Baby lies . . . . .	ii	13
Here a solenine Fast we keepe . . . . .	i	220
Here down my wearyed limbs Ile lay . . .	i	157
Here, here I live . . . . .	i	222
Here, here I live with what my Board . . .	i	260
Here I my selfe might likewise die . . .	ii	67
Here lies a Virgin, and as sweet . . . . .	ii	57
Here lyes <i>Johnson</i> with the rest . . . . .	ii	99
Here she lies, a pretty hūd . . . . .	i	159
Here she lyes (in Bed of Spice) . . . . .	ii	79
Here we are all, by day: By night w'are hurl'd . . . . .	i	26
Here we securely live, and cate . . . . .	i	257
Her Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee . . .	ii	4
Her pretty feet . . . . .	i	252
He that ascended in a cloud, shall come .	ii	222
<i>He that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound</i>	ii	221
<i>He that may sin, sins least; Leave to trans- gress</i> . . . . .	i	140

	VOL.	PAGE
He that will live of all cares dispossess . . .	ii	170
He that will not love, must be . . .	i	181
He who commends the vanquish'd, speaks the Power . . .	i	281
He, who has suffer'd Ship-wrack, fears to saile . . .	i	277
He who wears Blacks, and mourns not for the Dead . . .	ii	140
Hog has a place i'th' Kitchen, and his share	ii	148
Holy-rood come forth, and shield . . .	i	230
Holy Water come and bring . . .	ii	59
Holy waters hither bring . . .	ii	118
Honour thy Parents; but good manners call	ii	197
Honour to you who sit . . .	ii	62
Horne sells to others teeth; but has not one . . .	i	275
How am I bound to Two! God who doth give . . .	ii	186
How am I ravisht! when I do but see . .	i	178
How can I choose but love, and follow her.	i	235
How co'd <i>Luke Smeaton</i> weare a shoe, or boot . . .	ii	35
How dull and dead are books, that cannot show . . .		181
How fierce was I, when I did see . . .	ii	106
How long, <i>Perenna</i> , wilt thou see . . .	i	230
How Love came in, I do not know . . .	i	30
How rich a man is, all desire to know . .	i	166
How rich and pleasing thou, my <i>Julia</i> art.	i	38
How well contented in this private <i>Grange</i>	ii	127
Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go .	ii	195
<i>Huncks</i> ha's no money (he do's swear, or say) . . .	i	225
Hye hence, pale Care, noe more remember.	ii	263
I abhor the slinxie kisse . . .	ii	90
I a <i>Dirge</i> will pen for thee . . .	ii	119
I am holy, while I stand . . .	ii	17
I am of all hereft . . .	i	225
I am Sive-like, and can hold . . .	i	150
I am zeallesse; prethee pray . . .	ii	83
I askt my <i>Lucia</i> but a kisse. . .	i	277
I ask't thee oft, what Poets thou hast read	i	56
I beginne to waine in sight . . .	i	234
I brake thy Bracelet 'gainst my will . . .	ii	35

	VOL.	PAGE
Bring ye Love. <i>Quest.</i> What will love do?	ii	196
Burn, I burn; and beg of you . . . . .	i	65
I call, I call: who doe ye call? . . . . .	i	143
I can but name thee, and methinks I call . . . . .	i	168
I cannot love, as I have lov'd before . . . . .	ii	58
I cannot pipe as I was wont to do . . . . .	i	267
I cannot suffer; and in this, my part . . . . .	i	219
I co'd but see thee yesterday . . . . .	ii	76
I co'd never love indeed . . . . .	i	237
I could wish you all, who love . . . . .	i	151
I crawl, I creep; my <i>Christ</i> , I come . . . . .	ii	215
I dare not ask a kisse . . . . .	ii	23
I dislikt but even now . . . . .	i	201
I do believe, that die I must . . . . .	ii	191
I doe love I know not what . . . . .	i	273
I do not love, nor can it be . . . . .	i	201
I do not love to wed . . . . .	i	208
I dream'd this mortal part of mine . . . . .	i	20
I dream'd we both were in a bed . . . . .	i	25
I dreamt, last night, Thou didst transfuse . . . . .	ii	189
I dreamt the Roses one time went . . . . .	i	9
If Accusation onely can draw blood . . . . .	i	253
If after rude and boystrous seas . . . . .	i	121
If all transgressions here should have their pay . . . . .	ii	172
If any thing delight me for to print . . . . .	ii	186
If, deare <i>Anthea</i> , my hard fate it be . . . . .	i	13
I feare no Earthly Powers . . . . .	i	83
If felt and heard, (unseen) thou dost me please . . . . .	ii	157
If hap it must, that I must see thee lye . . . . .	ii	113
If I dare write to You, my Lord, who are . . . . .	i	243
If I have plaid the <i>Truant</i> , or have here . . . . .	ii	245
If I kisse <i>Anthea's</i> brest . . . . .	i	75
If I lye unburi'd Sir . . . . .	ii	74
If Kings and Kingdomes, once distracted be . . . . .	ii	156
If little labour, little are our gaines . . . . .	ii	52
If meat the Gods give, I the steame . . . . .	i	28
If men can say that beauty dyes . . . . .	i	265
If 'mongst my many Poems, I can see . . . . .	i	81
If Nature do deny . . . . .	ii	13
If some times you your Bride-groome kisse . . . . .	i	272
I freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwels . . . . .	i	10
If so be a Toad be laid . . . . .	i	273
If that my Fate has now fulfill'd my yeere . . . . .	ii	84

	VOL.	PAGE
If thou aske me (Deare) wherefore . . . . .	i	242
If Thou beest taken, <i>God</i> forbid . . . . .	ii	247
If thou dislik'st the Piece thou fight'st on first . . . . .	i	7
If thou hast found an honie-combe . . . . .	ii	99
If warre, or want shall make me grow so poore . . . . .	ii	176
If well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast . . . . .	ii	5
If well thou hast begun, goe on fore-right . . . . .	i	158
If when these Lyricks (CESAR) You shall heare . . . . .	i	137
If wholesome Diet can re-cure a man . . . . .	ii	140
If wounds in clothes, <i>Cuts</i> calls his rags, 'tis cleere . . . . .	i	186
If ye feare to be affrighted . . . . .	ii	144
If ye will with <i>Mab</i> find grace . . . . .	i	261
I haue behelde two louers, in a night . . . . .	ii	260
I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold . . . . .	ii	159
I have been wanton, and too bold I feare . . . . .	ii	153
I have lost, and lately, these . . . . .	i	19
I have my Laurel Chaplet on my head . . . . .	ii	143
I have seen many Maidens to have haire . . . . .	i	267
I heard ye co'd coole heat ; and came . . . . .	i	203
I held Love's head while it did ake . . . . .	i	245
I lately fri'd, but now behold . . . . .	ii	101
I'll come, I'll creep, (though Thou dost threat) . . . . .	ii	179
I'll come to thee in all those shapes . . . . .	i	75
I'll do my best to win, when'ere I wooe . . . . .	i	39
I'll get me hence . . . . .	i	279
I'll hope no more . . . . .	ii	203
I'll sing no more, nor will I longer write . . . . .	ii	19
I'll to thee a Simnell bring . . . . .	ii	30
I'll write, because I'll give . . . . .	i	41
I'll write no more of Love ; but now repent . . . . .	ii	161
I make no haste to have my Numbers read . . . . .	ii	5
I'm free from thee ; and thou no more shalt heare . . . . .	i	21
Immortall clothing I put on . . . . .	ii	73
<i>Impuritie doth ever discord bring</i> . . . . .	ii	71
I'm sick of Love ; O let me lie . . . . .	i	205
I must . . . . .	ii	724
In a Dreame, Love bad me go . . . . .	ii	7
In all our high designments, 'twill appeare . . . . .	ii	103
In all thy need, be thou possest . . . . .	ii	42

	VOL.	PAGE
In Battailes what disasters fall . . . .	ii	100
In Den'shire Kerzie <i>Lusk</i> (when he was dead) . . . . .	ii	158
In desp'rate cases, all, or most are known .	ii	76
In doing justice, God shall then be known .	ii	239
In Gods commands, ne're ask the reason why . . . . .	ii	245
In God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be	ii	223
In holy meetings, there a man may be . .	i	212
In man, Ambition is the common'st thing .	i	26
In Numbers, and but these few . . . . .	ii	173
In Prayer the Lips nee'r act the winning part . . . . .	ii	174
In sober mornings, doe not thou rehearse .	i	8
Instead of Orient Pearls, of Jet . . . . .	i	16
Instruct me now, what love will do . . .	ii	147
In's <i>Tusclanes</i> , <i>Tullic</i> doth confesse . . .	ii	158
In the hope of ease to come . . . . .	ii	134
In the houre of my distresse . . . . .	ii	176
In the morning when ye rise . . . . .	ii	144
In the old Scripture I have often read . .	ii	174
In things a moderation keepe . . . . .	ii	62
In this little Urne is laid . . . . .	ii	63
In this little Vault she lyes . . . . .	i	67
In this misfortune Kings doe most excell .	ii	104
In this world (the <i>Isle of Dreames</i> ) . . . .	ii	215
In time of life, I grac't ye with my Verse .	i	177
In vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be	ii	218
In wayes to greatnesse, think on this . .	ii	20
I plaid with Love, as with the fire . . . .	i	264
I prest my <i>Julia's</i> lips, and in the kisse .	ii	34
I saw about her spotlesse wrist . . . . .	i	82
I saw a Cherry weep, and why? . . . . .	i	13
I saw a Flie within a Beede . . . . .	ii	72
I send, I send here my supremest kiss . .	ii	135
I sing of <i>Brooks</i> , of <i>Blossomes</i> , Birds, and <i>Bowers</i> . . . . .	i	5
I sing thy praise <i>Iacchus</i> . . . . .	ii	60
Is this a Fast, to keep . . . . .	ii	236
Is this a life, to break thy sleep . . . . .	ii	25
Is <i>Zelot</i> pure? he is: ye see he weares . .	ii	24
It is sufficient if we pray . . . . .	i	75
It was, and still my care is . . . . .	ii	27
I've paid Thee, what I promis'd; that's not All . . . . .	i	218

	VOL.	PAGE
I who have favour'd many, come to be . . .	i	183
I will be short, and having quickly hurl'd . . .	ii	111
I will confesse . . . . .	ii	108
I will no longer kiss . . . . .	ii	152
I would to God, that mine old age might have . . . . .	ii	208
Jacob God's Beggar was; and so we wait . . .	ii	224
<i>Jealous Girles</i> these sometimes were . . .	i	243
Jehovah, as <i>Boëtius</i> saith . . . . .	ii	223
<i>Jolly</i> and <i>Jilly</i> , bite and scratch all day . . .	i	202
<i>Jone</i> is a wench that's painted . . . . .	ii	20
<i>Jone</i> wo'd go tel her haire; and well she might . . . . .	i	253
<i>Jove</i> may afford us thousands of reliefs . . .	i	198
<i>Judith</i> has cast her old-skin, and got new . . .	i	180
Julia and I did lately sit . . . . .	i	23
Julia, I bring . . . . .	i	83
Julia, if I chance to die . . . . .	i	26
Julia was careless, and withall . . . . .	i	15
Julia, when thy <i>Herrick</i> dies . . . . .	i	242
Justly our <i>dearest Saviour</i> may abhorre us . . .	ii	232
Kindle the Christmas Brand and then . . .	ii	94
<i>Kings must be dauntlesse: Subjects will con-</i> <i>temne</i> . . . . .	ii	154
Kings must not oft be seen by publike eyes . . .	ii	29
Kings must not only cherish up the good . . .	ii	61
<i>Kings must not use the Axe for each offence</i> . . .	ii	126
Kissing and bussing differ both in this . . .	i	246
Knew'st thou, one moneth wo'd take thy life away . . . . .	ii	36
Know when to speake; for many times it brings . . . . .	ii	138
Labour we must, and labour hard . . . . .	ii	220
Laid out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be . . .	i	23
Lasciviousnesse is known to be . . . . .	ii	217
Last night I drew up mine Account . . . . .	ii	205
Last night thou didst invite me home to eate . . . . .	i	209
Lay by the good a while; a resting field . . .	ii	103
Learn this of me, where e'r thy Lot doth fall . . .	i	198
<i>Leech</i> boasts, he has a Pill, that can alone . . .	i	160

	VOL.	PAGE
Let all chaste Matrons, when they chance to see . . . . .	i	75
Let but thy voice engender with the string <i>Letcher</i> was Carted first about the streets .	i	131
Let faire or foule my Mistresse be . . . .	i	254
Let Kings and Rulers learne this line from me . . . . .	i	271
Let Kings Command, and doe the best they may . . . . .	ii	117
Let me be warme; let me be fully fed . . .	i	177
Let me not live, if I not love . . . . .	i	40
Let me sleep this night away . . . . .	ii	150
Let moderation on thy passions waite . . .	i	259
Let not that Day God's Friends and Ser- vants scare . . . . .	ii	138
Let not thy Tomb-stone er'e be laid by me .	ii	214
Let others looke for Pearle and Gold . . .	ii	89
Let others to the Printing Presse run fast .	ii	185
Let's be jocund while we may . . . . .	ii	132
Lets call for <i>Hymen</i> if agreed thou art . .	ii	13
Let's live in hast; use pleasures while we may . . . . .	ii	62
Let's live with that smal pittance that we have . . . . .	i	222
Lets now take our time . . . . .	i	278
Let's strive to be the best; the Gods, we know it . . . . .	ii	70
Let there be Patrons; Patrons like to thee .	ii	126
Let the superstitious wife . . . . .	i	53
Let us now take time, and play . . . . .	ii	93
Let us (though late) at last (my <i>Silvia</i> ) wed	ii	32
Life is the Bodie's light; which once de- clining . . . . .	i	9
Life of my life, take not so soone Thy flight	i	270
Like those infernall Deities which eate . .	i	93
Like to a Bride, come forth, my Booke, at last . . . . .	ii	75
Like to the Income must be our expence . .	i	97
Like will to like, each Creature loves his kinde . . . . .	i	151
Lillies will languish; Violets look ill . . .	ii	139
<i>Linnit</i> playes rarely on the Lute, we know	i	54
Little you are; for Womans sake be proud	i	193
Live by thy Muse thou shalt; when others die . . . . .	i	277
	i	275



	VOL.	PAGE
Live, live with me, and thou shalt see . . .	i	249
Live with a thrifty, not a needy Fate . . .	i	15
Long Locks of late our Zelot <i>Peason</i> wears . . .	ii	80
Looke in my Book, and herein see . . .	ii	98
Look how our foule Dayes do exceed our faire . . .	ii	165
Look, how the <i>Rainbow</i> doth appeare . . .	i	179
Look upon <i>Sapho's</i> lip, and you will swear . . .	ii	122
Lord, do not beat me . . .	ii	181
Lord, I am like to <i>Misletoe</i> . . .	ii	207
Lord, I confesse, that Thou alone art able . . .	ii	189
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell . . .	ii	179
Lost to the world; lost to my selfe; alone . . .	ii	111
Loth to depart, but yet at last, each one . . .	i	181
Love and my selfe (beleeve me) on a day . . .	i	21
Love and the <i>Graces</i> evermore do wait . . .	ii	55
Love bade me aske a gift . . .	i	129
Love brought me to a silent Grove . . .	ii	85
Love he that will; it best likes me . . .	i	201
Love, I have broke . . .	i	223
Love in a showre of Blossomes came . . .	ii	91
Love, I recant . . .	i	128
Love is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere . . .	ii	79
Love is a circle that doth restlesse move . . .	i	15
Love is a kind of warre: Hence those who feare . . .	ii	88
Love is a Leven, and a loving kisse . . .	ii	110
Love is a <i>sirrup</i> ; and who ere we see . . .	ii	111
Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent . . .	ii	28
Love, like a Beggar, came to me . . .	ii	107
Love, like a Gypsie, lately came . . .	i	81
Love love begets; then never be . . .	ii	51
Love, love me now, because I place . . .	ii	84
Love on a day (wise Poets tell) . . .	i	135
Love's a thing, (as I do heare) . . .	i	150
Love scorch'd my finger, but did spare . . .	i	36
Love-sick I am, and must endure . . .	i	77
Love's of itself too sweet; the best of all . . .	ii	150
<i>Luggs</i> by the Condemnation of the Bench . . .	i	103
<i>Lulls</i> swears he is all heart; but you'll sup- pose . . .	ii	92
<i>Lungs</i> (as some say) ne'r sets him down to eate . . .	ii	12
<i>Lupes</i> for the outside of his suite has paid . . .	ii	117

	VOL.	PAGE
Magot frequents those houses of good-cheere . . . . .	i	248
Maidens tell me I am old . . . . .	ii	82
Maids nay's are nothing, they are shie . . . . .	ii	48
Make haste away, and let one be . . . . .	ii	80
Make, make me Thine, my gracious God . . . . .	ii	181
Make me a heaven; and make me there . . . . .	i	61
Man is a Watch, wound up at first, but never . . . . .	i	263
Man is compos'd here of a two-fold part . . . . .	i	197
Man knowes where first he ships himselfe; but he . . . . .	i	229
Man may at first transgress, but next do well . . . . .	ii	132
Man may want Land to live in; but for all . . . . .	ii	70
Man must do well out of a good intent . . . . .	ii	101
<i>Man's disposition is for to requite</i> . . . . .	ii	103
Many we are, and yet but few possesse . . . . .	i	230
May his pretty Duke-ship grow . . . . .	i	138
Mease brags of Pullets which he eats: but Mease . . . . .	i	182
Megg yesterday was troubled with a Pose . . . . .	ii	108
Men are not born Kings, but are men re- nown'd . . . . .	ii	36
<i>Men are suspicious; prone to discontent</i> . . . . .	ii	103
Men must have Bounds how farre to walke; for we . . . . .	ii	123
Men say y'are faire; and faire ye are, 'tis true . . . . .	i	127
Mercy, the wise Athenians held to be . . . . .	ii	219
Me thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed) . . . . .	ii	131
Me thought (last night) Love in an anger came . . . . .	i	19
Mighty <i>Neptune</i> , may it please . . . . .	i	166
Milk stil pour Fountaines, and your Springs, for why? . . . . .	ii	77
Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizzling raine . . . . .	ii	31
Mon. Bad are the times. <i>Sil.</i> And wors • then they are we . . . . .	i	205
Mony thou ow'st me; Prethee fix a day . . . . .	i	106
Moon is an Usurer, whose gain . . . . .	i	184
Mop-ey'd I am, as some have said . . . . .	i	125
More discontents I never had . . . . .	i	24
More white than whitest Lillies far . . . . .	i	43
<i>Much-more</i> , provides, and hoords up like an Ant . . . . .	i	94
Mudge every morning to the Postern comes . . . . .	ii	115

	VOL.	PAGE
Musick, thou <i>Queen of Heaven</i> , Care&charm- ing spel . . . . .	i	132
My dearest Love, since thou wilt go . . .	ii	145
My faithful friend, if you can see . . .	i	101
My God, I'm wounded by my sin . . .	ii	160
My God! looke on me with Thine eye . .	ii	172
My head doth ake . . . . .	i	274
My <i>Lucia</i> in the deaw did go . . . . .	ii	44
My many cares and much distress . . .	ii	131
My Muse in Meads has spent her many houres . . . . .	i	120
My soule would one day goe and seeke . .	ii	89
My wearied Barke, () let it now be 'crown'd!	ii	161
My wooing's ended: now my weddings neere . . . . .	i	234
Naught are all Women: I say no . . .	ii	92
Need is no vice at all; though here it be .	ii	34
<i>Nero</i> commanded; but withdrew his eyes .	ii	28
Never my Book's perfection did appeare .	i	128
Never was Day so over-sick with showres .	i	67
Next is your lot ( <i>Faire</i> ) to be number'd one	i	243
Night hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep . . . . .	ii	190
Night hides our thefts; all faults then par- don'd be . . . . .	i	273
Night makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and Clark . . . . .	ii	86 <sup>†</sup>
<i>Nis</i> , he makes Verses; but the Lines he writes . . . . .	ii	95
<i>Noah</i> the first was (as Tradition sayes) . .	ii	279
No fault in women to refuse . . . . .	i	152
No grief is grown so desperate, but the il'. .	ii	140
No man comes late unto that place from whence . . . . .	ii	19
No man is tempted so, but may o'come . .	ii	232
<i>No man so well a Kingdom Rules, as He .</i>	ii	147
No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim . . . . .	ii	111
No more my <i>Silvia</i> , do I mean to pray . .	i	266
No more shall I, since I am driven hence .	i	160
No news of <i>Naxies</i> burnt at Seas . . . .	i	16 <sup>2</sup>
None goes to warfare, but with this intent	i	54
Noone-day and Midnight shall at once be seene . . . . .	i	76

	VOL.	PAGE
No question but <i>Dols</i> cheeks wo'd soon rost dry . . . . .	ii	148
Nor art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd . . . . .	ii	56
Nor is my Number full, till I inscribe . . .	i	258
Nor thinke that Thou in this my Booke art worst . . . . .	ii	153
Not all thy flushing Sunnes are set . . . .	i	92
Nothing can be more loathsome, then to see	i	276
Nothing comes Free-cost here; <i>Jove</i> will not let . . . . .	i	229
Nothing hard, or harsh can prove . . . .	ii	35
Nothing is New; we walk where others went	i	179
No trust to Metals nor to Marbles, when .	ii	267
Now, if you love me, tell me . . . . .	ii	142
Now is the time for mirth . . . . .	i	103
Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim . . . . .	i	25
Now is your turne (my Dearest) to be set .	ii	66
Now, now's the time; so oft by truth . . .	i	69
Now, now the mirth comes . . . . .	ii	137
Now <i>Patrick</i> with his footmanship has done	i	205
No wrath of Men, or rage of Seas . . . .	i	280
Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see .	ii	116
O Earth! Earth! Earth! heare thou my voice, and be . . . . .	i	24
Of all our parts, the eyes expresse . . . .	i	156
Of all the good things whatsoe're we do . .	ii	252
Of all those three-brave-brothers, faln i' th' Warre . . . . .	i	220
Of both our Fortunes good and bad we find	ii	57
Offer thy gift; but first the Law commands	ii	112
Of Flanks and Chines of Beefe doth <i>Gorrell</i> boast . . . . .	i	115
Of fourre teeth onely <i>Bridget</i> was possess'd .	i	205
Of Pushes <i>Spall</i> has such a knottie race .	i	275
Oft bend the Bow, and thou with ease shalt do . . . . .	ii	41
Oft have I heard both Youths and Virgins say . . . . .	i	193
O Jealousie, that art . . . . .	i	221
O <i>Jupiter</i> , sho'd I speake ill . . . . .	ii	49
Old Parson <i>Beames</i> hunts six dayes of the week . . . . .	i	212

	VOL.	PAGE
Old Widdow <i>Prouse</i> to do her neighbours evill . . . . .	ii	68
Old Widow <i>Shopter</i> , whensoever she cries . . .	ii	157
Old wives have often told, how they . . .	i	22
On, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get . . . . .	i	194
Once on a Lord-Mayors day, in Cheapside, when . . . . .	i	260
One ask'd me where the roses grew? . . .	i	22
One Birth our Saviour had; the like none yet . . . . .	ii	226
One Eare tingles; some there be . . .	ii	154
One feeds on Lard, and yet is leane . . .	i	225
One man repentant is of more esteem . . .	ii	231
One more by Thee, Love, and Desert have, sent . . . . .	i	248
One night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come . . . . .	ii	11
One of the five straight branches of my hand . . . . .	i	265
One onely fire has Hell; but yet it shall . . .	ii	236
One silent night of late . . . . .	i	33
One silver spoon shines in the house of <i>Croot</i> . . . . .	ii	157
Onely a little more. . . . .	i	108
On with thy worke, though thou beest hardly prest. . . . .	ii	129
Open thy gates . . . . .	ii	206
Or lookt I back unto the Times hence flown . . .	ii	26
<i>Orpheus</i> he went (as Poets tell) . . . . .	ii	67
Other mens sins wee ever beare in mind . . .	ii	72
O Thou, the wonder of all dayes! . . . . .	ii	102
O! Times most bad. . . . .	i	276
Our Bastard-children are but like to Plute . . .	ii	130
Our Crosses are no other then the rods . . .	ii	85
Our Honours, and our Commendations be . . .	i	155
Our <i>Household-gods</i> our Parents be . . . . .	ii	16
Our mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths lye . . . . .	i	259
Our present Teares here (not our present laughter). . . . .	ii	196
Out of the world he must, who once comes in . . . . .	i	259
O Yeares! and Age! Farewell. . . . .	ii	184
O! you the Virgins nine! . . . . .	ii	19

	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Pagget</i> , a School-boy, got a Sword, and then	i	83
Paradise is (as from the Learn'd I gather) .	ii	225
Pardon me God, (once more I Thee intreat)	ii	207
Pardon my trespasses (Silvia,) I confesse .	ii	105
<i>Parrat</i> protests 'tis he and only he . . .	i	242
Partly worke and partly play . . . . .	ii	134
Part of the worke remaines ; one part is past	ii	161
<i>Paske</i> , though his debt be due upon the day	i	183
<i>Paul</i> , he began ill, but he ended well . .	ii	230
<i>Pauls</i> hands do give ; what give they, bread or meat . . . . .	ii	46
<i>Peapes</i> he do's strut, and pick his Teeth, as if	ii	78
Permit me, <i>Julia</i> , now to goe away . . .	i	76
Permit mine eyes to see . . . . .	ii	204
<i>Phæbus</i> ! when that I a Verse . . . . .	i	157
Physitians fight not against men ; but these	ii	16
Physitians say Repletion springs . . . .	ii	110
<i>Pievish</i> doth boast, that he's the very first .	i	202
Play I co'd once ; but (gentle friend) you see	i	108
Play, <i>Phæbus</i> on thy Lute . . . . .	i	196
Play their offensive and defensive parts .	ii	206
Please your Grace, from out your Store .	ii	12
Ponder my words, if so that any be . . .	ii	100
Praise they that will Times past, I joy to see . . . . .	ii	104
<i>Prat</i> he writes Satyres ; but herein's the fault . . . . .	ii	33
Prayers and Praises are those spotlesse two	ii	167
<i>Predestination</i> is the Cause alone . . . .	ii	233
Prepare for Songs ; He's come, He's come .	ii	199
Preposterous is that Government, (and rude)	i	255
Prepost'rous is that order, when we run .	ii	36
<i>Prickles</i> is waspish, and puts forth his sting	ii	97
<i>Prig</i> now drinks Water, who before drank Beere . . . . .	i	91
<i>Prigg</i> when he comes to houses, oft doth use	i	184
Princes and Fav'rites are most deere, while they . . . . .	ii	54
<i>Prue</i> , my dearest Maid, is sick . . . . .	i	156
<i>Pusse</i> and her Prentice both at Draw-gloves play . . . . .	ii	60
Put off Thy Robe of <i>Purple</i> ; then go on .	ii	246
Put on thy <i>Holy Fillitings</i> , and so . . .	ii	95
Put on your silks ; and piece by piece . .	i	25
<i>Putrefaction</i> is the end . . . . .	i	211

	VOL.	PAGE
Ralph pares his nayles, his warts, his cornes, and <i>Ralph</i> . . . . .	ii	113
Rapine has yet tooke nought from me . . .	ii	213
Rare are thy cheeks <i>Susanna</i> , which do show	i	251
Rare is the voice itselfe ; but when we sing .	ii	155
Rare Temples thou hast seen, I know . . .	i	116
<i>Raspe</i> playes at Nine-holes ; and 'tis known he gets . . . . .	i	199
Reach, with your whiter hands, to me . . .	i	240
Readers, wee entreat ye pray . . . . .	ii	72
Read thou my Lines, my <i>Sweetnaham</i> , if there be . . . . .	ii	151
<i>Reape's</i> eyes so rawe are, that (it seemes) the flyes . . . . .	ii	90
Reproach we may the living ; not the dead .	ii	5
Rise, Houshold-gods, and let us goe . . . .	i	142
Roaring is nothing but a weeping part . . .	ii	220
<i>Rook</i> he sells feathers, yet he still doth erie	i	212
<i>Root</i> had no money ; yet he went o'th score	i	210
Roses at first were white . . . . .	i	134
Roses, you can never die . . . . .	ii	146
<i>Rumpe</i> is a Turne-broach, yet he seldome can . . . . .	ii	156
Rush saves his shooes, in wet and snowie wether . . . . .	ii	158
<i>Sabbaths</i> are threefol', as <i>S. Austine</i> sayes	ii	229
Sadly I walk't within the field . . . . .	i	93
Sapho, I will chuse to go . . . . .	ii	69
Science in God, is known to be . . . . .	ii	217
Science puffs up, sayes <i>Gut</i> , when either Pease . . . . .	ii	150
<i>Scoble</i> for Whoredome whips his wife ; and cryes . . . . .	i	57
Sea-born Goddesses, let me be . . . . .	i	177
Seal'd up with Night gunn, Loach each morning lyes . . . . .	ii	72
See, and not see ; and if thou chance t'espie	i	40
See how the poore do waiting stand . . . .	i	178
Seeing thee <i>Sotme</i> , I see a Goodly man . .	i	228
See'st thou that Cloud as silver cleare . . .	i	178
Seest thou that Clond that rides in State .	ii	72
Seest thou those <i>Diamonds</i> which she weares	i	167
Shall I a daily Begger be . . . . .	ii	130
Shall I go to Love and tell . . . . .	ii	78

	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Shame checks our first attempts ; but then</i>		
'tis prov'd . . . . .	ii	195
Shame is a bad attendant to a State . . .	i	236
<i>Shapcot ! to thee the Fairy State</i> . . . .	i	154
<i>Shark</i> when he goes to any publick feast . .	i	153
She by the River sate, and sitting there . .	ii	50
She wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so .	ii	49
Shew me thy feet ; shew me thy legs, thy thighes . . . . .	i	109
<i>Shift</i> now has cast his clothes ; got all things new . . . . .	i	136
Sho'd I not put on Blacks, when each one here . . . . .	ii	98
Shut not so soon ; the dull-ey'd night . . .	i	213
Sibb when she saw her face how hard it was . . . . .	ii	46
Sick is <i>Anthea</i> , sickly is the spring . . . .	ii	142
Since for thy full deserts (with all the rest)	i	197
Since <i>Gunder</i> did his prettie Youngling wed	ii	12
Since <i>Jack</i> and <i>Jill</i> both wicked be . . . .	i	211
Since sled or Cottage I have none . . . .	ii	142
Since to th' Country first I came . . . . .	i	236
Sing me to death ; for till thy voice be cleare	i	196
Sin is an act so free, that if we shall . . .	ii	234
Sin is the cause of death ; and sin's alone .	ii	234
Sin leads the way, but as it goes, it feels .	ii	195
Sinners confounded are a twofold way . . .	ii	232
Sin never slew a soule, unlesse there went .	ii	234
<i>Sin no existence ; Nature none it hath</i> . .	ii	224
Sin once reacht up to God's eternall Sphere	ii	202
Sitting alone (as one forsook) . . . . .	i	65
<i>Skinns</i> he dined well to day ; how do you think . . . . .	i	201
<i>Skoles</i> stinks so deadly, that his Breeches loath . . . . .	ii	17
<i>Skrew</i> lives by shifts ; yet swears by no small oathes . . . . .	i	193
<i>Skurffe</i> by his Nine-bones swears, and well he may . . . . .	i	234
Slouch he packs up, and goes to sev'rall Faires . . . . .	ii	52
Smooth was the Sea, and seem'd to call . .	ii	105
<i>Snares</i> , ten i' th' hundred calls his wife ; and why ? . . . . .	ii	8
<i>Snaupe</i> has a face so brittle, that it breaks	i	159



	VOL.	PAGE
So Good-luck came, and on my roofes did light . . . . .	i	128
So long (it seem'd) as <i>Maries</i> Faith was small . . . . .	ii	228
So long you did not sing, or touch your Lute . . . . .	i	123
So look the mornings when the Sun . . . . .	ii	71
So looks <i>Anthea</i> , when in bed she lyes . . . . .	i	43
Some ask'd me where the <i>Rubies</i> grew ? . . . . .	i	31
Some parts may perish ; dye thou canst not all . . . . .	i	261
Some salve to every sore, we may apply . . . . .	ii	80
Some would know . . . . .	i	14
Sorrowes divided amongst many, lesse . . . . .	ii	34
Sorrowes our portion are : Ere hence we goe . . . . .	ii	191
So smell those odours that do rise . . . . .	i	186
So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice . . . . .	i	23
So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles . . . . .	i	98
Sound Teeth has <i>Lucie</i> , pure as Pearl, and small . . . . .	ii	17
Speak, did the Blond of <i>Abel</i> cry . . . . .	ii	231
Spend Harmless shade, thy nightly Houres . . . . .	ii	100
<i>Spenke</i> has a strong breath, yet short Prayers saith . . . . .	ii	92
<i>Spokes</i> , when he sees a roasted Pig, he swears . . . . .	ii	120
Spring with the Larke, most comely Bride, and meet . . . . .	ii	3
<i>Sponge</i> makes his boasts that he's the onely man . . . . .	i	222
<i>Spur</i> jingles now, and swears by no meane oathes . . . . .	ii	154
Stand by the <i>Magick</i> of my powerfull Rhymes . . . . .	ii	87
Stand forth, brave man, since fate has made thee here . . . . .	ii	50
Stand with thy Graces forth, Brave man, and rise . . . . .	i	234
Stately Goddesses, do thou please . . . . .	i	182
Stay while ye will, or goe . . . . .	i	106
<i>Still</i> take advice ; though counsels, when they flye . . . . .	ii	128
Still to our gains our chief respect is had . . . . .	i	179
Store of courage to me grant . . . . .	i	195
Stripes justly given yerke us (with their fall) . . . . .	ii	140

	VOL.	PAGE
Strut, once a <del>Dore</del> man of a Shop we knew	i	68
<i>Studies themselves will languish and decay.</i>	ii	136
Sudds Launderers Bands in pisse; and starches them . . . . .	i	125
Suffer thy legs, but <del>not</del> thy tongue to walk	ii	108
Suspicion, Discontent, and Strife . . . .	i	64
Sweet <i>Amarillis</i> , by a Spring's . . . . .	i	60
Sweet are my <i>Julia's</i> lips and cleane . . .	ii	84
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes . .	i	78
Sweet <i>Bridget</i> blusht, & therewithall . .	i	264
Sweet Country life, to such unknown . .	ii	20
Sweet <i>Oenone</i> , doe but say . . . . .	ii	66
Sweet virgin, that I do not set . . . . .	i	187
Sweet Western Wind, whose luck it is . .	i	132
Take mine advice, and go not neere . . .	ii	86
<i>Tap</i> (better known then trusted) as we heare	ii	77
<i>Teage</i> has told lyes so long, that when <i>Teage</i> tells . . . . .	ii	90
Teares most prevaile; with teares too thou mayest move . . . . .	ii	96
<i>Teares quickly drie: griefs will in time decay</i>	ii	104
Teares, though th'are here below the sinners brine . . . . .	ii	16
Tell, if thou canst (and truly) whence doth come . . . . .	i	203
Tell me rich man, for what intent . . .	ii	240
Tell me, what needs those rich deceits . .	ii	90
Tell me, young man, or did the Muses bring	ii	112
Tell that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have access . . . . .	ii	115
Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue .	ii	202
Temptations hurt not, though they have accesse . . . . .	ii	191
Thanksgiving for a former, doth invite . .	ii	178
Th'art hence removing, (like a Shepherds • Tent) . . . . .	i	244
Th'ast dar'd too farre; but Furie now for- beare . . . . .	i	105
That <i>Christ</i> did die, the <i>Pagan</i> saith . . .	ii	242
That flow of Gallants which approach . .	ii	34
That for seven <i>Lusters</i> I did never come .	i	35
That Happines do's still the longest thrive	ii	66
That Houre-glasse, which there ye see . .	i	57
That little prettie bleeding part . . . .	ii	214

	VOL.	PAGE
That Love last long; let it thy first <del>care</del> be	i	240
That love 'twixt men do's ever longest last	ii	150.
That Manna, which God on His people cast	ii	219
That Morne which saw me made a Bride .	i	140
<i>That Prince must govern with a gentle hand</i>	ii	145
<i>That Prince takes soone enough the Victors</i> <i>roomie . . . . .</i>	i	140
<i>That Prince, who may doe nothing but what's</i> <i>just . . . . .</i>	ii	156
That Princes may possesse a sure seat . .	i	212
That there's a God, we all do know . . .	ii	240
That was the Proverb. Let my mistresse be . . . . .	i	181
The Bad among the Good are here mixt ever . . . . .	ii	224
The blond of <i>Abel</i> was a thing . . . . .	ii	231
The Body is the Soules poore house, or home . . . . .	ii	86
The body's salt, the soule is; which when gon . . . . .	ii	157
The bound (almost) now of my book I see .	ii	132
The Doctors, in the Talmud, say . . . .	ii	231
The Eggs of Pheasants wire-nosed <i>Tooley</i> sells . . . . .	i	206
The factions of the great ones call . . .	ii	89
The fire of Hell this strange condition hath	ii	230
The Gods require the thighs . . . . .	ii	48
<i>The Gods to Kings the Judgement give to sway</i>	i	140
The Hag is astride . . . . .	ii	15
The <i>Jewes</i> their beds, and offices of ease .	ii	229
The Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read) . . . . .	ii	225
The lesse our sorrowes here and sufferings cease . . . . .	ii	209
The <i>Lictors</i> bundl'd up their rods: beside .	ii	102
The longer thred of life we spin . . . .	ii	219
The May-pole is up . . . . .	ii	43
The mellow touch of musick most doth wound . . . . .	i	14
The Mountains of the Scriptures are (some say) . . . . .	ii	221
Then did I live when I did see . . . . .	ii	132.
The only comfort of my life . . . . .	ii	141
The Person crowns the Place; your lot doth fall . . . . .	ii	119

	VOL.	PAGE
The Power of Princes rests in the Consent.	ii	147
The readinesse of doing, doth expresse . . .	ii	81
There is no evill <del>that</del> we do commit . . .	ii	229
The repetition of the name made known . . .	ii	224
There's no constraint <del>we</del> do amisse . . .	ii	235
The Rose was Sick, and smiling di'd . . .	ii	30
The Saints-bell calls; and, <i>Julia</i> , I must read . . . . .	i	272
The same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be . . . . .	ii	222
The seeds of <i>Treason</i> choake up as they spring . . . . .	i	11
These fresh beauties (we can prove) . . .	i	18
These Springs were Maidens once that lov'd	i	223
These <i>Sunguer-Birds</i> did with thy master stay . . . . .	i	195
These temp'rall goods God (the most Wise) commends . . . . .	ii	230
The shame of man's face is no more . . .	ii	224
The staffe is now greas'd . . . . .	ii	160
The strength of <i>Baptisme</i> , that's within . . .	ii	243
The sup'rabundance of my store . . . .	ii	214
The teares of Saints more sweet by farre . . .	ii	219
The time the Bridegroom staves from hence	ii	222
The Twi-light is no other thing (we say) . . .	ii	140
The <i>Virgin Marie</i> was (as I have read) . . .	ii	228
The Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there)	ii	225
The work is done; now let my <i>Lawrell</i> be.	ii	245
The worke is done: young men and maidens, set . . . . .	ii	161
<i>Things are uncertain, and the more we get</i> . . .	ii	136
This Axiom I have often heard . . . . .	ii	26
This Day is Yours, <i>Great CHARLES!</i> and in this War . . . . .	ii	74
This day my <i>Julia</i> thou must make . . . .	ii	70
This Ile telle by the way . . . . .	ii	144
This is my comfort, when she's most unkind	ii	143
<i>This is the height of Justice, that to doe</i> . . .	i	280
This Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall	i	212
This rule of manners I will teach my guests	ii	128
This Stone can tell the storie of my life . . .	ii	119
<i>These ends in War the best contentment bring</i>	ii	136
Those Garments lasting evermore . . . .	ii	238
Those ills that mortall men endure . . . .	i	197
Those possessions short-liv'd are . . . .	ii	37

	VOL.	PAGE
Those Saints, which God loves best . . .	ii	172
Those Tapers, which we set upon the grave	ii	226
Thou art a plant sprung up to wither never	i	126
Thou art to all lost love the best . . .	i	136
Thou bidst me come away . . .	ii	182
Thou bidst me come ; I cannot come; for why . . .	ii	182
Thou can'st to cure me (Doctor) of my cold	i	125
Thou gav'st me leave to kisse . . .	i	183
Though a wise man all pressures can sus- taine . . .	i	77
Though by well-warding many blowes w've past . . .	ii	31
Though Clock . . .	ii	42
Though Frankinsense the <i>Deities</i> require .	ii	106
Though from without no foes at all we feare	ii	104
Though good things answer many good intent . . .	i	142
Though hourly comforts from the Gods we see . . .	i	142
Though I cannot give thee fires . . .	i	165
Though long it be, yeeres may repay the debt	ii	18
Though Thou beest all that <i>Active Love</i> .	ii	242
Thou had'st the wreath before, now take the Tree . . .	i	194
Thou hast made many Houses for the Dead	ii	83
Thou hast promis'd, Lord, to be . . .	ii	176
Thou know'st, my <i>Julia</i> , that it is thy turne	i	255
Thou mighty Lord and master of the Lyre.	ii	88
Thou sail'st with others in this <i>Argus</i> here	i	30
Thou saist thou lov'st me <i>Sapho</i> : I say no.	ii	86
Thousands each day passe by, which wee .	ii	26
Thou say'st I'm dull ; if edge-lease so I be.	ii	150
Thou sayest Love's Dart . . .	ii	77
Thou say'st my lines are hard . . .	i	177
Thou seest me <i>Lucia</i> this year droope . .	ii	117
Thou sent'st to me a True-love-knot ; but I	i	226
Thou shalt not All die ; for while Love's fire shines . . .	i	184
Thou, thou that bear'st the sway . . .	ii	88
Thou who wilt not love, doe this . . .	i	97
Thou writes in Prose, how sweet all Virgins be . . .	ii	69
Three fatall Sisters wait upon each sin . .	ii	168
Three lovely Sisters working were . . .	i	22

	VOL.	PAGE
Thrice, and above, blest (my soule's halfe)		
art thou . . . . .	i	44
Thrice happie Roses, so much grac't, to have	ii	47
Through all the night . . . . .	ii	183
Thus I . . . . .	i	231
Thy Azure Robe, I did behold . . . . .	i	85
Thy former coming was to cure . . . . .	ii	244
Thy sooty Godhead, I desire . . . . .	i	280
Till I shall come again, let this suffice . . . . .	i	188
Time is the Bound of things, where e're we		
go . . . . .	ii	58
Time was upon . . . . .	ii	175
'Tis a known principle in War . . . . .	i	152
<i>'Tis but a dog-like madness in bad Kings</i> . . . . .	ii	104
'Tis Ev'ning, my Sweet . . . . .	i	254
'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend . . . . .	ii	167
'Tis Heresie in others: In your face . . . . .	i	234
'Tis liberty to serve one Lord; but he . . . . .	ii	92
'Tis much among the filthy to be clean . . . . .	ii	139
<i>'Tis never, or but seldome knowne</i> . . . . .	ii	65
'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall . . . . .	ii	139
'Tis not a thousand Bullocks thies . . . . .	i	27
'Tis not ev'ry day, that I . . . . .	ii	38
'Tis not greatness they require . . . . .	i	28
'Tis not the food, but the content . . . . .	i	159
'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends . . . . .	ii	40
'Tis said, as <i>Cupid</i> danc't among . . . . .	ii	36
<i>'Tis still observ'd, that Fame ne're sings</i> . . . . .	ii	41
'Tis still observ'd, those men most valliant		
are . . . . .	ii	125
'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of		
Art . . . . .	ii	70
'Tis worse then barbarous cruelty to show . . . . .	i	259
To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be	ii	234
To a Love-Feast we both invited are . . . . .	ii	187
<i>To an old scur a long cure must goe on</i> . . . . .	ii	130
To Bread and Water none is poore . . . . .	i	42
To cleanse his eyes, <i>Tom Brock</i> makes much		
adoe . . . . .	i	141
To conquer'd men, some comfort 'tis to fall	i	65
To fetch me Wine my <i>Lucia</i> went . . . . .	i	243
To find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did		
feed . . . . .	i	79
To gather Flowers <i>Suppha</i> went . . . . .	ii	49
To get thine ends, lay bashfulnesse aside . . . . .	i	9

	VOL.	PAGE
To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go	ii	216
To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't . . . . .	ii	162
To house the Hag, you must doe this . . . .	ii	93
To joyn with them who here confer . . . .	ii	251
To loose the button, is no lesse . . . . .	ii	37
<i>Tom Blinks</i> his Nose, is full of wheales, and these . . . . .	ii	78
To me my <i>Julia</i> lately sent . . . . .	i	16
To-morrow, <i>Julia</i> , I betimes must rise . .	i	131
To mortall men great loads allotted be . .	ii	38
<i>Tom</i> shifts the Trenchers; yet he never can	ii	67
To my revenge, and to her desperate feares	i	112
To paint the fiend, <i>Pink</i> would the Devill see . . . . .	i	140
To Print our Poems, the propulsive cause .	i	219
To read my Booke the Virgin shie . . . .	i	7
To safe-guard Man from wrongs, there nothing must . . . . .	i	86
To seek of God more then we well can find	ii	188
To sup with thee thou didst me home invite	ii	63
To this <i>white Temple</i> of my <i>Heroes</i> , here . .	i	240
Touch but thy Lure (my <i>Harrie</i> ) and I heare	ii	82
To work a <i>wonder</i> , God would have her shown . . . . .	ii	226
<i>Trap</i> , of a Player turn'd a Priest now is . .	ii	148
Tread Sirs, as lightly as ye can . . . .	ii	15
<i>Trigg</i> having turn'd his sute, he struts in state . . . . .	ii	35
True mirth resides not in the smiling skin .	ii	168
True rev'rence is (as <i>Cassiodore</i> doth prove)	ii	219
True to your self, and sheets, you'd have me swear . . . . .	i	175
<i>Truggin</i> a Footman was; but now, growne lame . . . . .	ii	91
Trust me Ladies, I will do . . . . .	ii	230
<i>Truth</i> by her own simplicity is known . . .	ii	453
Truth is best found out by the time, and eyes . . . . .	ii	97
Tumble me down, and I will sit . . . . .	ii	28
'Twas but a single <i>Rose</i> . . . . .	i	66
'Twas <i>Cesar's</i> saying: <i>Kings no less Conquerors are</i> . . . . .	ii	75
'Twas not <i>Love's Dart</i> . . . . .	i	209
Twice has <i>Pauline</i> been a Bride, and led . .	i	233

	VOL.	PAGE
Twilight, no other thing is, Poets say . . .	ii	84
'Twixt Kings and Subjects ther's this mighty odds . . . . .	i	14
'Twixt Kings & Tyrants there's this diffe- rence known . . . . .	ii	85
<i>Twixt Truth and Errour ; there's this diffe- rence known . . . . .</i>	ii	136
Two instruments belong unto our God . . .	ii	240
Two of a thousand things, are disallow'd . .	i	11
Two parts of us successively command . . .	i	175
Two things do make society to stand . . .	ii	81
<i>Umber</i> was painting of a Lyon fierce . . .	i	267
Under a Lawne, then skyes more cleare . .	i	32
Unto <i>Pastillus</i> ranke <i>Gorgonius</i> came . . .	ii	145
Upon her cheekes she wept, and from those showers . . . . .	i	265
Up with the Quintill, that the Rout . . .	ii	122
<i>Urles</i> had the Gout so, that he co'd not stand . . . . .	i	270
<i>Vrsley</i> , shethinks those Velvet Patches grace	i	257
Vinegar is no other I define . . . . .	ii	115
Virgins promis'd when I dy'd . . . . .	i	57
Virgins, time-past, known were these . . .	i	81
Want is a softer Wax, that takes thereon .	ii	97
Wantons we are ; and though our words be such . . . . .	ii	5
Wanton Wenches doe not bring . . . . .	ii	154
Wash clean the Vessell, lest ye soure . . .	ii	141
Wash your <del>harts</del> , or else the fire . . . . .	ii	65
Wassail the Trees, that they may beare . .	ii	65
Water, water I desire . . . . .	i	27
Water, Water I espie . . . . .	i	79
We are Coheires with <i>Christ</i> ; nor shall His own . . . . .	ii	242
We blame, nay, we despise her paines . . .	ii	86
We credit most our sight ; one eye doth please . . . . .	ii	97
Weelcome ! but yet no entrance, till we blesse . . . . .	i	159
Weepe for the dead, for they have lost this light . . . . .	ii	111
Weigh me the Fire ; or canst thou find . .	ii	166



	VOL.	PAGE
Welcome, <i>Great Cesar</i> , welcome now you are	ii	113
Welcome, Maids of Honour.	i	106
Welcome, most welcome to our Vowes and us	i	32
Welcome to this my Colledge, and though late	ii	120
We merit all we suffer, and by far	ii	239
We pray 'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace	ii	66
We read how <i>Faunus</i> , he the shepherds <i>God</i>	ii	122
Were I to give thee <i>Baptism</i> , I wou'd chuse	i	36
Were there not a Matter known	i	211
We Trust not to the multitude in Warre	ii	101
We two are last in Hell: what may we feare	i	42
What are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents	ii	117
What can I do in Poetry	i	169
What! can my <i>Kellam</i> drink his sack	ii	101
What Consequence, say, is it in thee	i	218
Whatever comes, let's be content withall	ii	183
Whatever men for Loyalty pretend	ii	159
What Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see	ii	53
What God gives, and what we take	ii	197
What here we hope for, we shall once inherit	ii	195
What <i>Fancy</i> , I approve	i	13
What is a Kisse? Why this, as some ap- prove	ii	5
What is the reason <i>Coone</i> so dully smells?	i	174
What isn't that wasts a Prince? of <i>amle</i> showes	ii	150
What made that mirth last night? the neighbours say	ii	7
What needs complaints	ii	133
What need we furray Women, when	ii	119
What now we like, anon we disapprove.	i	248
What off-spring other men have got	ii	29
What others have with cheapnesse seene, and ease	ii	155
What's got by Justice is establisht sure	ii	133
Whatsoever thing I see	ii	42
What's that we see from far? the spring of Day	i	144

	VOL.	PAGE
What sweeter musick can we bring . . .	ii	197
What though my Harp, and Violl be . . .	ii	194
What though the Heaven be lowring now .	i	244
What though the sea be calme? Trust to the shore . . .	i	109
What tinges of sweetnesse this faire day foreshows. . . . .	i	57
What was't that fell but now . . . . .	i	95
What will ye (my poor Orphans) do . . .	ii	6
What Wisdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth	i	62
When a Daffadill I see . . . . .	i	49
When after many Lusters thou shalt be .	ii	23
When age or Chance has made me blind .	i	41
When all Birds els do of their musick faile	ii	44
When a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead .	ii	191
Whenas in silks my <i>Julia</i> goes . . . . .	ii	62
When as <i>Leander</i> young was drown'd . . .	i	54
When <i>Chub</i> brings in his harvest, still he cries . . . . .	ii	151
Whenere I go, or what so ere befalls . .	ii	73
When ere my heart, Love's warmth, but entertaines . . . . .	i	52
When feare admits no hope of safety, then	ii	159
When first I find those Numbers thou do'st write . . . . .	ii	115
When flowing garments I behold . . . . .	ii	129
When I a ship see on the Seas . . . . .	ii	209
When I a Verse shall make . . . . .	i	278
When I behold a Forrest spread . . . . .	i	263
When I behold Thee, almost slain . . . .	ii	249
When I consider (Dearest) thou dost stay .	i	251
When I depart, am, ring thou my knell .	i	143
When I did goe from thee, I felt that smart	i	55
When I goe Hence, ye <i>Closet-Gods</i> , I feare.	ii	17
When I love, (as some have told) . . . .	i	266
When I of <i>Pillars</i> doe but heare the name.	i	176
When I shall sin, pardon my trespassse here	ii	201
When I through all my many Poems look .	i	121
When I thy Parts runne o're, I can't espie.	i	11
When thy singing next shall heare. . . .	i	29
When <i>Jill</i> complains to <i>Jack</i> for want of meate . . . . .	i	241
When <i>Julia</i> blushes, she do's show . . . .	i	154
When <i>Julia</i> chid, I stood as mute the while	i	74
When Lawes full power have to sway, we see	i	279

	VOL.	PAGE
When man is punisht, he is plagued still . . .	ii	267
When my date's done, and my gray age must die . . . . .	i	51
When, my offering next I make . . . . .	i	204
When once the sin has fully acted been . . .	ii	175
When once the Soule has lost her way . . .	ii	239
When one is past, another care we have . .	i	23
When others gain much by the present cast .	i	186
When out of bed my Love doth spring . . .	i	200
When <i>Pimpe's</i> feet sweat (as they do often use) . . . . .	ii	158
When some shall say, Faire once my <i>Silvia</i> was . . . . .	i	27
When that day comes, whose evening sayes I'm gone . . . . .	i	17
When thou do'st play, and sweetly sing . .	i	182
When Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read . . . . .	ii	247
When times are troubled, then forbear; but speak . . . . .	ii	147
When to a House I come, and see . . . . .	ii	128
When to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see .	ii	147
When we 'gainst Satan stontly fight, the more . . . . .	ii	208
When well we saye, & nothing do that's good . . . . .	ii	244
When what is lov'd is Present, love doth spring . . . . .	i	15
When Winds and Seas do rage . . . . .	ii	210
When with the Virgin morning thou do'st rise . . . . .	i	164
When words we want, Love teacheth to endite . . . . .	ii	81
Where God is merry, there write down thy fears . . . . .	ii	186
Where love begins, there dead thy first desire . . . . .	ii	88
Where others love, and praise my Verses; still . . . . .	i	84
Where Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never there . . . . .	ii	151
Wherever Noyes do's in the Summer come .	ii	74
Whether I was my selfe, or else did see . .	ii	149
While Fates permit us, let's be merry . . .	i	223
While leanest Beasts in Pastures feed . . .	i	93

	VOL.	PAGE
While, <i>Lydia</i> , I was lov'd of thee . . . . .	i	89
While the milder Fates consent . . . . .	i	51
While thou didst keep thy <i>Candor</i> undefil'd	i	6
White as <i>Zenobia's</i> teeth, the which the Girles . . . . .	ii	49
White though ye be; yet, Lillies, know . . . . .	i	94
Whither dost thou worry me . . . . .	i	204
Whither, <i>Mad maiden</i> , wilt thou roame? . . . . .	i	5
Whither? Say, whither shall I fly . . . . .	i	52
Who after his transgression doth repent . . . . .	ii	70
Who begs to die for feare of humane need . . . . .	ii	83
Who formes a <i>Godhead</i> out of <i>Gold</i> or <i>Stone</i> . . . . .	i	151
Who may do most, do's least; The bravest will . . . . .	ii	143
Whom sho'd I feare to write to, if I can . . . . .	i	82
Who plants an Olive, but to cate the Oile? . . . . .	ii	143
Who, railing, drives the Lazar from his door . . . . .	ii	33
Who read'st this Book that I have writ . . . . .	ii	20
Whose head befringed with be-scatter'd tresses . . . . .	ii	255
Who to the North, or South, doth set . . . . .	i	211
Who violates the Custom, hurts the Health . . . . .	ii	139
Who will not honour Noble Numbers when . . . . .	ii	66
Who with a little cannot be content . . . . .	i	278
Who with thy leaves shall wipe (as need) . . . . .	i	7
Why doe not all fresh maids appeare . . . . .	i	133
Why doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Tears . . . . .	i	133
Why do'st thou wound, & break my heart . . . . .	ii	152
Why I weep about thy wrist . . . . .	i	164
Why, <i>Mother</i> , will ye longer weep . . . . .	i	246
Why sho'd we covet much, whenas we know . . . . .	ii	125
Why so slowly do you move . . . . .	ii	82
Why this Flower is now call'd so . . . . .	i	17
Why walkes <i>Nick Flimely</i> like a Male- content? . . . . .	i	208
Why wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare? . . . . .	ii	175
Will ye heare, what I can say . . . . .	i	176
Wilt thou my true Friend be? . . . . .	i	267
With blamelesse carriage, I liv'd here . . . . .	i	53
Wither'd with yeeres, and bed-rid <i>Mumma</i> lyes . . . . .	i	115

	VOL.	PAGE
With golden Censers, and with Incense, here . . . . .	ii	203
With paste of Almonds, <i>Syb</i> her hands doth scoure . . . . .	i	264
Wo'd I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and thin? . . . . .	i	204
Wo'd I woove, and wo'd I winne . . . . .	ii	95
Wo'd yee have fresh Cheese and Cream? . . . . .	i	237
Wo'd ye oyle of Blossomes get? . . . . .	ii	40
Woe, woe to them, who (by a ball of strife)	i	33
Women, although they ne're so goodly make it . . . . .	ii	28
Words beget Anger; Anger brings forth blowes . . . . .	ii	97
Wrinkles no more are, or no lesse . . . . .	i	184
Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time	ii	61
•		
Y'ave laught enough (sweet), vary now your Text . . . . .	i	142
Yee pretty Huswives, wo'd ye know . . . . .	i	213
Yee silent shades, whose each tree here . . . . .	i	219
Ye have been fresh and green . . . . .	i	141
Ye may simper, blush, and smile . . . . .	i	94
You are a Lord, an Earle; nay more, a Man	i	224
You are a <i>Tulip</i> seen to-day . . . . .	i	112
You aske me <i>what</i> I doe, and how I live? . . . . .	ii	130
You have <i>plucked</i> a smiling <i>Rose</i> . . . . .	i	95
You may vow He not forgett . . . . .	ii	264
Young <i>I</i> was, but now am old . . . . .	i	21
You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play . . . . .	i	18
You say, to me-wards your affection's strong . . . . .	i	66
You say y'are sweet; how sho'd we know . . . . .	i	14
You say y'are young; but when your Teeth are told . . . . .	i	225
You say you'l kiss me, and I thanke you for it . . . . .	i	274
You say, you love me; that I thus must prove . . . . .	i	161
You see this gentle streame, that glides . . . . .	ii	41





